A PARAPHRASE ON THE Book of *JOB*:

As likewiſe on the Songs of

Moſes, *Deborah*, *David*,

ON

Six Select PSALMS,

SOME

CHAPTERS of *ISAIAH*,

AND THE

Third Chapter of *Habakkuk*.

By Sir *RICHARD BLACKMORE* Knt. *M. D.* and FELLOW of the College of Phyſicians in *London*.

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Ut ſi occupati profuimus aliquid civibus noſtris, proſimus etiam, ſi poſſumus, otioſi. Cic. Tuſcul. Quæſt.

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THE PREFACE.

THE great Miſchiefs which we already feel, and the far greater yet, that we juſtly fear from the Univerſal Depravation of our Manners, and horrible Contempt of Sacred and Divine Things, have with good reaſon alarm'd the Wiſer part of the Nation, who have at Heart a due Concern for the Intereſts of Religion, and the Good of their Coun-

try. Considering Men in all Places expreſs their Melancholy Apprehenſions, that if Vice and Prophaneneſs ſhould without controul ſpread their Infection much farther, the Conſequences would be fatal, and that notwithſtanding we have by his Majeſty's unrivall'd Courage, and prudent Conduct, ſurmounted our fears of Foreign Enemies, the Nation is ſtill in greater Danger from our Vices and Immoralities, our more formidable Foes at home. His Majeſty therefore to put a ſtop to the Progreſs of this dreadful Evil, and after he has ſav'd us from our Enemies to deliver us from our ſelves, (his laſt and hardeſt Task) has been pleas'd to recommend from the Throne the ſuppreſſing of Vice and Irreligion, and our Honourable Repreſentatives, in nothing more honourable than in this, have ſhown a ready

dy and becoming Zeal for the accompliſhing this Great and Good Deſign.

To think of Extirpating Vice would be indeed a vain Imagination; to ſuppreſs its growth, and reduce its Power and Intereſt, is not impoſſible. And tho' it muſt be granted, that even this is hard to be effected; yet when a Work is neceſſary, the Difficulty ſhould only whet the Courage, and provoke the Zeal of the Undertakers. And when our Government ſhall endeavour to ſtop the various Sources of this Miſchief, when it ſhall attack with Vigour the many monſtrous Heads of this Hydra, that terrible one that Poiſons the Stage, and from thence conveys a deadly Contagion thro' the Kingdom, may perhaps receive a mortifying Stroke. It muſt be confeſs'd, but not to the Honour of

a Chriſtian Nation, that Poetry was never in the worſt of Times, or among the worſt of Men, employ'd to more deteſtable Purpoſes than it has been by the Writers of this Age. This Weapon, which might have been manag'd with great Advantage againſt Immorality and Prophaneneſs, they have made an Inſtrument of Deſtruction, and plung'd it into the Bowels of their Native Country. I will not ſay that the worſt of our Poets, no not he, who in the late looſe Reigns introduc'd and eſtabliſh'd that pernicious way of Writing, which corrupted the Stage, and deprav'd our Manners, had this Effect in view, and really deſign'd the fatal Iſſue that attended their Performances: 'Tis hard to imagine that any Men ſhould be ſo intellectually Wicked, as to promote Vice and Irreligion, meerly for the

ſake

ſake of doing ſo; but this has been, and is ſtill my Complaint, that it is eventually true, that the flagitious and prophane Writings of our Poets, whatever they deſign'd, have greatly contributed to that decay of Vertue, and Corruption of Manners, which threaten the Nation with ſuch dangerous Conſequences.

The Regard I have for the Intereſts of Religion, and my Zeal for the Safety and Happineſs of my Country, have extorted theſe Complaints from me; and tho' I know 'tis impoſſible to eſcape the Reproaches of thoſe, who will think themſelves either unjuſtly, or too ſeverely cenſur'd in this matter, yet that is no Diſcouragement to me. If I can eſcape the Defamation of their Panegyricks, I think I am very ſafe. I have no Perſonal Quarrel with any of the Writers that I have condemn'd, and if

they think fit to expoſe my Name for aſſerting the Cauſe of Vertue and Religion, I have no reaſon to be diſpleas'd with them for doing me ſo great an Honour. If it be not poſſible to regulate this Grievance, and reform this Evil Manner of Writing, at leaſt I am willing that Poſterity ſhould know, if my Writings ſhould continue ſo long, that the Intereſts of Religion and Vertue, I mean as far as Poetry is concern'd in them, were not given up without Oppoſition, or any Proteſtation entered againſt it.

One of the moſt famous Poets of the Stage has at laſt own'd, that the Charge brought againſt him is Juſt. He has done it in two Lines the beſt which he ever writ, and by which in my Opinion he has acquir'd more true Honour than by all the

the Volumes he has Publiſh'd. The Lines are theſe

What I have looſely or prophanely Writ,
Let them to Fires, (their due deſert) commit.

Verſes before Beauty in Diſtreſs.

Tho' particular Perſons endeavour to vindicate themſelves, yet in general 'tis allow'd, that the Stage requires a Reformation. The chief Things that are alledg'd in the defence of our Modern Plays are theſe, that they are an agreeable Diverſion, and that they contribute much to the poliſhing and Improvement of our Language. But of what Perſons muſt that Audience be compos'd who ſhall call that an agreeable Diverſion where Prophaneſs and Immorality are encourag'd, and Vertue and Prudence

expos'd and put out of Countenance? Was it not a convincing Argument of the great Degeneracy of the *Romans* when they became delighted with the bloody Entertainments of the Amphitheatre, where the Gladiators mangled and kill'd one another for the Pleasure and Paſtime of the cruel Spectators? But 'tis infinitely more pardonable to be thus diverted, than to make a Sport of the Tragical Performances of the *Engliſh* Theatre. 'Tis ſad indeed that Human Nature ſhould at any time be ſo far diveſted of all tender Paſſions, as that it ſhould be gratify'd with the Torments and dying Agonies, tho' of Condemn'd Criminals; but for any People to make it an Entertainment to ſee their Religion wounded and inſulted, to ſee Vertue it ſelf receive ſuch Cuts and deep Gaſhes,

Gaſhes, is a certain mark of the moſt deplorable Corruption.

As to what is ſaid of the Improvement of our Language by the Writers for the Stage, I believe it is in part true, tho' at the ſame time it muſt be own'd, that our moſt famous Maſters, and moſt Correct Writers of *Engliſh*, are either of the Clergy, or elſe are Gentlemen, whoſe Stile has nothing of the Air of the Theatre. But ſuppoſe it were true, that we owe all the Refinements of our Language to the Stage, will that make amends for the Miſchiefs which are Univerſally laid to its Charge? Does the Honour and Happineſs of the People depend upon the Politeneſs of their Language, or the Purity of their Manners? Let theſe Gentlemen reſtore the old *Engliſh* Vertue, ſo far as it is impair'd by them, and we'll be con-

contented to take our old Language in the Condition in which they found it.

There is a degree of Vertue neceſſary to the Support of every Civil Society, without which the wiſeſt Laws and the moſt prudent Proviſions will be in vain. Not many Princes have Vertue enough for themſelves, but none, no not the Beſt, not our Great King himſelf, who has enough for many Kings, have not enough for themſelves and their People too. For if the Corruption of any Nation ſhould encreaſe to that degree, that there ſhould not be Men of Vertue left to put the Laws in Execution, if the Numbers and Confidence of the Criminals become ſo great, that they ſtand upon their Defence, deſpiſe the Authority, and defy the Power of the Magiſtrate; that Nation, for want of Vertue, let the

the Magiſtrate and Laws be never ſo good, muſt certainly be at length undone. Whoever therefore ſhall by any means ſink the Vertue, and corrupt the Manners of the People, as the Poets of the Stage have done, do effectually undermine the Foundations, and ſubvert the Pillars of the Government; for a profligate and flagitious People will deſtroy themſelves in ſpite of the beſt Laws and wiſeſt Miniſters in the World.

This is the Ground of my Controverſy with the Stage. If Foreign Enemies ſhould invade the Nation, every *Engliſhman* ſhould take the Alarm, tho' he has received from them no Perſonal Provocation. The ſame Reaſon will juſtifie the Oppoſition I have made to thoſe Poets whom I have at any time condemn'd, and will plainly ſhow, that I did not do it unprovok'd: Who-

Whoever undermines the Government, provokes every Man, that loves it, to reſiſt him.

It is likewiſe a great detriment to the Nation that ſo much of its fineſt Spirit is thus waſted, or employ'd to very bad Ends. It is plain that many of a Poetical Genius are likewiſe fit for the greateſt and higheſt Employments both in Church and State; and there are but very few that are ſuch meer Poets, as only to be capable of Turning of Verſes. If therefore our Youth, who are Poetically inclin'd, would conſider the Matter, and apply themſelves to Buſineſs or ſeverer Studies, many of them might riſe to eminent Stations, and at the ſame time advance themſelves and become very ſerviceable to their Country, and by this means they would acquire greater Honour and Reputation than ever they will do by

by their Rhimes and Plays; for if they would reflect, they would ſoon be convinc'd, that, tho' Poetry is indeed an Ornament to thoſe, who have more excellent and uſeful Qualities, yet when it becomes a Profeſſion it is one of the meaneſt and loweſt ſort. It is like Dancing and Muſick, which we value in a Gentleman, when a Muſician or a Dancing Maſter make no conſiderable Figure; ſo greatly different are the degrees of Eſteem which all Men pay, and not without reaſon, to the ſame Attainment, when in one it is an Accompliſhment, and in another a Trade.

And that I may not only cenſure the Performances of others, but likewiſe give a freſh Example of a Writing that may entertain and inſtruct the Reader, I have made a third, which I intend as my laſt Attempt in Poetry.

Parrhasiana It has been obſerved by great Judges, and I find Mr. *le Clerk* is of the ſame Opinion, that the Moderns have wholly form'd themſelves on the Models of the Ancients, and that we have ſcarce any other than the *Greek* and *Latin* Poetry in the World; we have no Originals, but all Copiers and Tranſcribers of *Homer*, *Pindar* and *Theocritus*, *Virgil*, *Horace* and *Ovid*. Their Deſign, their Phraſe, their Manner, and even their Heathen Theology, appear in all the Poems that have ſince their time been publiſhed, eſpecially in the Learned Languages. It is therefore to be wiſh'd, that ſome Good Genius qualify'd for ſuch an Undertaking would break the Ice, aſſert the Liberty of Poetry, and ſet up for an Original in Writing in a way accommodated to the Religion, Man-

Manners and other Circumſtances we are now under. But however we write, I think it is high time to leave out our Alluſions to the Pagan Divinity; for how beautiful ſoever they might be in the Heathen Authors, who wrote to a People that believ'd in thoſe Deities, it is the moſt ridiculous and ſenſeleſs thing in the World for a Chriſtian Poet to bring in upon all Occaſions a Rabble of heatheniſh Gods; and yet if we reflect on our Modern Poems, one would think we were all Pagans to this Day: What have we to do with *Jupiter* and *Juno*, *Mars* and *Venus*, and the reſt of thoſe idle Divinities? We know they are a Fiction and a Jeſt, and yet we find them in our moſt grave and chaſte Poems. Solemn Prayers are made to them by Chriſtian Writers, than which there cannot be

be a more intollerable Abſurdity. I know 'tis ſaid, as I have elſewhere obſerv'd, that the Chriſtian Scheme of Religion is not ſo well accommodated to Poetical Writings, and therefore our Poets are oblig'd to embelliſh their Works with the Pagan Theology. A wretched Apology! Are our Poets then ſo dry and barren, have they ſo little Learning, and ſo poor a Stock of Images, that they are not able to furniſh out proper Alluſions, ſurprizing Metaphors, and beautiful Similes, without reviving the old exploded Idolatry of the Heathens? As in this Book of *Job*, they will find a Poem, that is indeed an Original, and not beholding to the *Greek* and *Latin* Models; ſo they will perceive, if it be not depreſs'd by the Paraphraſe, a ſublime Stile, elevated Thoughts and ſplendid Expreſſion, where the Subject

ject requires them, and great Richneſs and Abundance throughout the whole, without the Aids of the Pagan Syſtem of Divinity.

It has been generally allow'd, that almoſt all the Book of *Job* is writ in Metre, tho' a very learned Perſon, famous for his Knowledge in theſe Matters, has aſſured me that this is a Miſtake: However that be, 'tis univerſally agre'd that the Subject of it is treated in a Poetical manner, that is, the Narration, the Alluſions, the Similes, and the Diction, are ſuch as are peculiar to the Poets. But 'tis a Controverſie among learned Men what kind of Poem it is; ſome are of Opinion, that there never was ſuch a Man as *Job*, but that the Perſon is feigned, and all the Sacred Story concerning him is made up of Allegories and Fables compos'd for the Inſtruction of Mankind, like

like the Parabolical Relations in the *New Teſtament*; and of this Opinion were many of the ancient Jews. Others believe that this Book contains a Relation of nothing but real Facts, without feigned Incidents or Epiſodes, and that therefore it is an Hiſtorical Poem, like that of *Lucan*, which contains the Narration of a Series of real Actions in a Poetical way, without interpoſing any invented Stories. Moſt of the Commentators and Criticks, that have writ on this Book, if not all, are of one of theſe two Sorts. But I have in Converſation met with learned Men of a middle Opinion, that is, that this is a Poem founded on a true Hiſtory, as thoſe of *Homer* probably were, but then, ſay they, the Conduct, the Method, the Machines, the Incidents, and the Epiſodes, which make up a great Part

of

of the Poem, were form'd by the Poet's Imagination, and that therefore this Poem is of the Epick kind. As to the firſt Opinion, I think the Scriptures fully confute it, by aſſerting the Perſon and Patience of *Job* ſo plainly, that it leaves no Room for a tollerable Evaſion. As to the two laſt, many things of Weight and Importance may be urg'd on either ſide, and therefore I ſhall not undertake to decide the Controverſie, but content my ſelf in giving the Reaſons that I have read or heard offer'd to ſupport each Aſſertion.

Thoſe of the laſt Opinion in the Defence of it alledge, that the Frame of the whole Book ſhews it to be the Work of Imagination and Contrivance, and not a Relation of a Series of real Actions. No Body can believe, ſay they, that Satan did really appear before God,

and

and that the Diſcourſe recited in the Book was indeed held between them in the Preſence of the holy Angels: That it is incredible that the Meſſengers, who brought an Account to *Job* of ſo many Sufferings which befel him, did really come upon the Heels of one another ſo faſt and in ſuch a manner as is there related. They think it improbable, that *Job* ſhould ſit ſo long upon a Dunghill, and that his Acquaintance ſhould wait ſeven Days and Nights without ſpeaking a Word to their ſorrowful Friend. They look upon this to be a Poetical way of repreſenting the vaſt Diſtreſs that overwhelm'd the patient Sufferer. They further ſay it is incredible that all thoſe prolix Diſcourſes ſhould be actually held between *Job* and his Friends, and that a Man in ſuch ſad Circumſtances, as *Job* is ſuppos'd to be, ſhould

ſhould ſpeak ſo very long and uſe ſo many poetical Similes, Metaphors and beautiful Deſcriptions as are found in his ſeveral Speeches. They affirm likewiſe, that it has an Air of Contrivance to ſink a Man ſo ſuddenly from the moſt proſperous Condition, and to lay him under ſuch grievous Sufferings and the very Extremity of Miſery, and by a no leſs ſudden and ſurprizing Revolution, in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time, to make him again the moſt happy Man in the World. They urge, that in the Cataſtrophe when this patient Man is rewarded for his inflexible Perſeverance, the allotting him juſt the ſame Number of Children as he had loſt, and juſt a double Quantity of Riches as he enjoy'd before, ſeems too nice to be a real Fact. The Men of this Opinion do not diſpute the Reality of the Perſon of *Job*; they allow there

there was a Perſon of that Name eminent for his Righteouſneſs and famous for his Patience, for this the Scriptures expreſſly affirm, and they ſuppoſe ſome great Poet, under the Direction and Aſſiſtance of Divine Inſpiration, did, for the Inſtruction of Mankind, chuſe this Subject and contrive the Poem upon it, of which we are now diſcourſing. They aſſert that this Poem of *Job* is of the Epick kind, here being found all the eſſential Parts requir'd in the Conſtitution of ſuch a Poem. They add farther as a Confirmation of their Opinion, that tho' Machines, that is the introducing of inviſible, ſuperior Beings, and the intereſting them in the Action, are not neceſſary to an Epick Poem, yet as it does greatly heighten and embelliſh the Narration, they cannot but take Notice that this Conduct is obſerv'd here;

here; for the chief Apoſtate Angel and the Divine Being himſelf are introduc'd in the moſt proper Manner that can be; and as this perhaps is the Original of intereſting ſuperior Powers in the Action, ſo by this Practice it diſcovers a great Air of Epick Poetry.

Thoſe on the other ſide argue thus: As according to a ſettled Maxim of interpreting the Scriptures we ſhould not without apparent Neceſſity quit the plain and literal Senſe, and embrace a Foreign, more ſtrain'd, and leſs obvious Meaning; ſo without the ſame Neceſſity we ſhould not aſcribe the Narration of any Fact to Invention and Allegory: And to make it appear that there is no ſuch Reaſon in this Caſe they alledge, that there is nothing related in this Book but what may well be ſuppos'd to have actually happen'd:

That tho' many things ſeem very ſtrange and hardly credible to the Reader, this is no convincing Proof that they were not real Facts; for all Men that are verſt in Hiſtory will meet with many wonderful and improbable Occurrences, which notwithſtanding upon ſufficient Evidence they are induc'd to believe; and for this Reaſon, ſay they, becauſe the Facts were ſo extraordinary and ſurpriſing, they were recorded in this Book for our Admiration and Inſtruction. They had rather, they tell us, give their Aſſent to ſome things, that ſound only harſh and improbable, for many ſuch Relations are undeniably true, than by departing from the literal Senſe encourage wanton and unwary Wits to break in upon the Scriptures, and turn the Hiſtory of the Bible into Parables and Allegories; for the Conſequence of ſuch a licenti-

ous

ous way of interpreting the Scriptures they look upon as very Miſchievous. They think that the unneceſſary Conceſſions of ſome Divines in theſe Points tend mightily to unſettle Men in the Principles of their Religion, and weaken their Reverence of Divine Revelation.

They do indeed allow the Appearance of Satan before the Throne of God, and the Diſcourſe on that Occaſion to be an Allegory, ſince there appear ſuch cogent Reaſons for it; but for the reſt of the Relations in this Book they ſee no Neceſſity of making them alſo allegorical. There is the like Allegory us'd in the Hiſtory of *Ahab*, where 'tis ſaid a Spirit appear'd before the Throne of God and offer'd to be a lying Spirit in the Mouths of *Ahab*'s Prophets, to perſuade their Maſter to go down to War to *Raamath Gilead*, and he

had leave given him to do ſo. But tho' this be an Allegory, yet without doubt all the reſt of the Story about that Expedition of *Ahab* againſt the King of *Syria* was real. And to be more particular, that Almighty God ſhould permit the great Enemy of Mankind to afflict and perſecute a great and good Man for the Proof of his Conſtancy and Uprightneſs, and to make his Virtues more conſpicuous and exemplary, that he ſhould leave him for a time under this ſharp and ſevere Tryal, and at laſt deliver the patient Sufferer, and reſtore him to his former flouriſhing Condition, this has nothing in it but what is very agreeable to the Courſe of Divine Providence; and if there be any Facts in the Book that ſeem improbable, 'tis owing to the Poetical Manner of repreſenting them, in which perhaps Time, Order, Place,

Place, and other Circumſtances, are not ſo nicely obſerv'd.

But whether this be an Epick or barely an Hiſtorical Poem, which I leave undecided, the Character of *Job* may, in my Opinion, be every way proper for the firſt. The Hero is indeed paſſive, and this perhaps will be made a great Objection to what I have aſſerted, becauſe *Homer*'s and *Virgil*'s Heroes are very active Perſons. For the Criticks forming their Model of an Epick Poem entirely upon the Example of theſe two famous Writers make great and illuſtrious Actions neceſſary to the Hero of the Poem, which conforming my ſelf to their Precepts I have formerly affirm'd: But upon what Authority is this impos'd on the World? What Commiſſion had theſe two Authors to ſettle the Limits and Extent of Epick Poetry, or who can prove

that they they ever intended to do ſo? They wrote according to their own Notions and Meaſures, and muſt all future Ages be bound up to follow their Examples, without producing any other Reaſon to oblige them to it? Yet this Opinion, how groundleſs and abſurd ſoever it appears, has been a great Obſtruction to the Improvement of Poetry among the Moderns. But it may be urg'd that the Book of *Job* was written before *Homer* and *Virgil*, and the World has as much Reaſon to be govern'd by this Example, as by that of the Pagan Writers: And if we look into the Reaſon of Things, and reflect on the End and Deſign of an Epick Poem, which is to inſtruct the World in ſome important Moral Truth by the Narration of a great and illuſtrious Subject, there is no Queſtion but the Relation

lation of the Sufferings as well as the Actions of great Perſons are very conducive to that End; and what elſe is the Subject of the *Odyſſes*? 'Tis true, the *Iliad* is all active and a very fighting Poem, but if the *Odyſſes* be conſider'd, it is of another Nature; there is more a great deal of the Heroe's Sufferings not evaded by Arms but by Tricks and Subtilties, than there is of Action, and yet Mr. *Rapin* pronounces this the more perfect Poem. In ſhort, it is hard to offer any Reaſon why the Hero of the Poem may not be as well paſſive as active. If it be ſaid that the Authority of *Homer* is againſt it, (for as to *Virgil* he is but a Copier of *Homer*'s Model) the Anſwer is, that the Authority of the Book of *Job* is for it, and moreover that *Homer*'s Example ſupports it in his ſecond, tho' not in his firſt Poem.

If it be ſaid that Reaſon is againſt it, let that Reaſon be produc'd; let it be ſhown that the Sufferings of a great Man manag'd with equal Skill will not equally ſerve the Ends of Epick Poetry. As for what the Criticks ſay on this Point, it is plain that *Homer* has been the great Law-giver to theſe Men; they have done little but turn'd his Examples into Precepts, and bringing no Reaſons to ſupport what they aſſert, they are of no Weight in this Matter. *Job* then is a Hero proper for an Epick Poem, an Illuſtrious Perſon fit to ſupport the Dignity of that Character: By the Inſtigation of Satan he is brought into miſerable Streights and unparallell'd Sufferings to try his Conſtancy and Integrity. He appears brave in Diſtreſs and valiant in Affliction; maintains his Virtue, and with that his Character, under the moſt powerful

erful Temptations and exaſperating Provocations that the Malice of Hell could invent; and this gives an admirable Example of paſſive Fortitude, a Character not inferior to that of the active Hero. When the various Efforts to break this mighty Man's invincible Conſtancy prov'd ineffectual, he is at the latter End of the Poem acquitted by God himſelf, and rewarded highly for his Patience and Perſeverance, by which the Juſtice of Divine Providence is aſſerted, and Mankind encourag'd to continue ſtedfaſt in their Religion and Integrity, upon a ſure Belief that Virtue will not always be neglected, but will at laſt receive a ſuitable Reward.

Whatever others aſſert, in my Judgment the Hero of the Poem ought not to be drawn without ſome Defects. As the repreſenting

of a perfect Idea of Virtue, which is never to be found in any meer Man, offends againſt the eſtabliſh'd Rule in Epick Writings, which excludes all things improbable, ſo inſtead of promoting, it rather obſtructs the End of that Poetry: For a perfect Idea of Virtue and Excellency may amaze and dazle us, but when propounded for our Imitation, it will rather diſcourage than excite us. But when the Examples of Virtue, that are ſet before us, are diſcern'd to have a Mixture of Imperfection, we are provok'd and embolden'd to form our ſelves according to ſuch a Pattern, where there appears no Impoſſibility, as there does in the other, of becoming like it.

This Poem ſeems to me to abound in all kinds of Beauties, which are admir'd in Poetical Writings. What wonderful Strains of Elo-

Eloquence occur in every place where they ought to appear, eſpecially in the latter part of the Book? How tender and moving are the Sentiments in the Paſſionate, how proper, juſt and inſtructive in the Moral; and how ſublime, majeſtick and aſtoniſhing in the other Parts? What Variety is there of elegant Expreſſions, beautiful Similitudes, bold and ſurprizing Metaphors, natural, ſtrong and lively Images and Deſcriptions throughout the whole? In many of theſe it exceeds, and in all it equals the moſt celebrated Writings of the *Greeks* and *Romans*. And if it ſhould hereafter happen that *Homer* or *Virgil* ſhould be well tranſlated into the *Engliſh* Language, yet I believe that if this Book were tranſlated or paraphras'd with equal Skill, it would outſhine them in thoſe Inſtances of

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Perfection abovemention'd: But as to the chief End and Design of an Epick Poem, that is the giving a great and genuine Idea of the Divine Being, the Justification of his Providence, the Instruction of Mankind in Moral Duties, and animating the Reader from proper Motives to imitate the illustrious Examples of Piety and Virtue set before them, in this respect, which is infinitely the most considerable, that of *Job* puts all the Poems of the Heathen World out of Countenance. How will *Homer*'s wretched Tribe of Gods and Goddesses introduc'd with all the Follies and Vices of corrupt Mankind, appear to the World as now instructed and inlighten'd by the Christian Revelation? And tho' *Virgil* is in that, as in other things, more judicious and cautious than the *Greek* Poet, yet his Theology must be ridicu-

ridiculous to a Christian Reader; and if the Machines of these Poets, in which so much of the Beauty of their Poems consists, are so contemptible, a great part of their Excellency is gone.

There are indeed some few Moral Sentences interspers'd in these Poets, but as they seem inserted only as Embellishments of the Writing, so the Body of the Poem carries little Instruction in it. For my Part, when I consider these Poems I am of Mr. *Le Clerk*'s Opinion, that the Authors had nothing else in their View than to entertain and please the Reader, and that all the Materials and Contrivance were accommodated to that End. 'Tis true, Criticks in after Ages, a sort of Men, who are very apt to discover in Writings many notable things that never enter'd *Ubi supra.*

ter'd into the Author's Imagination, have found out wiſe and inſtructive Morals in the Poems before mention'd, yet this ſeems an Invention of their own. For as the Learned Man before mention'd obſerves, 'tis ſcarce poſſible to relate any wonderful Action of a great Perſon, or any conſiderable Occurrence, but it will be very eaſie to draw ſome Moral Inference from it, tho' the Writer never had it in his Thoughts. And the ſame Perſon has with as great probability drawn from the *Iliad*, and the *Æneis*, Morals very different from thoſe that are commonly mention'd, and has offer'd ſufficient Reaſons to make us doubtful, whether the Morals attributed to theſe Poems were ever intended by the Authors; and if this be true of theſe two famous Writers, that only the pleaſing and amuſing, not the inſtructing

cting of Mankind was their Deſign, it is more apparent, that the greateſt part of the Moderns, eſpecially the Dramatick Poets, had no other End in View.

Since this Book of *Job*, and other Poetical parts of the Scripture, ſome of which I have undertaken to Paraphraſe, do at leaſt equal the chief Beauties of the Heathens, and by their Uſefulneſs in their Excellent Inſtructions infinitely excel them, it is a matter of Admiration, that the Chriſtian Poets ſhould be ſo far enamour'd with the Pagan Writings as to form themſelves entirely on thoſe Patterns, and to be taken up with theſe Authors, to the total neglect of the Inſpir'd Writings. What Study and Labour have Men been at, how great a part of their ſhort Lives have they ſpent, and what a multitude of Volumes have

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they publiſh'd, to illuſtrate the Meaning, and diſcover the Excellencies of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, and to tranſlate them into their own Languages? If this were the work of Gentlemen, who have nothing elſe to employ themſelves about, and had no other Capacity of being uſeful to Mankind, if there be any ſuch, it might perhaps paſs for an inoffenſive Amuſement, and a pardonable ſort of Idleneſs. But is it not wonderful, that to give a new Senſe to an Expreſſion in an ancient Poet, to ſtop a Period more exactly, to rectifie a Word, to retrieve the true Spelling of a Man's Name, or reſtore a corrupt Sentence, ſhould be eſteem'd ſo great a Perfection, as ſets a Man in the firſt Rank of Erudition-Men; and that a kind of Knowledge, which does not make Mankind any ways wiſer or better,

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ſhould procure a mighty Reputation, and dignifie the Poſſeſſors of it with the honourable Titles of Criticks and Maſters of Polite Learning?

I would not derogate from the value of Claſſical Knowledge; the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets ſhould be ſtudied, that we may underſtand thoſe Languages of which there is ſuch a manifeſt neceſſity; but 'tis moſt evident, that for their elevated Stile, for the great and generous Sentiments, and what is more than all other Conſiderations, for the forming a Man's Mind according to the juſteſt Ideas of Vertue and Wiſdom, and thereby promoting his Honour and Happineſs, the Poetical parts of the Scripture have, as before ſuggeſted, an infinite Advantage above all others; and therefore one would think they ſhould not be leſs worthy of a Chriſtian's

ſtian's Study and Application, than *Homer* and his Followers.

The Language in which this Book is written is *Hebrew*, and conſidering the Obſcurity of the Stile or manner of Expreſſion in the Eaſtern parts of the World, their Eloquence, as well as their Cuſtoms and Habits, being very different from ours, 'tis very ſtrange that a literal Tranſlation of this Book, as it is now found in the Bible, eſpecially conſidering how long ſince it was written, how little the Language is at preſent known, and how much the Idiom of it is loſt, ſhould not ſound more harſh, and be leſs capable of being underſtood than it is. I am confident, that if ſeveral of the *Greek* Poets ſhould be verbally tranſlated, they would appear more obſcure, if not altogether unintelligible. And if in a literal Tranſlation the Book of *Job*

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written in an Eaſtern Language does ſo much affect us, and raiſes in our Minds ſuch an admiration of its Beauty and Majeſty, what a wonderful and inimitable kind of Eloquence muſt be ſuppos'd in the Original, when we cannot tranſlate Verbatim a good Poet from one Modern Language into another, tho' it be that of our neareſt Neighbours, without a great diminution of its Excellence.

As to the Time when *Job* liv'd, it is highly probable that he was Predeceſſor to *Moſes*, or at leaſt his Contemporary, for theſe Reaſons. This Righteous and Devout Man was allow'd to offer Sacrifices to God, which only the Prieſts under the *Moſaical* Diſpenſation had Authority to do, and that only before the Tabernacle or Temple. This pious Perſon ſeems perfectly ignorant of the Modes of the Jewiſh Reli-

Religion, and of their manner of asking Counsel of God either by Urim and Thummim, or by the Prophets; and therefore 'tis evident the Mosaical Scheme of Religion was not yet Instituted. In the whole Book of *Job* there is no mention made of the Law and the Prophets, nor of the many Miracles wrought either in *Egypt*, or in the Passage of the Children of *Israel* to *Canaan*, tho' nothing could have been more pertinent and suitable to the Design of the Author of this Book, had *Job* liv'd after that wonderful Deliverance; and there is scarce any Writer succeeding that Time, who does not mention or allude to that famous History; and this is yet farther confirm'd by the long Life of *Job*, which was protracted to two hundred Years, which agrees to the Time of the old Patriarchs.

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As to the Land of *Utz*, the Country in which this great Man liv'd, there are different Opinions, occaſion'd chiefly by the uncertainty which *Utz* it was (for three are mention'd) from whom it receiv'd its Name. The firſt *Utz* the Son of *Aram* is mention'd, *Gen.* 10. 23. who is reported to be the Founder of *Damaſcus* and *Trachonitis*, and many Writers for this reaſon conclude the Seat of *Job* to have been in the Plain of *Jordan* in the Region of *Trachonitis*, where the Tomb of *Job* is ſhown to Strangers at this Day; others place it in the famous Vally of *Damaſcus*.

A ſecond *Utz*, the Son of *Nachor*, is mention'd, *Gen.* 22. 21. from him the Country where he liv'd is call'd *Uſitis* or *Auſitis*, which by *Ptolomy* is plac'd near *Euphrates* and the City *Babylon*, and therefore

fore many Authors believe *Job* had his Habitation in that part of *Arabia*.

A third *Utz*, who, as *Spanhemius* obſerves, was a *Horite* of the Poſterity of *Sehir*, and not as commonly accounted of the Race of *Eſau*, is mention'd, *Gen.* 36. 28. The *Horites* being driven out by the *Edomites*, their Country was after that call'd *Idumea*, which has for its Bounds *Arabia*, *Canaan* and the *Red Sea*, and in this Country many believe was the Habitation of *Job*.

But if a Man could remove the Obſtructions of Learning, and ſubdue the Ambition of being eſteem'd a great Critick, methinks it ſhould be an eaſie matter to ſettle this Controverted Point. It is allow'd by all, that *Utz*, the Country of *Job*, was expos'd to the Incurſions and Depredations of the *Chaldeans*;

deans; and it is granted likewiſe that *Chaldea* was Eaſtward of *Arabia*: Now, ſuppoſe, that in our *Engliſh* Hiſtory there had been mention made of a great Man, who in Ancient Times had been plunder'd by a Band of *Scotch* Men, and the Habitation or Country of this unfortunate Man being expreſſed by an obſcure or obſolete Word, a Controverſie ſhould ariſe in what part of *England* this Perſon liv'd, would not any Man, that was deliver'd from the encumbrance of great Reading and learned Obſervations, preſently conclude that he liv'd in the North part of *England*, not far from the Borders of *Scotland*; and muſt it not have been a Critick of Extraordinary Sagacity, that ſhould have found out his Seat in *Middleſex*, or at the *Land's End*? And yet thoſe who place the Country of *Job* in *Idumea*, or near *Damaſcus*,

maſcus, remove it farther from *Chaldea* than the two Countries before nam'd are from *Scotland*. 'Tis not therefore to be doubted but that the Country of *Job* was in the Eaſtern parts of *Arabia*, and it is probable it was near the River *Euphrates*, and that he was of the Poſterity of *Nachor*. The Stories therefore of *Job*'s Well near *Jeruſalem*, of his Sepulchre in the Plain of *Jordan*, and of the Region in the North of *Syria*, which the Inhabitants ſhew to Travellers for the Seat of *Job*, are all Modern Fables, and not to be regarded. But much more ridiculous is the Error of thoſe Commentators, who make *Conſtantinople* to have been the Seat of *Job*: The Sepulchre of *Job* in *Armenia*, that favours this Opinion, it is very probable, according to the Conjecture of ſeveral learned Men, was erected

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in honour of some Captain of the *Turks* of that Name.

As to the Time when the Author of this Book liv'd, there are many different Opinions. Some believe it was wrote in the time when the *Israelites* were under the *Egyptian* Bondage, and that it was composed to encourage them to a patient Suffering of their Afflictions, and confirm them in their Dependance upon God for Deliverance: And these Persons suppose, that either *Moses* himself was the Compiler, or at least the Translator of it; and that this was a Tradition among the *Jews* several Authors testifie. Others are of Opinion that this Writing was of much later Date, and give these Reasons for it. They alledge, that there are many *Syriack* and *Arabick* Words and Forms of Expression, that were not in use among the

antient *Hebrew* Writers, the Interpretation of which muſt be fetch'd from the *Rabbins*; that there are many Elegancies relating to the Conſtellations, and ſeveral Fiſh and Birds, which ſhew it to be of a Modern Date, and from hence they conclude that it was wrote after theſe foreign Words and Manners of Expreſſion were introduc'd into the *Hebrew* Language. They believe therefore that the Author liv'd after *David* and *Solomon*, and before *Ezekiel*, becauſe he is mention'd by that Prophet.

Some think that *Iſaiah* himſelf was the Author of this Book; the Time when he liv'd being very ſuitable to this Conjecture, beſides the Majeſty and Sublimity of his Stile, his ſingular Erudition, the Similitude of Character, and many Words and Forms of ſpeaking common to both. *Grotius* imagines the

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Author to be an *Hebrew*, becauſe, after the Cuſtom of that Nation, he calls *Arabia* the Eaſt; tho' others ſuppoſe he was an *Idumean*, becauſe he abounds with *Syriack* and *Arabick* Words. Whether he was the one or the other, it is plain that the Author was well vers'd in the *Hebrew* Language, and thoſe of the neighb'ring Countries; and that in the Writing of this Book, he was under the Direction and Guidance of Divine Inſpiration, has been univerſally acknowledg'd by the *Jews* and Chriſtians in all Ages.

But one ſingle Reflection prevails with me to believe that the Author was of the eldeſt Date, and that is, that I cannot conceive, if he had liv'd after the Deliverance of the Children of *Iſrael* from their *Egyptian* Bondage, and after the Inſtitution of the *Moſaical* Scheme of Religion, that he could have

been perfectly silent as to both. It is hardly to be imagin'd, that if he had liv'd after *Moses*, he should ever have design'd to be so accurate and nice in Relation to Time, as not to say something in the whole Book but what might be well suppos'd to have been said by one who liv'd before *Moses*. This exact Care seems not agreeable to the Writers of that Age: And if it should be suppos'd that an Author, who many Years after took this Subject of *Job* to write upon, should resolve to say nothing but what might be fit to be said in that Time when *Job* liv'd, yet 'tis a great Difficulty to believe that he should be so successful as not in any one Place, or in any one Expression, to drop any thing that should mention or allude to some Matters of Fact that happen'd after, especially such famous one as the Miracles wrought when

when the *Israelites* were brought out of *Egypt*, their Settlement in the Land of *Canaan*, and the Rites of the *Mosaical* Religion. The same Reasons therefore that convince me that *Job* himself liv'd before or in the Time of *Moses*, persuade me to think the Author of this Poem, whoever he was, did so too, and therefore 'tis very probable that this of *Job* is the oldest Book in the World.

The Argument of the Poem is this. *Job*, a Prince in his Country of distinguish'd Piety and eminent Justice, at the Entrance of the Narration is represented as happy as the Favour of Heaven and the Affluence of earthly Possessions can make him. From this State of Prosperity he is on a sudden, by the Permission of Providence, for the Tryal of his Integrity, depriv'd of his

Eſtate, Children, Friends and Health, and reduc'd to a Condition as perfectly miſerable as his former had been happy. After this ſurprizing Change of his Fortune, to exaſperate the Anguiſh of his Soul, his Wife in a prophane manner provokes and tempts him to quit all his Pretenſions to Piety, and deſperately renounce his Dependance upon God, and all Expectation of Deliverance from him. In this ſhe is imitated by the *Egyptians* and old *Grecians*, as well as other idolatrous Countries, who us'd under great Calamities to rail bitterly at their Gods, to pull down their Images and drag them about the Streets, to be reveng'd on them for not preventing their Misfortunes. After this, three Perſons, eminent for their Birth, Virtue and Wiſdom, *Eliphaz*, *Bildad* and *Zophar* (perhaps *Elihu* was with *Job* before)

before) went to comfort their distressed Friend; their Design was good, and they considering that Wickedness was the meritorious Cause of Suffering, and that Divine Justice was not to be clear'd, if profligate and impious Men should go unpunish'd; and having themselves often seen, as well as heard by Tradition from their Forefathers, that wicked Nations and Families had frequently, by the just Judgment of God, been utterly destroy'd, concluded, that *Job*, notwithstanding the outward Figure he made of a very upright and religious Person, must needs be guilty of some great, tho' secret Crimes; otherwise they could not conceive how it was consistent with Divine Justice and Mercy to suffer him to be so very miserable. Their Opinion was, that a good Man, such as *Job* was suppos'd to be,

could never be ſo far forſaken of God, and abandon'd to ſuch prodigious Sufferings. This is the Point they labour to prove, they preſs this very hard on their afflicted Friend, hoping to bring him to a Confeſſion of his Sins, and a ſuitable Repentance, upon which they believ'd, as they often aſſur'd him, that God would withdraw his afflicting Hand, eaſe his Complaints, and reſtore him to his former Proſperity. On the other Hand *Job*, who was conſcious in himſelf that he was no Hypocrite, but that he was in good earneſt a Lover of God and of his Neighbour, and did not know of any ſuch conceal'd and ſecret Guilt, as his Friends reproach'd him with, aſſerts in his Defence, that his Friends proceeded in their Debates on erroneous Grounds, that they miſtook his Caſe, and the Methods of relieving him.

him. He affirms that neither their Notions nor their Obſervations were true; for tho' they aſſerted the contrary, he was fully aſſur'd that Heaven did often afflict, even with the greateſt Severity, many juſt and upright Men; and ſuffer'd, in the mean time, the Enemies of God and Man to live in the moſt flouriſhing Condition; and that therefore there could be no Argument drawn from any Man's Sufferings, that he was a wicked and unrighteous Perſon: In ſome of his Debates on this Head he is ſo far tranſported, as to cenſure raſhly the Divine Adminiſtration, as if God had too little Regard to the Piety and Righteouſneſs of good Men, whom he puniſh'd with ſo ſevere a Hand, whilſt he favour'd the Wicked and proſper'd their Undertakings; or at leaſt, that he made not that Diſtinction between them which the

Juſtice of a righteous Government requires. But as to himſelf, his Anguiſh and Impatience roſe to ſuch a Degree as vented themſelves in many Expreſſions relating to God's Severity to him, unbecoming an humble and patient Sufferer, which made a learned Critick ſay, that *Job*, who had a good Cauſe, diſcompos'd by his Impatience, manag'd it ill, as his Friends had a bad one but manag'd it well. Their Debates being ended, *Elihu*, a wiſe young Man, who had heard the Arguments on either ſide, undertakes, as Moderator, to compoſe the Controverſie, and ſet both Parties right; he agrees with *Eliphaz* and his two Companions, that God was a hater of Wickedneſs and Irreligion, and that he often puniſh'd thoſe who were guilty of them; but then he will not allow that *Job* may from thence be juſtly condemn'd as a wicked

wicked Man; becauſe a good one may often be afflicted by God for great and wiſe Ends. On the other ſide, tho' he does not cenſure *Job* for his Hypocriſie, or any conceal'd or ſecret Guilt, yet he condemns him for the Impatience he expreſs'd under his Sufferings, and for his bold and raſh Expreſſions that ſeem'd to charge God with Injuſtice. After this God himſelf condeſcends to ſpeak, and put an End to their long Debate. He condemns *Eliphaz* and his two Friends for their unjuſt Cenſures of *Job*, and *Job* for his unjuſt Cenſures of Divine Providence; but on the Compariſon declares that *Job* had the better Cauſe, and had ſpoken better of him than his Friends had done. Perhaps that Expreſſion of *Job* is alluded to, *The Lord has given, and the Lord has taken away, bleſſed be the Name of the Lord.* Then

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he delivers him from his great Affliction, and reſtores him to his former happy Condition.

It is evident that the Deſign of the Book is to ſhow that the Providence of God does not only guide and over-rule the higheſt and moſt important Affairs of Men, the Enterprizes of aſpiring Princes, and the Riſe and Fall of States and Empires, but that it intereſts and mingles it ſelf with all the Concerns of humane Life, and thereby prepares the Mind of the Reader to acknowledge him, as the great Moderator of the World, the Director of all our Actions, and Diſpoſer of all the Events that happen to Mankind; by which Impreſſion he is diſpos'd to ſubmit himſelf and all his Concernments in humble Reſignation to the Almighty's righteous and unerring Conduct.

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And more particularly the Design is to justifie the Divine Providence in suffering vile and flagitious Men to live in the undisturb'd Enjoyment of all the Power and Plenty which their Hearts can desire; while the good and upright are often overwhelm'd with Poverty and Distress, and expos'd to the Scorn and Outrage of their insulting Enemies. The solving of this Difficulty, which has so often puzzled the Understanding, and discompos'd the Temper of the wisest and best of Men, seems to be chiefly aim'd at in this Writing. And 'tis observable that in the Debates between *Job* and his Friends, when they are prest with any difficulty concerning the Divine Administration of Affairs, and are at a loss how to reconcile Occurrences with their own Notions of Justice and Goodness,

neſs, they fly to God's Infinite Greatneſs, and ſeem to reſolve the Controverſie into his abſolute Sovereignty and uncontrolable Power, which occaſions many wonderful Deſcriptions of God's Majeſty and Omnipotence. They ſeem to think, that when we are perplex'd and confounded, and after all our Attempts can by no means account for the Proceedings of Divine Providence, which directly thwart our Opinions of Infinite Wiſdom and Impartial Juſtice, we ſhould enter upon the Contemplation of the Glorious Attributes of God, and conſider that they ſo far tranſcend all the low created Perfections in Man, that ours are by no means to be a meaſure of his; They may and do aſſiſt us in many Inſtances as faint Repreſentations of the Divine Excellency; but whenever we ſee any Conduct of Pro-

Providence, that we cannot reduce to our ways of Reaſoning, we ſhould humbly adore, and not diſpute; we ſhould fetch a Solution from the Sovereignty and boundleſs Perfections in God, who is always Good and Juſt and Wiſe, even when in his Adminiſtration he ſeems to be moſt the contrary. And 'tis very plain, that when God beſpeaks them in the latter part of the Book, he inſiſts upon no other Juſtification of his Proceedings with Men, than his Dominion and Property, his abſolute Sovereignty and tranſcendent Greatneſs, that render him unaccountable to his Creatures for any of his Actions; and therefore in the ſharpeſt and ſevereſt Tryals, when Providence ſeems vigilant and induſtrious, as *Job* expreſſes it, to find occaſions of afflicting, when it runs counter to our Deſires, defeats our Hopes,

Hopes, and diſappoints our Deſigns, in ſuch a hard Caſe we are to moderate our Paſſions, ſubmit our Wills and our Reaſon too, and acquieſce in this Belief, that nothing is more certain, than that God can do his Creature no wrong, and that in all his Diſpenſations he has both wiſe and gracious Deſigns, tho' our ſhallow and incompetent Reaſon is not able to diſcern them.

It is probable that one Reaſon why we are apt to cenſure God's Proceedings is, that we take his Idea too nicely from our ſelves; for tho' we muſt form our Conceptions of him from the Contemplation of our own Minds, yet this muſt not be too ſtrict, nor extended too far; for 'tis plain that God's Knowledge is a different Thing from ours: He knows by one ſingle Act of Intuition, we know by Reaſoning,

foning, that is by deducing one Propoſition from two others, and by forming in a tedious way a long depending Chain of Conſequences, which for that reaſon are apt to create Diſtruſt. Now as our Inferior kind of Knowledge is by no means a meaſure of that moſt exalted kind in the Divine Underſtanding, ſo that Juſtice, Mercy and Goodneſs, which are the Vertues of an intelligent Creature, may be of a lower Nature, and therefore an improper and unequal Meaſure of thoſe Perfections in the Divine Will. It is probable, that for this reaſon the Diſputants in this Poem for the clearing of God's Juſtice and Goodneſs, betake themſelves ſo often to the tranſcendent Greatneſs and Excellency of the Divine Nature, by which they plainly intimate, that we are by no

no means competent Judges of his Actions.

Another Means to quiet the Minds of Men concerning the Wisdom and Justice of God's Dispensations in those Instances, that are the harshest and the most unaccountable to us, is to reflect on the narrow and broken, as well as obscure Prospect, which we have of the wide Sphere of his Providence. Did we fully understand how we are related to all the parts of Mankind, as well to our Contemporaries as to those who have liv'd in the past, or shall live in the future Ages of the World; had we besides a clear Knowledge of our relation to other Reasonable but Superior Creatures, I mean the Angels who dwell in the Immense and Glorious Regions above us, and to those that fill the Stars and Planets (for 'tis improbable that this

this Ball of Earth, the Dregs and Sediment of the World, ſhould be ſo full of Reaſonable Beings, and the nobler Parts of the Creation ſhould not be peopled with ſuitable Inhabitants) had we I ſay, a perfect and comprehenſive View of the whole Scheme of the Divine Oeconomy, and ſaw how in his Adminiſtration of the different parts of it, the Supream Moderator promoted the great and glorious Deſign of the whole, we ſhould have quite another Apprehenſion of God's Wiſdom and Juſtice; he that contemplates a Leg or an Arm with its relation to a humane Body of which they are Parts, has a very different Notion of them from him who conſiders them divided without any Dependance or Connexion with the whole. It is not in our Power to make any but partial and very lame Obſervations of God's Government

of

his Creatures; and upon ſuch Imperfect Views it is no wonder if our Conſtructions and Concluſions are often Erroneous; and this, it may be, is another Reaſon, why the Wiſe Men who manage the Debate about Providence in this Book, lead us ſo often to contemplate the Works of God's Creation, of which our ſelves are ſo ſmall a part.

Beſides this principal and moſt Conſpicuous Deſign, other uſeful and excellent Ends are purſued in this Poem. One of which is to enlarge and raiſe our Conceptions of the Divine Being, to give us worthy and honourable Thoughts of his Infinite Perfections, and form in our Minds a ſuitable Idea of his Greatneſs. The Repreſentations of God's tranſcendent Excellencies, of his Independent, Sovereign and Irreſiſtable Power, as well as his Purity,

rity, Wiſdom, Juſtice and Beneficence, are in many parts of this Book ſo ſtrong, and lively, and admirable, that they are very capable of leaving in our Thoughts very deep and laſting Impreſſions; and to give us right and juſt Conceptions of the Divine Nature, on which our Notions of Religion, the Conduct of our Lives, and our Honour and Happineſs depend, is to do one of the greateſt Services that can be done to Mankind.

Another great End is to ſet before us for our Imitation an Illuſtrious Example of Piety, and all kinds of Vertue in the moſt contrary Circumſtances of Life that can happen, the moſt Flouriſhing and the moſt Miſerable; and this is done in the Character of *Job*: While he poſſeſs'd a greater Subſtance than any Man in the Country where he liv'd, and was bleſt with

with a compleat Collection of all those Enjoyments that are ſuppos'd to make a Man happy in this World, he maintain'd his Religion and Integrity inviolable, he was no leſs Eminent for his Piety, than for his Power and Abundance. He ſtrictly preſerv'd his Moderation and Humility, his Temperance and Juſtice, his Continence, his Compaſſion, and his great Love to Mankind, as appears by the Firſt and Thirty Firſt Chapters of this Book; and when by a ſurprizing Revolution the Scene was chang'd, and this Righteous Perſon being depriv'd of his Children and Poſſeſſions, and afflicted with grievous Pain and Sickneſs, became the moſt wretched and unhappy Man that can be imagin'd, he then by the Exerciſe of other ſingular Vertues, maintains as great a Character in his Sufferings. He ſhows an admirable

rable Inſtance of Patience and Reſignation, of Conſtancy and Perſeverance, holds faſt his Religion, and ſtill expreſſes his unalterable Dependance on the Supreme Being. In ſhort, his Mind was neither elated or diſſolv'd by the greateſt Proſperity, or ſower'd or broken by the greateſt Adverſity. 'Tis true, that he vented ſeveral paſſionate, raſh and unbecoming Expreſſions; but when we conſider the Anguiſh of his Soul under ſuch prodigious Sufferings, the Prophane Provocations of his Wife, the Exaſperating Reproaches of his miſtaken Friends, who after all his heavy Loſſes would have rob'd him too of his Integrity, it will not be hard to excuſe thoſe Expreſſions, and no more can be inferr'd from thence than this, that tho' he was an Excellent, he was not a Faultleſs Man. *Moſes*, who

was

was honour'd with the Character of the Meekeſt Man in the World, upon ſome extraordinary and ſurprizing Occaſions loſt his Temper; and *Job* may be allow'd to be the moſt Patient Perſon in the World, tho' in ſuch Streights and Diſtreſs, and urg'd with ſuch Provocations, ſome impatient Speeches might be extorted from him.

I cannot but obſerve in this place, that *Job*, a Perſon of ſuch Piety, and ſo many uncommon and admirable Vertues, had no Advantages from the Divine Revelations made to *Moſes* and the Jewiſh Prophets. He was a Stranger to their Law, and their Syſtem of Religion: The Light, that directed him, muſt be only that of Natural Reaſon and Conſcience, aſſiſted by ſome Oral Traditions from *Adam* and *Noah*, and by what God was pleas'd ſometimes to communicate by Dreams and

and Visions in those darker Ages of the World. By this it appears that great Advances may be made in Virtue by a diligent Attendance to the Dictates of our natural Light. Would Men but improve their Reason, reverence their Consciences, and stand in Awe of themselves, they would become Worshippers of God, as well as sober and righteous in an eminent Degree; I refer this to the Consideration of those Gentlemen, who do not acknowledge the Divine Authority either of the Mosaick or of the Christian Institution.

Another very useful End is, by the Example of *Job*, to convince the Reader of the Instability of a prosperous Condition, and the great Vicissitude of humane Affairs, by which his Mind being dispos'd to Moderation, Humility, Temperance, Compassion and Charity,

may be preſerv'd from that Pride and Contempt of others, and that cruel and haughty Temper which great Riches and high Stations are too apt to produce, eſpecially in Men of a mean and low Spirit.

I have not attempted a cloſe Tranſlation of this ſacred Book, but a Paraphraſe; for the Original being written in an Eaſtern Language, the manner and turns of Expreſſion in thoſe Countries, are, as before mentioned, ſo very different from ours, that I thought a Paraphraſe more proper and advantageous for a Modern *European* Tongue. But as I judg'd it would not bear a ſtrict Tranſlation, ſo, on the other hand, I have endeavour'd that the Paraphraſe ſhould not be too looſe and wide, but that the Reader may all along carry with him the Senſe of the Original. I have amplify'd the Text in many Places, that appear'd

pear'd more Poetical, and from general Heads I have descended sometimes to Particulars, the Enumeration of which I believed would illustrate and enliven the Original. I have avoided the immediate Repetition of the same Thought in Words little different from the first, which is so very common in this Book, as well as in that of the Psalms, and other poetical Places of the Scripture; for tho' this was, no doubt, accounted in the Eastern Countries, at least at that time, a great Beauty and Ornament to their Writing, yet we have quite another Taste of their Eloquence: And therefore I have thought it best to accommodate their Stile to our own. The Method of Writing in the Eastern Countries is what the *Europeans* think irregular; the same Matter, which was treated on before, frequently recurs, and the Con-

nexion is ſometimes broken and often obſcure. The Tranſitions are ſometimes neglected, and a new Subject enter'd upon without the Preparation for it which we expect ſhould be made: We cenſure theſe Modes and Cuſtoms in Writings as Defects, and no doubt they would cenſure ours as much: I would not peremptorily condemn their Taſte, for the Opinion of Beauty and Ornament ſeems not to be capable of being determin'd by any fixt and unalterable Rule. Truth and good Senſe are ſettled upon eternal and unchangeable Reaſons, but the Manner of expreſſing, and the Method of conveying our Sentiments, and what concerns Dreſs and Splendor, are perhaps indifferent Ceremonies, and every Nation may have Authority to eſtabliſh which they pleaſe. 'Tis plain the Eaſtern World have not the

ſame

ſame Apprehenſions of Symmetry and Ornament that we have. They believe there is a great Beauty in the neglect of what we call Order and Regularity, as is evident in their Gardens and Buildings: What we cenſure as careleſs, wild and extravagant, ſtrikes them with more Admiration, and gives them greater Pleaſure than all our elaborate and orderly Contrivances. All that can be ſaid is that our Taſtes are different, and if they are barbarous to us, we are ſo to them, ſome of which, eſpecially the *Chineſe*, are, or at leaſt have been, very wiſe and polite Nations.

We in this part of the World are all ſo full of *Homer* and *Virgil*, and ſo bigotted to the *Greek* and *Latin* Sects, that we are ready to account all Authors Heretical that are without the Pale of the Claſſicks. This ſeems to me to be a

narrow Sectarian Spirit, that prompts Men to impose their Fancies and Opinions on all the World besides. Whatever high Opinion we have of our own Attainments, we should have that Temper and Moderation that might preserve a due Regard to the Wisdom and Judgment of other Nations, and not with the Air of a supercilious Critick censure and condemn every thing that deviates from the Examples of those Authors whom he has chiefly studied.

I have in this Paraphrase proceeded all along from Chapter to Chapter, and from Verse to Verse in the Order in which they are set down, excepting some very few inconsiderable Transpositions, so that I have by no means alter'd the Method and Series of the Narration, or any way chang'd the Model: And it will be hard to give a Reason why the Author of this Book

Book has not as great a Right to be made the Standard, by which to try *Homer* and *Virgil*, as those Authors have to bring this before their Tribunal. If the Knowledge of the *Hebrew* Language had been look'd on in *Europe* to have been as necessary as the *Greek* and *Latin*, had it been as great an Accomplishment for a Man to understand the first as the last, and had there been as great a Variety of Authors of all Sorts of Learning left in that Language, that there might have been an equal Inducement to have study'd and taught it universally in the Schools, I say, had this been, the Grammarians and Criticks might perhaps have fixt on this as the best Model of Poetical Writings, and in a great Measure have drawn their Rules and Remarks from the Examples they found here. For 'tis plain all their Precepts are founded

on Examples, and on thoſe Examples with which they were moſt converſant, and in ſuch Languages as were moſt in Vogue, and which moſt of them were oblig'd to profeſs and teach.

I have thought it proper to ſupply in ſome places the Tranſitions and Connexions, which according to their manner of Writing are omitted in the Original; that the Reader of the Paraphraſe, who is unaccuſtom'd to that way, may not be embarraſs'd or interrupted. There are many hard and obſcure Places, about the Meaning of which I have conſulted the ableſt and moſt famous Writers, and have taken that Senſe which I look'd on as moſt natural and ſupported by the beſt Reaſons, and in this I have been oblig'd to the excellent Paraphraſe of the Learned Biſhop of *Ely*, and the Collection of the *Critici*.

I have added a Paraphraſe upon ſeveral other Poetical parts of the Bible, which in my Opinion are more excellent Examples of the true ſublime Stile than any can be found in the Pagan Authors. The Images are ſo ſtrong, the Thoughts ſo great, the Expreſſions ſo divine, and the Figures ſo admirable, bold and moving, that the wonderful manner of theſe Writers is quite inimitable. One thing of which I muſt advertiſe the Reader is, that it is common with the Prophets, that they may repreſent the Certainty of their Predictions with the greater Advantage, to uſe the paſt for the future Tenſe, that is, to ſpeak of things to come, as if actually done; ſo that their Propheſies often ſeem hiſtorical Narrations of Matters already tranſacted. Therefore the Reader is not to be ſurpris'd when in the ſecond Song of *Moſes* he

he finds that great Prophet relating what befel the Children of *Israel* in *Canaan* as things past in his own Time, which did not happen till long after his Death. I am of Mr. *Cowley*'s Judgment, who in his Preface declares, that there are no more noble Subjects of Poetry to be found, than those the Scriptures furnish us withal, and therefore I have made this Attempt. 'Tis true Mr. *Sandys*, a Gentleman of great Merit, has done this before, but that I did not know till after I had begun this Work and made some Progress in it; and when I had perus'd part of his Paraphrase I thought I might be able to supply many Defects, especially in Relation to Perspicuity and Coherence.

As to the *Leviathan* and *Behemoth* mention'd in the latter part of this Book, I have appropriated the Character of the first to the Crocodile, and of the last to the Elephant. I be-

believe the Marks enumerated by the learned *Bochart* do juſtly determine the Deſcription of the *Leviathan* to the Crocodile, but I cannot ſee any Neceſſity from what he urges to conclude *Behemoth* to be the *Hippopotamus* or River-horſe; the Character given in *Job* is in my Opinion more ſuitable to the Elephant. The Reaſons alledg'd on both ſides may be ſeen in the *Critici* before cited, and whether the one or the other be true, is not a Matter of that Importance as ſhould oblige me to tranſcribe the Arguments in this place. Perſwaded by the Reaſons of ſome learned Commentators, I have taken the Unicorn for the *Uri* or wild Bull, and not the *Oryx* or wild Goat according to *Bochart*, or the *Rhinoceros* according to others. Theſe are Matters of ſmall Moment, and every Man is at Liberty to think as he pleaſes.

THE

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A PARAPHRASE UPON THE BOOK of *JOB*.

N antient Times, e'er *Moſes* Wonders wrought, *Chap.* 1.
And *Jacob's* murm'ring Race from *Egypt* brought,
A Prince of great Renown, and wide Command,
Job was his Name, dwelt in *Arabia's* Land,
Who in the Heav'nly Paths of Virtue trod,
And fear'd to Sin, becauſe he fear'd his God.
Sev'n Sons, whoſe Perſons Admiration bred,
And Three fair Daughters crown'd his Nuptial Bed.
With gracious Heav'n's peculiar Favour bleſt,
The proſp'rous Man unmeaſur'd Wealth poſſeſt.

His Fleecy Flocks o'er all the Hills were ſpread,
And in his Stalls a Thouſand Oxen fed.
When he decamp'd to find a new Abode,
Three Thouſand Camels bore along the Road
His preciousGoods,and groan'd beneath theLoad.
Nor was a Lord found thro' the ſpacious Eaſt,
Whoſe Herds and Stores ſo vaſtly were increaſt.

Oft did his Sons for mutual Feaſts prepare
By turns rich Liquors and delicious Fare.
Their beauteous Siſters they as oft invite,
To paſs the flowing Hours in ſoft delight;
While charming Muſick, Dances, Sport and Play,
Gave Time yet ſwifter Wings to fly away,
Beguil'd the Night, and hurried on the Day.
Conſcious that Guilt does oft ſuch Mirth attend,
The Father fear'd his Sons might Heav'n offend.
For he with mournful Eyes had oft eſpy'd
Scatter'd on Pleaſure's ſmooth,but treach'rous Tyde,
The Spoils of Virtue by prevailing Senſe
Vanquiſh'd, and Wrecks of ruin'd Innocence.
Hence Supplications ardent he convey'd
To Heav'n, and for his Sons Atonement made;
And while they feaſted, he devoutly pray'd.

There was a Time, when all the Sons of God
Came to their Bliſsful Lord's Auguſt Abode,

To

To pay due Adoration at his Throne,
Which high on Adamantine Pillars ſhone.
Around in Throngs the proſtrate Seraphs lay
O'erwhelm'd with Glory, and entranc'd in Day:
'Mid'ſt the bright Cherubs haughty *Lucifer*,
By marks of Guilt diſtinguiſh'd, did appear:
To whom th'Eternal thus-----Apoſtate, whence
Com'ſt thou to theſe bleſt Seats of Innocence?

Th'Apoſtate ſaid ——— I Lands and Seas have croſt,
And paſt from Clime to Clime, from Coaſt to Coaſt,
Till I the Tour of yon low World had made,
And all its Empires and its States ſurvey'd.
My Courſe compleated, to theſe Realms of Light
Mounting th'Aerial Void I wing'd my Flight.

Th'Almighty then demanded-----In thy way
And toilſome Stages paſt, fal'n Angel, ſay
Haſt thou conſider'd *Job*, my Servant, one
In Piety and Righteous Deeds by none
Thro' all the wide Terreſtrial World out-gone?
Whoſe matchleſs Virtue Admiration draws
From Men on Earth, and finds in Heav'n Applauſe.

I long obſerv'd, reply'd falſe *Lucifer*,
Thy Fav'rite *Job*, and watch'd his Steps with Care.

Perfect he ſeems, and undefil'd with Sin:
But is this Saint without, a Saint within?
He ſerves his God, but does he ſerve for nought?
Does he thy Glory, or his own promote?
Does he Religion for its ſelf regard;
And Virtue court, not Virtue's bright Reward?
Is it his Honour to revere his God,
Who ſees his Smiles, but never feels his Rod?
Haſt thou not crown'd the Labour of his Hand,
Increas'd his Stores, and widen'd his Command?
Can he complain, unleſs with Wealth oppreſt,
Favour'd too much by Heav'n, and overbleſt.
This potent Prince entrench'd for ſafe Defence
Behind the Works and Lines of Providence,
On Aid Divine undaunted may rely,
And all the Rage of hoſtile Powers defy.
Bleſt with Abundance, and with Honour crown'd,
The weakeſt Virtue may maintain its ground.
But try this proſp'rous Saint by Heav'n careſt;
Let this pretended Gold abide the Teſt,
Change the fair Scene, and let thy Frowning Brow,
The marks of Anger and Diſpleaſure ſhow;
Stretch forth thy Hand, and touch his tender part;
And thou wilt find his Riches next his Heart:
Deſpoil'd of theſe he'll Curſe thee to thy Face,
Nor will he Virtue in Diſtreſs embrace.

Th' Eternal to th'Apoſtate thus reply'd,
Let him Affliction's ſharpeſt Edge abide.

The Fence I rais'd around him I remove:
Go, let thy Malice try his Truth and Love.
Let Righteous *Job* thy fiery Teſts endure,
But let his Perſon be from Pain ſecure.

He ſaid---Th' Apoſtate from his Preſence went,
And on his fierce, Infernal purpoſe bent,
Made on *Arabia*'s Land a ſwift Deſcent.

Mean time it happen'd at a ſplendid Feaſt,
Job's Eldeſt Son in turn receiv'd the reſt.
Siſters and Brothers cheerful Drank and Eat
All the delightful kinds of Wine and Meat.
When at their Father's Manſion did arrive
A Courier ſpent with Speed, and ſcarce alive.
Wildneſs and Horror in his Aſpect bred
Juſt Fears of diſmal News, and thus he ſaid.
Invading Robbers from *Sabea*, warm'd
With hopes of Booty, and with Lances arm'd,
An Inroad made; and firſt the Men deſtroy'd
Who kept thy Herds, and then the Spoil enjoy'd.
I have alone by favourable Fate
Eſcap'd th' unwelcom Tydings to relate.

While he was ſpeaking, with as ſwift a pace
Another came, and with as ſad a Face:
And thus he ſaid----O *Job*, a ſuddain Storm
And low'ring Clouds did Heav'ns wide Arch deform.

The bellowing Engines did all Nature ſcare,
Spouting their ruddy Vomit thro' the Air.
Tempeſts of Fire, like that which burns in Hell,
And blue Caſcades of flaming Sulphur fell
Dreadful to Sight, and deadly to the Smell.
The rav'ning Flames upon the Mountains pour'd,
Thy watchful Shepherds, with their Flocks, devour'd,
I only have eſcap'd, to let thee know
Thy heavy Loſs, and this black Scene of Woe.

Scarce had he ended, when another came,
His Horror was alike, his haſte the ſame,
And thus he ſaid------The fierce *Chaldeans* made
Three choſen Bands thy Camels to invade:
Thy Servants by Surprize ſoon overcome,
The laden Spoilers march'd in Triumph home.

Mean time another enter'd, who in ſpeed
And Conſternation, did the reſt exceed.
And thus he ſpoke------*Job*, with rich Wines and Meat
Their Eldeſt Brother at his pleaſant Seat
Thy Sons and Daughters did profuſely Treat.
When riſing from the Salvage Wilderneſs,
A howling, hollow Wind, with ſuch a Streſs
Bore on the Houſe, that the high Roof and Wall
Disjoynted crack'd, and fell; and with the Fall

Cruſh'd,

Cruſh'd, and interr'd at once th' aſſembled Youth.
I only ſcap'd to tell ſo ſad a Truth.

Then *Job* his Garment rent, and ſhav'd his Head,
And on the Ground adoring fell, and ſaid:
Naked at firſt I left my Mother's Womb,
And ſhall return as naked to my Tomb.
The Lord has giv'n, and taken back again;
Becauſe he takes his own, ſhall *Job* complain?
Tho' now he frowns, I'll praiſe th' Almighty's Name,
And bleſs the Spring, whence paſt Enjoyments came.

Chap. II.

The Glorious Sons of God, a ſecond time
Adoring ſtood around his Throne ſublime.
A ſecond time Ambitious *Lucifer*,
Amidſt the happy Seraphs did appear.
To whom th'Eternal thus------Apoſtate, whence
Com'ſt thou to theſe bleſt Seats of Innocence?

Th' Apoſtate ſaid----I Lands and Seas have croſt,
And paſt from Clime to Clime, from Coaſt to Coaſt,
Till I the Tour of yon low World had made,
And all its Empires and its States ſurvey'd;
And now am hither come-----In all thy way,
Th' Almighty ſaid, Ambitious Spirit, ſay,
Haſt thou obſerv'd good *Job*, my Servant, one
In Righteouſneſs and Piety, by none
Thro' all the wide Terreſtrial World out-gone?

How mid'ſt his Sufferings he aſſerts my Cauſe,
Defends my Juſtice, and obeys my Laws.
He perſeveres unchang'd, and ſtill holds faſt
Th'Integrity, which he has long embrac't.
Thou mov'dſt me to afflict his Soul in vain,
Still he his Heav'nly Virtue does retain.
Shock'd with the Storm he yet takes deeper root,
Nor is he leſs adorn'd with gen'rous Fruit.
The Conſtant Mind, which the Juſt Man has ſhew'd,
Does thy malicious Policy elude.
Still againſt Sin he makes a brave defence,
Deſpoil'd of all Things, but his Innocence.

Th' Apoſtate then reply'd---Mankind, 'tis known,
Will give their Childrens Skins, to keep their own.
To ſave their Lives their Treaſures they produce;
And before Death a naked Being chuſe.
But now extend thy Hand, and let the Smart
Of ſome Diſtemper enter deep his Heart;
And thou wilt find my Accuſation true,
That he with Curſes will his God purſue.

Then ſaid th'Almighty, *Job* is in thy Pow'r,
Afflict his Fleſh, but be his Life ſecure.

In haſte th'Apoſtate on his Errand went,
Pleas'd, while allow'd to vex the Innocent.

He

He ſoon collected with aſſiduous Care
Crude Exhalations, and corrupted Air.
And fetch'd raw Vapours, and unwholſome Damps
From ſtanding Lakes, low Caves, and marſhy Swamps.
Then finding *Job*, he to his Veins convey'd
The noxious Seeds which ſoon their Force diſplay'd.
The poiſon'd Maſs of Blood with painful Boils,
From Head to Foot the guiltleſs Man defiles.
In Aſhes humbly ſilent down he ſate;
With Groans bewailing his unhappy Fate.
To clean his Skin, he with a Potſherd took
The Gore away, that from his Ulcers broke.

Then thus his Wife the Conſtant Man addreſt.
How much thy pious Dullneſs I deteſt!
Doſt thou not ſee, that thy Devotion's vain;
What have thy Pray'rs procur'd but Woe and Pain?
To ſuff'ring Virtue wilt thou ſtill adhere,
And harden'd in Religion perſevere?
Wilt thou retain thy praying, whining Cant?
And bleſs thy God; for what? for Plagues and Want?
Haſt thou not yet thy Int'reſt underſtood,
Abſurd in Patience, and perverſly Good?
Theſe numerous Sores and all thy Loſſes ſhow
How Heav'n regards the fooliſh Saint below.

Incorrigible Dotard, can't thy God
Reform thy ſtupid Virtue with his Rod?
Since only Woe attends thy Piety,
Be Wiſe and Brave for once, Curſe God, and Dye.
Provoke th' Almighty thus to be thy Friend,
To take thy Life, and then thy Suff'rings end.

Good *Job* reply'd-----Thou ſpeakeſt, as the weak,
As the prophane, flagitious Women ſpeak.
What, ſhall a Man, a Worm, with God contend?
Diſpute his Will, his Rule of Juſtice mend?
He once enrich'd and made us to abound,
Fill'd us with Goodneſs, and our Wiſhes crown'd:
Shall we receive his Bleſſings, but complain
When his afflicting Hand creates our Pain?
Patience in Woe we ſhould ſubmiſſive ſhew,
Bleſſings are not, but Troubles are our Due.

When *Bildad*, *Zophar* and wiſe *Eliphaz*,
Rever'd for Knowledge, and their noble Race,
All Three to *Job* by Friendſhip long endear'd,
The News of his Calamities had heard,
They left their Seats; and meeting on the Day
And Place of Rendezvous, they took their way
To mourn with *Job*, to ſhare his mighty Grief,
And by their Counſels to afford Relief;
His Pain in part by Kindneſs to remove,
And ſooth his Anguiſh by condoling Love.

Then

Then from afar they lifted up their Eyes,
Directed by his Moans and woful Crys,
And ſpy'd the mournful Suff'rer on the Sand
In Aſhes laid, his Potſherd in his Hand.
Conſummate Sorrow in his Looks appear'd,
And Tears and Duſt his meagre Cheeks beſmear'd.
Deform'd he lay, disfigur'd, cover'd o'er
With running Boyls and undigeſted Gore.
They ſought him in himſelf, and ſcarce did know
Their Ancient Friend diſguis'd with ſo much Woe.
At laſt convinc'd they whiſper'd, Sure 'tis he,
But O, how chang'd with Pain and Poverty!
What wondrous Turn of Providence is this?
And how precarious is Terreſtrial Bliſs?
Amazing Scene! how ſoon, O Righteous God,
Our Glory fades beneath thy blaſting Rod!
To ſee a Righteous Friend ſo much diſtreſt,
Awaken'd various Paſſions in their Breaſt.
Grief, Pity, Wonder in their Boſoms pent
Preſt with like force, and ſtrove at once for vent.
They tore their Veſts, like Men in deep Deſpair,
And ſcatter'd Clouds of Aſhes thro' the Air,
Which thence deſcending on their Heads confeſt
The mighty Trouble which their Souls oppreſt.
Not to diſturb a Sorrow ſo profound,
Sev'n Nights and Days they ſilent ſate around.
So long a time they held their Peace to ſhow
A Reverence due to ſuch prodigious Woe.

And

Chap. III.

And then afflicted *Job* firſt Silence broke,
His Friends attentive ſate, while thus he ſpoke.
Curſt be the fatal Day, that cheer'd my Sight
With the firſt Beam of inauſpicious Light.
Curſt be the luckleſs Night, be curſt the Morn,
When firſt they ſaid an Infant Man was born.
Periſh that Day, let it no more appear,
Cut off from all Connexion with the Year.
O'ercharg'd with Sorrow let it move ſo ſlow,
That all Time's ſwift-wing'd Race may ſtill outgo
That lagging Seaſon; let it pant behind,
And never more its Place and Order find.
May it be baniſh'd from its Month, and may
No ill-deſigning Mortal ever pray
To ſee again this abdicated Day.
May it its Courſe and Turn for ever miſs
Ingulp'd, and loſt in Time's immenſe Abyſs.

As for the Night, let Darkneſs to be felt,
Impenetrable Darkneſs, ſuch as dwelt
On the dun Viſage of Primæval Night,
Shut every Star-beam out from Mortals Sight,
And cloſe up every Paſs and Road of Light.
Let not the cheerful Face of Joy appear,
Nor ſoft harmonious Sounds delight the Ear.
O let no other Accents fill the Air
But ſtrains of Grief, and ſyllings of Deſpair.

Ye

Ye Mourners, all ye wretched Sons of Woe,
Who on your Birth-day dreadful Curſes throw,
Some Execrations on this Night beſtow.
Ye Stars withdraw your Light, let not a Ray
Thro' all the gloomy Vacant glimmering ſtray,
While Men in vain expect the dawning Day;
Becauſe it did not ſhut the Womb, and keep
My Soul from Sorrow in eternal Sleep.

Why did a falſe Conception not elude
My Parents Hopes, and Breath from me exclude?
Why was I ſhap'd and faſhion'd as a Man?
Or why, when firſt the vital Work began,
Did not the genial active Spirits ceaſe
My green unfolded Members to encreaſe?
Would an Abortion, while the quickening Strife
My Mother felt, had quench'd the Spark of Life,
When firſt it kindled in the tepid Vein,
Glow'd in the Heart and glimmer'd in the Brain.
Why did not hapleſs *Job* remain too weak,
And deſtitute of Force enough to break
The Bands, which firſt did me an Embryo hold,
And in the Womb my tender Limbs enfold?
Why did the Womb give me a Paſſage forth?
Or why did I ſurvive th' unhappy Birth?
Why did my Mother's Knee and Nurſe's Breaſt
Preſerve my Being, and prevent my Reſt?
Had they in Mercy ſuffer'd me to lie
Without their Help, and kindly let me die,

I then had early met as good a Fate,
As Princes, Kings, and Councellors of State,
Who lye in ſtately Sepulchers interr'd,
Which by themſelves at vaſt Expence were reer'd.
Who once with Gold and Silver did abound,
But now as poor as common Men are found.
Like tender Infants ſtifled in the Womb,
I ſweet had ſlumber'd in the quiet Tomb.
The wicked there no more the juſt moleſt,
And there the Weary are diſſolv'd in Reſt.
There near th' Oppreſſor ſleeps th' Oppreſt in Peace,
And there the Priſ ner's Cries for ever ceaſe.
Levell'd by Death the Victor and the Slave,
The Wiſe and Fooliſh, Cowards and the Brave
Lye mix'd and undiſtinguiſh'd in the Grave.

Why is that peaceful Place, that ſoft Repoſe,
Deny'd to vaſt unſufferable Woes?
Should a poor Wretch, that drags in Sweat and Pain
His Chain of Life, demand to die in vain?
Why is he not allow'd to yield his Breath
And feel the cool refreſhing Shades of Death?
Why does the courted Bleſſing ſtill elude
His eager Arms, and fly him when purſu'd?
Relentleſs Death! Inexorable Grave!
Your reſtleſs Vot'rys will you never ſave,
Who to enjoy you with more Ardour ſtrive
Than e'er two happy Lovers wiſh'd to live?

Why

Why ſtrikes not Death the Man, who meets his Dart
With an expanded Breaſt and leaping Heart?
Why can't he taſte this bleſt enchanting Bowl
To eaſe the bitter Anguiſh of his Soul?
When an unhappy Creature ſpent with Grief
And ſunk in deep Deſpair to find Relief
Shall dig with eager Labour to explore
Death's Leaden Vein, as if 'twere Silver Oar,
Why does he not ſo cheap a Treaſure find?
By envious Life why is he countermin'd?
Why muſt he live, who begs and prays to die?
Tis Cruelty this Refuge to deny
To one, who knows not whither elſe to fly.

This is my Caſe----For when I ſit to eat,
Tears are my Wine, and Trouble is my Meat.
My Grief tempeſtuous and unruly grows,
And as a rapid Flood my ſwelling Sorrow flows.
For now I groan beneath thoſe Woes oppreſt,
Which my miſgiving Mind did ſtill ſuggeſt.
When I enjoy'd the ſofteſt Hours of Eaſe,
My ill-preſaging Thoughts diſturb'd my Peace:
And now the Storm, that at a Diſtance lowr'd,
Has on my Head its ripen'd Vengeance pour'd.

Chap. IV.

Then *Eliphaz* reply'd----To mourn thy Fate,
And with ſoft Words thy Sorrow to abate
We came, but ſuch Impatience thou haſt ſhown,
And haſt on Heav'n ſuch bold Reproaches thrown,

That now inſtead of yielding kind Relief,
My Language may exaſperate thy Grief.
Such is thy Wound, Balm will be us'd in vain,
And if I lance it, I increaſe the Pain.
Yet who can hold from ſpeaking, to defend
Juſtice divine, and guide an erring Friend?
Oft have thy Words and wiſe Inſtructions made
The feeble Strong, and giv'n th' afflicted Aid.
Th' Unfortunate and Wretched taught by thee,
Reviving have forgot their Miſery.
The Mourners and the Comfortleſs have found
Thy Speech, like healing Balſom, eaſe their Wound.
The moſt perverſe, inexorable Woe
And ſullen Grief thy charming Voice did know.
Reſtleſs Diſtruſt and obſtinate Deſpair
Liſten'd to thee, and would thy Counſels hear.
But ſince 'tis now thy Turn to undergo
The Suff'rer's Part, ungovern'd Paſſions ſhow
How much a lighter Task it is to give
Counſel and wiſe Advice, than to receive.
How eaſie 'tis to praiſe, how hard to bear
The wounding Rod, thy wild Complaints declare.

Impatience under Pain the Spring betrays
Of thy Devotion and religious ways.
Affliction has detected thee, and ſhown
Thou did'ſt not ſeek Heav'n's Honour, but thy own;
For with thy Wealth thy Piety is gone.

None of a pious Mind, and Conſcience pure,
Such dreadful Marks of Wrath Divine endure.
Heav'n ne'er will let the Righteous ſink ſo low,
Nor plunge the Guiltleſs in the Depths of Woe.
They are by adverſe Providence annoy'd,
Kindly corrected oft, but not deſtroy'd.
They bear the Frowns but not the Rage of God,
And ſcape his Vengeance, tho' they feel his Rod.
A ruin'd upright Man was never known;
Never like *Job* abandon'd and undone:
He that delights to ſow Iniquity
Shall a ſad Harveſt of Deſtruction ſee:
The Breath of God, like Peſtilential Air,
Shall blaſt and leave him with'ring in Deſpair.
So a fierce Lyon, long inur'd to Spoil,
Shall roar entangled in the Huntſman's Toil;
Or by old Age the Ravager o'er-power'd
Shall by the Teeth of Famine be devour'd.
His rav'ning Whelps ſhall o'er the Mountains ſtray,
And periſh on the Sands in want of Prey.

I ſhould be impious, vain and arrogant,
Of high Celeſtial Commerce ſhou'd I vaunt.
Yet to convince thee of thy Error, hear
The Language of a Heav'nly Meſſenger.
When Night in ſable Clouds had Nature dreſt,
And weary Lab'rers ſought refreſhing Reſt;
I ſaw a Viſion, which religious Dread
And reverential Horror in me bred.

The awful Object cloath'd in glorious Air
Struck thro' my trembling Joynts reſiſtleſs Fear.
A ſhining Spirit paſs'd before my Sight,
My Hair with Terror ſtiffen'd ſtood upright.
Approaching near the bright Appearance ſtood,
And I a plain Corporeal Glory view'd;
But in ſuch great Confuſion, ſo much Awe,
That I no Form or Face diſtinctly ſaw.
Then thus th' Illuſtrious Stranger ſilence broke,
And with a ſtill Celeſtial Accent ſpoke.

Can Mortal Man boaſt Righteouſneſs Divine?
Can he his God in Purity outſhine,
Who Confidence ev'n in th' exalted Race
Of bright Immortal Seraphs cannot place?
Of Folly he can high Arch-Angels blame,
Who bow their conſcious Heads, and bluſh with Shame.
And ſhall a Man his Innocence defend?
Will with his great Creator Man contend?
A worthleſs Wight, that triumphs for a Day,
And lodges in a Houſe of mouldring Clay.
Whoſe Vital Fort is founded in the Duſt,
Which quickly fails and diſappoints his Truſt,
If but a gnawing Worm the Work aſſails,
Or ſilly Moth the feeble Fabrick ſcales.
Each Hour the ſap'd Foundation feels decay,
And Life, while in his Bloſſom, fades away,
Made to its own devouring Flame a Prey.

So faſt Men periſh, that the Common Sight
No more can wonder or regard excite.
On Pow'r and Wealth in vain for Aid they cry,
For as they liv'd, they in their Folly dye.
Therefore, O *Job*, thy wrong Diſcourſe correct,
No more poor Mortal on thy God reflect.

Chap. V.

Perhaps the Fooliſh may thy Conduct praiſe,
And againſt Heav'n may bold Objections raiſe:
But try the Wiſe and Upright, call and ſee
Which Saint of all the Sacred Hierarchy
Will thy raſh Words applaud, thy Cauſe maintain,
And with audacious Charges Heav'n arraign.
Why doſt thou, *Job*, ſuch Diſcontent expreſs,
That wicked Men great Pow'r and Wealth poſſeſs?
That Pow'r and Wealth they will not long enjoy,
For Wrath Divine ſhall the vile Stock deſtroy.
I have with wonder ſeen the Wicked ſhoot
Deep in a fertile Soil his thriving Root;
But ſoon aſſaulted with a ſudden Storm,
His ghaſtly Ruin did the Ground deform.
His Limbs and Leaves and wither'd Fruit were ſpred
Round his diſmember'd Trunk and blaſted Head.
His hated Sons impleaded by the Poor
Were forc'd their plunder'd Treaſures to reſtore.
Inextricable Troubles, vaſt Diſtreſs
Did this accurſt deſpairing Race oppreſs.

The

The hungry did their thorny Fences leap,
Enjoy their Labour, and their Harveſt reap.
Fierce Robbers Inroads made in furious Bands,
Their Houſes rifled, and laid waſte their Lands.

What mean theſe Cries? Why this Impatience
ſhown?
Is Trouble rare? Are Woes uncommon grown?
'Tis true, Affliction ſprings not from the Earth,
Nor to the Ground owes a ſpontaneous Birth:
Yet Men to Woe, as to their Center, tend,
So Streams the Ocean ſeek, and Flames to Heav'n
aſcend.
This is the ſad Inheritance convey'd
From Man to Man, ſince *Adam* diſobey'd.
This Lot his Soveraign does to Man aſſign;
Wherefore, O *Job*, were thy Affliction mine,
I would to Heav'ns dread Majeſty ſubmit,
All my own Paths arraign, and his acquit.
I would his Juſtice and his Truth adore,
Revere his Greatneſs, but my ſelf abhor.
By humble Reſignation I would lye
Beneath his Feet, and for his Mercy cry.

His Deeds are great, unſearchable his Ways,
Which in obſerving Minds Amazement raiſe.
His Providence, when leaſt 'tis underſtood,
Is always Juſt, and Merciful, and Good.

The

The Wonders of this dark unfathom'd Deep
Our Thoughts in endleſs Admiration keep.
He ſpreads his Clouds ſurpriſing to behold,
And ſhapes his Rain-drops in an unknown Mould.
Then he his Waters on the Mountain pours,
And on the Valley ſheds prolifick Show'rs.
He ſets the Servant in the Maſter's place,
And wipes the Tears from off the Mourner's Face.
The Crafty he entangles, countermines
Dark Councellors, and blaſts their great Deſigns.
He turns againſt himſelf the Stateſman's Arts,
Confounds his Schemes, and his proud Hopes ſubverts.
By interjected Miſts obſtructs the Light,
And of the Wiſe obſcures the cleareſt Sight:
Who thus involv'd in Shades miſtake their way,
Believe it Night, and ſeek at Noon the Day.
He does the Fury of th' Oppreſſor break,
And from his mighty Foe protects the Weak.
Thus to the Poor he gives reviving hopes,
And the black Mouth of fierce Injuſtice ſtops.

Thrice happy is the Man, who feels the ſmart
Which kindly God's correcting Strokes impart.
When chaſten'd, know, thou art with Favours crown'd,
Nor let deſponding Thoughts thy hopes confound;
The Hand, that made, will likewiſe heal thy Wound.

He'll from thy various Troubles ſet thee free,
And change to Joy this Scene of Miſery,
His pow'rful Word ſhall call the ſmiling Light
From this wild Chaos, from this ſullen Night.
He ſhall defend thy Life with tender Care
From the ſtrong Jaws of Famine and of War.
The pois'nous Arrows of th' Invective Tongue
Shall neither wound thy Fame, nor Honour wrong.
When grim Deſtruction with her horrid Train
And dire Attendants, Anguiſh, Woe and Pain,
Advances, ſhaking her tremendous Spear,
Her Threats ſhall move thy Laughter, not thy Fear.
All Nature reconcil'd ſhall give thee Eaſe,
If thy juſt Ways the Lord of Nature pleaſe.
The Stones and all the Elements with thee
Shall ratifie a ſtrict Confed'racy.
Wild Beaſts their Salvage Temper ſhall forget,
And for a firm Alliance with thee treat.
The Finny Tyrants of the ſpacious Seas
Shall ſend a Scaly Embaſſy for Peace:
His plighted Faith the Crocodile ſhall keep,
And ſeeing thee, for Joy ſincerely weep.
Dragons ſhall thee with friendly hiſſings greet,
And wanton Serpents roll and lick thy Feet.
The fawning Lyon ſhall thy Favour court,
And gentle Tygers ſhall around thee ſport.
Theſe awkard Sycophants ſhall *Job* addreſs,
And unaccuſtom'd Flattery expreſs.

Thy

Thy Habitation ſhall be ever bleſt
With undiſturb'd Tranquility and Reſt.
Thy Houſe in number with the Sands ſhall vye,
And, like the ſtable Rocks, fierce Storms defy.
When watchful Death ſhall on his Harveſt look,
And ſee thee ripe with Age invite the Hook,
He'll gently cut thy bending Stalk, and Thee
Lay kindly in the Grave, his Granary.
Weigh theſe undoubted Truths, and thou wilt find
Great Conſolation to thy wounded Mind.

Chap. VI.

He ceas'd----And pious *Job* in Anguiſh ſaid,
O, that my Grief was in a Ballance laid,
And all my Suff'rings were againſt it weigh'd!
Then let an equal Judge his Thoughts declare
Which Scale the greateſt Preſſure ſeems to bear.
The Load of my congeſted Woe and Pain
Exceeds the ponderous Sand around the Main.
Unutterable Groans my Soul oppreſs,
Nor have I Words to ſpeak my deep Diſtreſs.
Th' Almighty's Arrows ſtick within my Heart,
And every feſt'ring Wound gives deadly Smart:
Arrows, whoſe Heads, like pointed Lightning ſhine,
Steep'd in the ſtrongeſt Lees of Wrath Divine.
Their raging Poiſon ſpreads without controul,
Drinks up my Life, and eats into my Soul.
His threat'ning Terrors drawn out in Array
Encompaſs, and invade me every way.

While

While you can triumph, free from Care and Pain,
In Peace and Plenty, why should you complain?
Does the wild Ass displeas'd with Pasture bray?
Or Discontent the fodder'd Ox betray?
But did you my Affliction undergo,
Your Groans with mine would some Proportion show,
And in as high a Tide your swelling Grief would flow.
Who in unsavory Meats can take Delight?
What Taste is in an Egg's insipid White?
Then noxious Food, such as my Sorrows are,
'Tis Madness to commend, as wholsome Fare.
I'm now compell'd, my Poverty is such,
To feed on Meats which I abhor'd to touch.
My Troubles rise to such amazing height,
Such is my Grief's unsufferable Weight,
And so my Soul is urg'd, that I implore
With earnest Cries the God, whom I adore,
That he would hear my passionate Desire,
And gracious grant the Blessing I require,
That he my Life in Mercy would destroy,
And let me Death, for which I long, enjoy,
Would with Compassion melt, would tender grow,
And loose his Hand to give the fatal Blow.
To welcome Death I would my Arms extend,
Embrace and hug my dear, tho' ghastly, Friend.

Did

Did I but ſee the kind Deliverer near,
And from the Grave ſome dawning Hope appear,
This Anodyne my Anguiſh would appeaſe,
That with my Life my Suff'rings ſoon would ceaſe.
I then would firm unſhaken Courage ſhow,
Harden'd in Grief and ſtrengthen'd by my Woe.
I hate to live, nor am of Death afraid,
Conſcious that Heav'n I ſtrictly have obey'd.
What is my Strength? How weak and how abſurd
It is to hope my Pow'rs ſhall be reſtor'd?
What is my End? Where is my Period ſet,
When I no more ſhall my ſad Moans repeat?
Waſted and worn I linger and complain,
And by prolonging Life prolong my Pain.

I from your Love and Counſel hop'd Relief,
And thought your Language would abate my Grief:
But your perverſe, unskilful ways confeſs
You know not how to treat your Friend's Diſtreſs;
Miſtaking my Diſtemper, you enrage
The ſharp Diſeaſe, but not the Pain aſſwage.

Am I a Marble Rock, that cannot feel?
Are all my Muſcles Braſs, my Sinews Steel;
That I this mighty Load of Grief muſt bear
While Death, which I invoke, neglects my Pray'r,
And at a diſtance mocks my wild Deſpair?

O *Eliphaz*, were I deſponding left
Of help without, and Senſe within bereft,
Yet ſtill a Friend Compaſſion ſhould expreſs
To ſuch ſurprizing Woe and vaſt Diſtreſs.
As when a Trav'ller ſcorch'd with ſultry Air
Finds the Canal, but ſees the Bottom bare;
Where he expected liquid Stores ſhould flow,
Since 'twas in Winter fill'd with Ice and Snow;
But when the Waters felt the Vernal heat,
They roſe in Vapours, and forſook their Seat:
Won by the Summer's importuning Ray,
Th'eloping Flood did from its Channel ſtray,
And with inticing Sunbeams ſtole away.
The Trav'ller caſting down a troubled Look,
Sighs and upbraids the falſe unconſtant Brook.
Fair *Sheba's* Convoys faint with Drought return,
And *Tema's* Troops their diſappointment mourn,
Confounded they their Grief and Shame confeſs
To find the Stream exhauſted; I no leſs
Acknowledge my Surprize, nor leſs I grieve,
That you, ſad Comforters, my Hopes deceive.

You are unable to afford me Aid;
Seeing my Grief, you ſtart, and are afraid.
Do my prodigious Woes my Friends amaze?
How wild you ſtare, and at a diſtance gaze?
Has my Diſeaſe this Conſternation bred?
D'ye think my Ulcers will Infection ſpred?

Or do you fear that *Job* will craving grow,
And beg Supplies from you to eaſe his Woe?
Did I e'er importune my Friends to grant
Part of their Subſtance, to relieve my Want?
Or did I once at your Expence demand
To be deliver'd from th' Oppreſſor's Hand?
If your Inſtructions can my ways correct,
Thankful I'll hold my Peace, and not reject
The heav'nly Light, that ſhall my Crime detect.
Right Reaſon's Beams a quick admiſſion find,
And breaking all Obſtruction force the Mind;
But whom can your weak Arguments confute?
Short or beſide the Mark you ever ſhoot.
Will you your Slanders throw, and in diſdain
Inſult me, tho' your Friend, and mock my Pain?
Tho' much bereft of Senſe, I'm not ſo blind
But I can ſee, your Words at me deſign'd
Are light as Chaffe, and empty as the Wind.
Your Indiſcretion, far from your Intent,
With cruel Comforts does my Grief augment.
You ſink me down, before too low depreſt,
And in your ſubtle Snares your Friend arreſt.
But now, if you my Troubles would ſurvey,
And with delib'rate Thoughts my Sorrow weigh,
You would pronounce, that juſtly I complain,
Acquit my Speeches, and your own arraign.
Return, I pray, to Reaſon's Paths return,
You'll then defend me, and my Suff'rings mourn,

Strenuous aſſert my Righteouſneſs, and all
Your raſh and unconſider'd Words recall.
My Reaſon is not yet ſo much debas'd,
Nor yet ſo undiſtinguiſhing my Taſt,
But I can find your Words are miſapply'd,
Nor can they Truth's impartial Teſt abide.

Chap. VII.

Of human Life determin'd is the Date,
Fix'd by Divine, irrevocable Fate.
Our Days will at a certain Time expire,
Like his, who letts his Vigour out for hire.
The weary Slave does for the Evening pray,
Knowing his Labour ceaſes with the Day:
Then why ſhould I, with toilſome Life oppreſt,
Not be allow'd to wiſh for Death and Reſt?
The Day in Torment I conſuming ſpend,
And think the tedious Night will never end.
A Time, when anxious Minds their Cares disband,
And gently ſtroked by Slumber's downy hand,
Reluctant Griefs at length from raging ceaſe,
And ſleep till Morn, to give the Wretched Peace.
But then my wakeful Thoughts afflict my Soul,
And in diſtracting Agitations roll.
My ſalvage Pains let looſe, like Beaſts of Prey,
By Night grow more outrageous than by Day.
Nor will my ſwelling Sorrows e'er ſubſide
But higher riſe in their Nocturnal Tyde.

A thouſand times I turn, but turn in vain,
I change my Side, but always keep my Pain.
With longing Eyes I ſeek the dawning Light,
But Woe ſucceeds, as Day ſucceeds the Night.
My ulcerated Fleſh is cloath'd with Worms,
And putrid Gore my waſting Limbs deforms.

My Days in quick Succeſſion go and come,
As the ſwift Shuttle traverſes the Loom.
Lord, touch'd with Pity, gracious call to mind
That ſwift-wing'd Life outflys the fleeteſt Wind.
No grateful Object more ſhall pleaſe my Sight,
No more melodious Sounds my Ear delight.
I muſt for ever my Abode forſake,
For ever of my Friends my Farewel take,
Frowning on me ſhould'ſt thou offended look
I ſink and dye, as if with Light'ning ſtrook.
As ruin'd Clouds diſſolve and flow in Air,
And ne'er their loſt Connexion can repair,
So he, that once deſcends into the Tomb,
Before the great and Univerſal Doom
No more his Form and Vigour ſhall reſume.
Ne'er will he break the Leaden Chains of Death,
No more by turns exclude and draw his Breath.
He ſhall no more enjoy his former home,
Nor from the Grave to his dear Neighbours come.
Since Life by common Fate muſt quickly ceaſe,
And griping Death will ne'er his Prey releaſe,

I'll not refrain, but for Compaſſion cry
For ſome Repoſe and Peace, or beg to die.
I'll ſpeak, for Grief is bold and eloquent;
And Pray'rs and Cries ſhall give my Sorrow vent,
Expoſtulations and Complaints ſhall eaſe
My tortur'd Soul, and the ſharp Pain appeaſe.

Am I a vaſt, a wild, impetuous Deep,
That thou art forc'd to ſet thy Watch, and keep
Fierce *Job* in Bounds? Can I e'er dangerous grow,
Surmount my Banks, and o'er the Region flow?
Am I a furious Monſter of the Main,
That thou in Fetters doſt my Rage reſtrain?
No, griev'd I lie extended on my Bed,
And on my Couch repoſe my reſtleſs Head;
But then if Sleep around me nodding flies
With flaggy Wings, and lights upon my Eyes,
Viſions and Dreams compos'd of frightful Air
The drowſie Stranger from my Eyelids ſcare.
For this my Soul does quick Deliv'rance ask
From tedious Life's unſufferable Task.
Life I abhor, let me alone to Dye;
Muſt *Job* in lingring Torments ever lie?
Why does coy Death from my Embraces fly?
Why ſhould I live? Was I from Pain releas'd,
Life's but a vain and empty Name at beſt.
O what is Man! What is the Hope and Truſt
Of a poor piece of ill-cemented Duſt?

What

What is the Wight, that God ſhould condeſcend
To try his Strength, and with a Ruſh contend?
Wilt thou ſuch Honour on a Wretch beſtow?
Is he or worth thy Notice, or thy Blow?
Is Man a proper Object of thy Rage?
Wilt thou thy Pow'r againſt a Worm engage?
But if thou ſcourgeſt with a kind Intent,
And thy ſharp Strokes are for Correction meant,
To make the Suff'rer thy juſt Laws obey,
And reconduct the Wand'rer to his way,
Still what is Man, that every Day his God
Should thus chaſtiſe and guide him with his Rod?
That he ſhould wound his Fleſh to heal his Mind,
Beneficent in Wrath, and in Diſpleaſure kind.
Lord, ſpare a Wretch that has not long to live,
Some eaſy Minutes, ſome ſhort Reſpite give.
I own my Guilt, and my Offences blame
Delug'd in Tears, and overwhelm'd with Shame.
What ſhall I do thy Favour to regain?
Can I implore th' Almighty's Aid in vain,
Whoſe gracious Pow'r does all Mankind ſuſtain?
In Deeds of Kindneſs thou doſt moſt rejoyce,
Chaſtning is forc'd, but Mercy is thy Choice.
Why haſt thou ſet me, as a Mark, to ſtand
Againſt the Darts of thy reſiſtleſs Hand,
Which ſo much gaul my feſt'ring Fleſh, that I
Would lay my Life my Burden down, and die.

Forgive of all my Guilt the mighty Debt,
Remember Mercy, and my Faults forget.

Chap. VIII.

Then *Bildad* thus to *Job* his Speech addreſt;
How long wilt thou, impatient of the Teſt,
The Rules of humble Reſignation break,
Argue abſurdly, and perverſly ſpeak?
How long ſhall thy Reproaches Heav'n arraign?
Does the leaſt Spot eternal Juſtice ſtain?
Why does thy Paſſions Tide its Banks o'erflow,
And why thy Words, like Winds, tempeſtuous grow?
Does God Deceit to ſacred Truth prefer?
Rather than *Job*, muſt Heav'n be thought to err?
Since thy rebellious Children did provoke
Th' Almighty's Wrath, and felt his vengeful Stroke,
If thou his perfect Juſtice would'ſt adore,
Would'ſt thou his Mercy penitent implore,
And to thy Pray'r join Purity of Heart,
For thy Support he would his Pow'r exert.
His Bleſſings yet would crown thy righteous Ways,
And thou in Peace might'ſt paſs thy proſp'rous Days.
Tho' thou art poor and deſpicably low,
Thy Subſtance ſhould increaſe, and vaſtly grow,
And Wealth around thee would profuſely flow.
Conſult thy Fathers, look on Ages back,
And thro' the Rolls of Time Enquiry make:
We are of no Experience, no Regard,
When with our long-liv'd Anceſtors compar'd;

Thoſe

Thoſe venerable Heads will give thee Light
In this Debate, and ſet thy Judgment right:
They'll from repeated Obſervation ſhew
That all the Maxims, we advance, are true.

As a weak Ruſh, that in a watry Mead
With haſty Growth reers its preſumptuous Head,
Tho' rich in Juice, and Verdure wears away,
And diſappoints the Scythe by ſwift Decay.
While neighbour Plants, that once with Envy gaz'd,
Stand at this unexpected Change amaz'd.
So ſhall the Beauty of the wicked fade,
Who no Foundation permanent has laid.
His ſwelling Hopes in their high Tide ſhall ebb,
Whoſe Truſt is weaker, than a Spider's Web.
He on his Houſe ſhall lean, a fruitleſs Prop,
That Houſe will ſink and diſappoint his Hope.
Will he on Servants and his Wealth depend?
Servants and Wealth their Lord ſhall not defend.
Tho' he to Heav'n ſhould raiſe his ſhady Head,
And his thick Branches o'er the Garden ſpread,
Should he beneath the Summer's burning Ray
Continue green, which makes the Ruſh decay,
Should all his interweaving Roots around
Embrace the Stones in firm and ſolid Ground,
Could he deride the Winds, that fierce invade,
And Tempeſts of their Impotence upbraid,
Did he thus ſtand ſecure from Storms and Heat,
Proud of the Strength and Beauty of his Seat,

He ſhall his ſudden Extirpation mourn;
Hew'n by the Feller, or by Thunder torn.
Compleat Deſtruction ſhall the Marks efface
And dim Remains, that might confeſs his Place.
The Ground ſhall no diſcov'ring Footſteps ſhew,
Nor neighb'ring Trees remember where he grew.
No milder Fate, or more ſucceſsful End
Shall his vain Pomp and proſp'rous Pride attend.
He ſhall be rooted up, and in his Ground
No fruitful Plant ſhall be hereafter found,
But all the Trees ſhall thrive that ſtand around.

His God will ne'er the perfect Man reject,
Nor may the wicked Tribe his Aid expect.
This, *Job*, thy want of Virtue will declare,
That Heav'n abandons thee to thy Deſpair.
Certain it is, that if thou wilt not mourn
Thy Crimes, and ſoon to righteous Paths return,
Utter Deſtruction ſhall thy Ways attend;
But if convinc'd thou wilt thy Errors mend,
Again he'll bleſs thy Houſe with Pow'r and Peace,
Enlarge thy Treaſures, and thy Friends encreaſe;
Till Songs and Shouts thy great Delight arreſt,
And mighty Joy extends thy lab'ring Breaſt.
Thoſe who revil'd thee, and thy Dwelling curſt,
Shall bluſh with Shame, and with Reſentment burſt,
When they behold thy happy Days reſtor'd,
And on thy Houſe yet greater Honour pour'd.

Mean

Mean time resistless Ruin shall efface
The wicked Man, and all his impious Race.

Chap. IX.

Then answer'd Job——This sacred Truth I own,
That God has still unblemish'd Justice shown;
Nor can a Man his Innocence defend,
If with him God should in Debate contend.
What Reas'nings e'er he offers in Dispute,
Man of a thousand could not one confute.
He wise in Heart descries all Nature's Ways,
And at a View the Universe surveys.
He penetrates the Heart with searching Eyes,
And in their Fountain bubbling Thoughts espys:
Discerns unfinish'd Notions in the Mind,
And dark Ideas scarcely half design'd.
He views the first dim Spark of vital Fire,
And the faint Strugglings of unripe Desire.
And from the Hills of Time looks down to see
The boundless Vale of dark Futurity;
Where endless Ages from Duration's Deep
Come rolling on, and constant Order keep.
All Things he sees in Times capacious Womb,
And turns the Annals o'er of Years to come.
Foreknows each Chance, and each surprizing Turn,
And reads the Lives of Monarchs yet unborn.
He views Events, that in their Causes lye,
And sees Effects in Nature's Energy;
Minds all our Ways, and to his clearer Sight
Those Paths are crooked, which we thought were
right,

His Strength Proportion with his Wiſdom ſhows,
Fit to protect his Friends and cruſh his Foes;
Who with Succeſs did once his Arm oppoſe?
Hills with their Woods, when his fierce Anger burns,
Amidſt the Valley from their Seat he ſpurns.
Turns up the Mountain's Roots againſt the Sky,
While from his Wrath the Rocks find Wings to fly;
And makes the Earth with ſtrong Convulſions ſhake,
Her Pillars ſtart, and their old Baſe forſake,
While gaping Chaſms in Nature's dire affright,
Mingle the Day with ſubterranean Night.
Th' inclining Poles, as wrench'd aſide, appear,
And diving Iſles conceal themſelves for fear.
At his Command the riſing Sun will ſtay,
And from the World hold back the ling'ring Day,
To intercept the Light his Clouds diſplay'd,
Seal up the radiant Stars in gloomy Shade,
The ſpreading Heav'ns he as a Curtain draws,
Treads down the Waves, and gives the Ocean Laws.
He does the Spheres with Orbs illuſtrious grace,
And ſtuds with inlaid Stars their ſable Face.
He all the Conſtellations hangs on high,
And bids the Planets wander thro' the Sky.
Stormy *Arcturus* round the Northern Pole
By his Direction does unweary'd roll.
Orion and the *Pleiades* diſpenſe
At his Command their Heat and Influence.
His skillful Hand on airy Pillars reers
The vaulted Chambers of the Southern Spheres.

This long Succeſſion of his mighty Deeds
Our everlaſting Admiration feeds.

Behind a thick impenetrable Screen
Of ſpreading Clouds th' Almighty walks unſeen,
He that to follow in his Steps eſſays,
Thro' all his craggy, dark, perplexing Ways,
Scar'd by the ſacred Horrors of the Place,
Will own the Maze Divine he cannot trace,
Nor the black Gulph and trackleſs Mountains paſs.
He'll ſtand aſtoniſh'd, and bereft of Senſe
Loſt in the awful Wilds of Providence.
If he his ſettled Purpoſe has expreſt
A Man of Wealth and Honour to diveſt,
What hardy Mortal will his Pow'r withſtand,
Or dares a Reaſon, why 'tis done, demand?
Till God withdraws the heavy, galling Yoke,
And reconcil'd forbears th' afflicting Stroke,
Thoſe, who would reſcue, may their Pride expreſs,
But by their Fall their Weakneſs ſhall confeſs.

Since none a Match in Pow'r with God contend,
Nor can his ways and Counſels comprehend,
Can I preſume to ſpeak, my Caſe to ſtate;
And grapple with th' Almighty in Debate?
Can I his Ear with moving Language charm,
And God of all his Arguments diſarm?
Tho' I believ'd my Cauſe were right and juſt,
I would my doubtful Innocence diſtruſt.

I would not plead with God, but only pray,
That he with Mercy Juſtice would allay:
Tho' ſhould he kindly grant me my Requeſt,
Yet I ſo much deſpond, am ſo diſtreſt
That I th' amazing Truth ſhould ne'er believe,
But, as a Dream, the joyful News receive.
Both ſharp and laſting Suff'rings I have born,
With Wrath Divine, as with a Tempeſt, torn.
God perſeveres to multiply his Strokes,
Tho' no uncommon Guilt his Rage provokes,
So faſt his fierce redoubled Blows deſcend,
That I can ſcarce to all my Wounds attend.
No time to breath is giv'n, no ſhort Relief
From tort'ring Pain, and never-ceaſing Grief.
Should I his Throne with all my Force aſſail;
Againſt almighty Strength can mine prevail?
If I appeal to Judges and to Laws,
What higher Court can ſit to hear my Cauſe?
Before his Bar ſhould I not Guilty plead,
To my Conviction my own Words will lead.
Will he not thence my Condemnation draw,
And in my pureſt Virtue find a flaw?
Should God pronounce me juſt, yet I'd refuſe
Uneaſie Life, and Death's Embraces chuſe.

To all things you advance, to let me ſee
Almighty Pow'r and Juſtice, I agree.
But then you err, when you affirm that God
Exempts the Righteous from his ſcourging Rod.

No

No fav'rite Sons are from his Frowns secure,
But in their Turn they his sharp Stripes endure.
The Foolish from the Wise you cannot know
By the false Marks of Happiness or Woe.
Of Good and Bad is no Distinction made,
Unless more frequent Darts the Good invade.
Against the Just th' Almighty's Arrows fly,
Who still delights the Innocent to try,
And prove the constant, firm and godlike Mind,
Not by Afflictions broken, but refin'd.
He makes the Earth unrighteous Lords obey,
And raises Monsters to Imperial Sway;
By him soft Peace and Plenty they possess,
Who crowns their proud Ambition with Success:
While Heads for Counsel fit and publick Trust,
Quick in discerning, in Deciding just,
And Chiefs of spotless and unrival'd Fame,
Worthy of Thrones, are doom'd to Want and Shame:
This is th' Almighty's Deed, if not, declare
Its genuine Authors, who and where they are.

My Life consumes in never-ceasing Woe,
My rolling Days uninterrupted flow
To disembogue their Current in the Deep,
Where all the Streams of Time collected sleep.
No eager Couriers in their greatest Haste,
Nor Ships before the Wind advance so fast.
The Eagle from the Mountain's airy Top
To strike his Prey so swift does never stoop.

If I reſolve my Sorrow to forget,
That I no more will raſh Complaints repeat;
And that unruly Paſſions I'll reſtrain,
This humble Reſignation is in vain;
For God will never my Diſtreſs relieve,
But puniſh ſtill, and tempt Men to believe
That *Job*, by ſome unuſual, black Offence
Has Heav'n provok'd ſuch Judgments to diſpenſe.
In vain I ſtrive my Innocence to clear,
Since I muſt ſtill theſe grievous Suff'rings bear,
Still the ſad Marks of Heav'ns Diſpleaſure wear.
If by my Vindication I ſhould grow
As clean and ſpotleſs, as new moulded Snow,
When God replys, my Stains before conceal'd
To my Confuſion would be ſoon reveal'd.
My Blots he'll ſoon detect, that I no more
Should boaſt my Cleanneſs, but my ſelf abhor.

Is he a Man, my Equal in Diſpute,
That I ſhould hope his Reaſons to refute?
Can I in Courts of Judgment take my Place,
And plead againſt th' Almighty Face to Face?
In this Debate what Umpire ſhall preſide,
Hear all our Arguings and the Cauſe decide?
Let him his Vengeance and his Rod withdraw,
Let tender Mercy mitigate his Law,
And to frail Nature due Allowance make,
And I with Courage will my Tryal take,

I then will boldly ſpeak, and free from Fear
Will quickly make my Innocence appear.
But this Requeſt to Heav'n I make in vain,
Still rig'rous Juſtice God's Decrees ordain.
His awful Terrors, which my Soul ſurround,
Drink up my Spirits, and my Hope confound.
I therefore muſt continue to complain,
This way alone is left to ſooth my Pain.

Chap. X.

My conſtant Woes ſuch endleſs Groans create,
That Life's a black, uncomfortable State.
My Soul abhors this loathſome Lump of Clay,
Longs to be free, and wing to Heav'n her Way.
I make my Moan to give my Sorrow vent,
Elſe would my Breaſt be with the Tempeſt rent.
I cannot ſtifle ſuch gigantick Woe,
Nor on my raging Grief a Muzzle throw.
I can't forbear, to God I muſt complain,
As one flagitious do not *Job* arraign:
Why doſt thou let me thus in Torment lie,
And ſtill in vain for Heav'ns Compaſſion cry.
Let not uncommon Sufferings wound my Fame,
And on thy Servant bring Reproach and Shame.
Mankind will *Job* condemn, and cry, we know
His Crime's enormous, ſince his Pain is ſo.

Can God Complacence in Oppreſſion take,
And vex his Creatures for the Pleaſure's ſake?

Can

Can e'er the God of Mercy cruel grow,
No Pity feel, no tender Paſſion ſhow?
Can he, my Father, e'er unnatural prove,
Shut up his Bowels, and forget to love?
Will he with hoſtile Force his Sons invade,
Pleas'd to deſtroy the Works his Hands have made;
While he indulgent with auſpicious Rays
Shines on the Wicked, and approves their Ways?
Has God an Eye of Fleſh, that needs the Light?
Has he, like Man, a weak imperfect Sight,
That he is curious in his Search, and makes
Such ſtrict Enquiry after my Miſtakes?
Or are th' Almighty's Days like thoſe of Man,
Which in Extenſion ſcarce exceed a Span,
That he makes haſte to puniſh, on Pretence
That Death may interpoſe for my Defence?
By blacker Crimes than others thou muſt know
I'm not diſtinguiſh'd, tho' I am by Woe.
Since none have Power thy Vengeance to withſtand,
Or reſcue me from thy afflicting Hand,
Should'ſt thou deny me Aid, I am bereft
Of all Aſſiſtance, and am hopeleſs left.

Thy Hands have wrought and faſhion'd every Part,
And rear'd this Fabrick with amazing Art;
And now, as if thou didſt thy Labour blame,
Wilt thou in Pieces daſh the curious Frame?
Let gracious God remember how at firſt
He form'd my Limbs and rais'd me out of Duſt;

How with ſtupendous Skill he did convey
The Flame of Life thro' crooked Tubes of Clay.
Why ſhould he cruſh me then with mighty Pain,
When of my ſelf I turn to Duſt again?
To him my Parent I Exiſtence owe,
Th' exhauſtleſs Fountain, whence all Beings flow.
He the prolifick Principles infus'd
From which the crude Conception was produc'd.
He form'd me, while an Embryo in the Womb,
And made my Limbs their Size and Shape aſſume.
He warm'd the heaving Maſs with Vital heat,
Hung in the Breaſt my Heart, and bid it beat,
And of Connected Bones a Bulwark made
Againſt the Ills, which every way invade.
About the Bones he the ſtrong Sinews wound,
And fenc'd the tender Plant of Life around.
He taught my breathing Lungs to draw the Air,
Which might the Vital Flame within repair;
And made the Veins o'er all the Body ſtray,
Which purple Life in winding Streams convey.
Then ſpun the various Threads with Art Divine,
With which he weav'd my Fleſh and curious Skin.
He did not make me Life alone poſſeſs,
But did that Life with numerous Pleaſures bleſs,
With Peace and with Abundance I was cloy'd,
And long a true Terreſtrial Heav'n enjoy'd.
As firſt he kindled, ſo he ſtill maintains
The Vital Flame which wanders thro' my Veins.

Sure

Sure God remembers how he has been kind,
And treaſures up theſe Favours in his Mind;
And on his former Love can he reflect,
And *Job* at laſt, tho' unprovok'd, reject?

If I am Guilty, I thy Vengeance bear,
And if I'm clean, my Soul thy Terrors ſcare.
Confuſion and Deſpair my Heart oppreſs,
Lord, ſee my Woe, and pity my Diſtreſs.
My ſad Complaints increaſe, my Suff'rings grow,
And every Moment propagates my Woe.
As a fierce Lyon o'er the graſſy Lawn
With Hunger urg'd purſues the flying Fawn,
So doſt thou hunt me down by Night and Day,
And ſo invade and tear the trembling Prey.
Thou doſt my Spirits and my Strength devour,
And mark me out to Celebrate thy Pow'r.
Thou doſt thy Fury and thy Blows renew,
And my vex'd Soul with hotter Wrath purſue.
Still thou reviv'ſt the War, and doſt employ
All Arts and Arms thy Creature to deſtroy.
Did I for this among the Living come;
For this did God releaſe me from the Womb?
Oh, that from thence I ne'er had broke away,
Or had expir'd when firſt I ſaw the Day!
I then, as ſoon as born, had been convey'd
To the dark Tomb, and there to Slumber laid.

My

My Minutes fly, my Days roll on apace,
And ſpeedy Life will ſoon compleat its Race.
Some Comfort therefore, ſome ſhort Reſpite give,
And ſpare a Wretch, who ſoon muſt ceaſe to live.
Some Hours of Reſt, ſome Intervals beſtow,
And for a Moment interrupt my Woe;
Before I'm carried to the Vaults beneath,
The Seats of Silence, and the Shades of Death:
A Region undiſcover'd to the Light,
Th' Imperial Seat of unmoleſted Night.
A place ſecur'd with ſuch a gloomy Mound,
So fenc'd with Walls of ſolid Darkneſs round,
That not a ſtreak of Light, nor wand'ring Ray
E'er came to view it, or explor'd the way
To introduce the Foreign Pow'r of Day.

Chap. XI.

Then *Zophar* thus his Speech to *Job* directs.
Thy Tongue prolix Diſcourſes much affects,
Thy Words abound, and roll in Floods along
With mighty Noiſe, but are they therefore ſtrong?
Muſt this loud Deluge ſober Reaſon drown,
And bear thy Friends, thy kind Inſtructers, down?
Shall thy Devices make us hold our Peace?
Muſt we not anſwer, leaſt we ſhould diſpleaſe?
Wilt thou with ſuch unſufferable Pride
Deſpiſe thy Brethren, and thy God deride;
And yet muſt no Man undertake to blame
Thy faulty Conduct, and expoſe thy Shame?

Haſt

Haſt thou not ſaid, that in th' Almighty's Sight
Thy Hands are clean, and thy Opinions right?
Would God would interpoſe, and undertake
This Argument for thy Conviction's ſake.
His All-diſcerning Eye would quickly find
Stains in thy Hands, and Errors in thy Mind.
If he would Wiſdom's hidden Stores expoſe,
Her awful Wonders and her Depths diſcloſe,
Wonders and Depths of Wiſdom ſtill conceal'd
Surpaſſing all her Secrets yet reveal'd;
Thou would'ſt adore his Methods, and declare
How much above thy reach his Counſels are.
Thou would'ſt no more thy rath Expreſſions uſe,
No more th' Almighty's Righteous Ways accuſe;
For of thy Sin he has forgiven part,
Exacting leſs, far leſs than thy Deſert.

Why does thy peevish Folly God arraign?
Why would'ſt thou fix on Providence a Stain?
Can humane Reaſon ſuch wide Arms extend,
As ſhall th' Almighty's Wiſdom comprehend?
Let down thy Underſtanding, try to ſound
And with that Line to ſearch th' Abyſs profound.
Can'ſt thou the Spring of his dark Conduct find,
And view the ſecret Counſel of his Mind?
It is as Heav'n inſuperably ſteep,
Wide as the boundleſs Ocean, and as deep,
What can'ſt thou do, but awful Diſtance keep?

If

If God from off the Earth a Nation cuts,
And wretched Captives cloſe in Priſon ſhuts
If he ſhall give a harraſs'd Kingdom Eaſe,
And from his pond'rous Chains the Slave releaſe,
Who can againſt him ſuch Objections raiſe,
As ſhall detect Injuſtice in his ways?
Tho' Man knows little, and is ſo unfit
In Judgment on his Maker's Deeds to ſit;
Yet God our Folly and our Raſhneſs knows,
And can our ſecret Wickedneſs expoſe.
He can diſcover our erroneous Thoughts,
And, tho' we hide them, will reveal our Faults.
Tho' thy vain Lips pronounce thee free from Sin,
He may diſcern the Hypocrite within.
Nor ſtands he unconcern'd, but will chaſtiſe
The ſecret Guilt, which he in Man deſcrys.
And yet this vain, this deſpicable Wight,
This fooliſh Creature Man, takes great delight
In being thought divinely Wiſe, and fit
Th' Almighty's ways to cenſure or acquit,
Tho', as to Things Divine, which moſt advance
Men to a happy State, in Ignorance,
In Headineſs and Dulneſs they ſurpaſs
The ſtupid Off-ſpring of the wildeſt Aſs.

If Penitential Groans prepare the way,
And thou ſhalt humbly to th' Almighty pray;

If

If thou his Lands and Treaſure do'ſt reſtore
(If any thou detaineſt) to the Poor.
And wilt the Cauſe of Sin no more eſpouſe,
But chaſe it from thy Heart, and from thy Houſe,
Thou ſhalt to Heav'n thy cheerful Face erect,
To Heav'n, whoſe Arms the Innocent protect.
On ſtrong Foundations ſtedfaſt thou ſhalt ſtand,
Danger deride, and all thy Fears disband.
As Summer Floods, which o'er the Meadow flow
With equal ſpeed back to their Channel go,
So thy ſubſiding Sorrows ſhall retreat,
And thou ſhalt all thy Miſery forget.
Thou ſhalt diſpel with thy prevailing Light
The Shades and gloomy Horrors of the Night,
And then emerge from Woe and deep Deſpair
Bright as the Noon, and as the Morning fair.
Thy Fields and Herds thou ſhalt in Peace ſurvey,
Secure as well from Beaſts, as Men of Prey.
Surrounding Bulwarks ſo thy Seat ſhall fence
From all Attempts of hoſtile Violence,
That when thou lay'ſt thy weary Limbs to reſt,
No ſudden Dangers ſhall thy Sleep moleſt.
To thee thy Neighbours ſhall in Throngs reſort,
To ſee thy Splendor and thy Friendſhip court,
And from thy Pow'r ſhall humbly ask Support.
But mighty Woes the Wicked ſhall aſſail,
In looking after Help their Eyes ſhall fail;

Their

Their Hope ſhall vaniſh, as a blaſt of Air,
For who can ſcape, when God denounces War?

Chap. XII.

Then *Job* reply'd —— No doubt but you are wiſe,
And may the barb'rous, ſenſeleſs World deſpiſe,
You have the Wiſdom of Mankind engroſt,
And more than humane Underſtanding boaſt.
If you ſhould die, the Grave and endleſs Night
Would overwhelm all Intellectual Light.
Blind Ignorance would unmoleſted reign,
And Folly univerſal Empire gain.
But know, ſince you your Friend ſo hardly preſs,
As well as you ſome Reaſon I poſſeſs,
Nor is its Light more dim, or Vigour leſs.
Yet you and I in this Diſcourſe muſt own,
We have no flights of Wit no depths of Knowledge ſhown.
That God is wiſe, and ſtill does Right decree,
All other Nations grant, as much as we.
But you perverſly manage this Debate,
And the true Queſtion never juſtly ſtate:
You ought to prove, that ſome enormous Fault
Has on my Head this heavy Sorrow brought.
You ſhould my dark Hypocriſie deteſt,
Which makes th' Almighty my Complaint reject.
Inſtead of this, you with unnatural Pride
Your ſuff'ring Friend inſultingly deride,

Becauſe th' Almighty does his Ear incline
To hear your Pray'r, while he is deaf to mine.
Becauſe your Days are happy, you deſpiſe
And mock your Neighbour, who in Torment lyes.

Contempt th' afflicted righteous Man attends,
Inſtead of Pity from ill-judging Friends.
A Man reduc'd to Miſery and Want,
Who once could Honour and Abundance vaunt,
In his ſucceſsful thriving Neighbour's ſight,
Tho' like a Lamp eſteem'd, when freſh and bright,
Is ſcorn'd, now glimm'ring with expiring Light.
Yet of the Juſt this is the common Fate;
While wicked Men enjoy a proſp'rous State.
Robbers and Spoilers ſee their Wealth endure,
And thoſe, who God provoke, live moſt ſecure,
Favours on theſe with laviſh hand he throws,
And great Rewards not merited beſtows.

Ask of the Beaſts, the Beaſts will ſoon return
That they the ſame ſad Circumſtances mourn.
They cry, the yellow Tyrants, that poſſeſs
The lawleſs Empire of the Wilderneſs,
The ſtrip'd and ſpotted Monſters of the Wood,
The Bears and Wolves inur'd to Spoil and Blood
Glutted with Rapine Peace and Power enjoy,
Yet perſevere to ravage and deſtroy.

Mea

Mean time the harmleſs Flocks and uſeful Herd,
Gueſts of the Hills and Plains, are never ſpar'd.
They fall, unhappy Creatures, either way,
To Men their Friends, or Beaſts their Foes, a Prey.
Ask all the feather'd Nations of the Air,
They will with one confed'rate Voice declare,
That the voracious Vulture and the Kite,
The Hawk and Eagle, that to kill delight,
With all the long-wing'd Rovers of the Skies,
Which cruize among the Clouds to ken a Prize,
And the whole rav'ning Kind, remain ſecure;
While the meek Dove and helpleſs Fowls endure
A thouſand Miſchiefs from th' Invader's Pow'r.
Then on the Ocean's oazy Margin ſtand,
And of the finn'd Inhabitants demand
How 'tis with them; they'll all, as one, complain
That this unequal Fate attends the Main.
They'll cry, the vaſt *Leviathan*, that moves
The Deep around, and Seas before him ſhoves,
With all the Spoilers and the murd'ring Race
Of ſcaly Ravagers, that vex the Place,
In Peace poſſeſs the Empire of the Flood,
And undiſturb'd regale themſelves in Blood.
Pamper'd with endleſs Spoil, without controul
The lazy Tyrants on the Billows roll,
While their luxurious Bellies to ſupply
Whole Shoals of inoffenſive Fiſhes die.

But who once entertain'd a doubtful Thought,
If God ordain'd this State of Things, or not;
Who by his Power all Beings did produce,
And by his Wisdom fix'd their End and Use?
His Creatures Lives he may at Pleasure take,
They are his own, who can Objection make?
God's Sov'reign Right of Empire I respect,
But this Concession can't my Cause affect.
Some monstrous Guilt or Error can you show
Commensurate to my stupendous Woe?
Attentive then, and with a patient Ear,
My just Defence and Allegations hear.
Use a judicious and impartial Taste,
And you no more will rash Reproaches cast,
But see with what Integrity I act,
And all your rigid Censures soon retract.

Bildad the Cause between us would refer
To ancient Fathers, as less apt to err.
Wisdom, I grant, in hoary Heads appears,
And Understanding is matur'd by Years.
Seldom a beardless Oracle one knows,
Judgment by Age refines and perfect grows.
But when we most our Ancestors commend,
Their greatest Science can't with God's contend.
Antiquity's Traditions can't decide
Against a Rule Divine, our certain Guide.

We can't in any, but th' Eternal Mind,
Conſummate Counſel and pure Knowledge find.
God is a Mind all Intellectual Light,
Clear without Miſt, and without Blemiſh bright.
From him, the Spring, thoſe Streams of Wiſdom flow
That feed the Thoughtful Reas'ning World below.
The Wiſe on Earth, who moſt deſerve our Praiſe,
Shine but with dim and delegated Rays.

Our Minds with equal Rev'rence ſhould adore
The Wonders of his Wiſdom and his Pow'r.
He levels with the Duſt the proudeſt Town,
O'erthrows her Forts, and breaks her Bulwarks down,
Her Palaces adorn'd with Gold o'erturns,
And her high Tow'rs amidſt the Rubbiſh ſpurns.
Her Rooms of State and Roofs of Cedar meet
Huddled in Ruin in th' encumber'd Street.
Tho' all bewail her miſerable Fall,
None dares attempt to build again her Wall.
If wretched Slaves in Priſon he reſtrains,
Who ſhall releaſe them from their pond'rous Chains?
He binds the Clouds, the Bottles of the Skies,
And to the Earth his Heav'nly Dew denies,
Then cleaving Drought the Sun-burnt Mountains chap,
And for the Rain the thirſty Meadows gape:

Anon the Rivers ſwell at his Command,
O'erflow their Banks and kindly drown the Land.
Wiſdom and Strength are his, 'tis he imparts
To all the Crafty their ſucceſsful Arts.
He ſhows them how to lay a wiſe Deſign,
How to attack, and how to countermine.
Meantime their Neighbours he of Senſe bereaves,
Whom to deſigning Men a Prey he leaves.
He puzzles famous Sages in Debate,
And leads in Triumph Counſellors of State.
From learned Judges Wiſdom he withdraws,
And then the Fools receive no more Applauſe.
He the proud Monarch's Bonds, tormenting Racks
And all his Engines of Deſtruction breaks.
He rifles all his Stores of Death and Pain,
And binds the Tyrant with the Pris'ner's Chain.
He overturns the Mighty in their Pride,
And makes the World thoſe, whom they fear'd, deride.
Warriours with ſpreading Laurels often crown'd,
Part of th' Almighty's Triumph ſhall be found,
Dragg'd at his Chariot Wheels a Captive Throng
Of Princes choak'd with Duſt ſhall move along.
Tyrants deſpoil'd ſhall rave at their Defeat,
And mix'd with vulgar Slaves ſhall curſe and ſweat,
Judges enthrall'd ſhall in his Train appear,
While Monarchs tir'd come panting in the Reer.

He

He takes their Underſtandings from the Wiſe,
And makes their Friends their Oracles deſpiſe,
Pours forth Contempt on Kings of wide Command,
And wreſts the awful Scepter from their Hand;
Deſtroys the mighty Warriour's martial Fame,
Strips his proud Head, and ſpreads his Face with Shame.
Th' Almighty's bright, all-penetrating Eye
Can Counſels deep and dark, as Hell, deſcry.
He ſees their ſecret Works, and countermines
Myſterious Stateſmens moſt profound Deſigns.
Plots wrap'd in Clouds and gloomy Shades of Night
To him lye open, as the Noon-day Light.

He gives a City high Imperial Sway,
Whoſe Sons their Yoke on vanquiſh'd Nations lay.
She on the Necks of Captive Princes treads,
When God her Armies forth to Conqueſt leads,
She does with unexhauſted Wealth abound,
And, as a Miſtreſs, awes the World around.
Then he corrects, in ſudden Wrath, her Pride,
And to her Banks drives back her ebbing Tyde.
He breaks her Pow'r, and reſcues from her Hand
The Realms he ſubject made to her Command.
Thro' her ſad Streets he Deſolation ſpreads,
Subverts her lofty Palaces, and treads
Down from the Clouds their proud aſpiring Heads.

Great Chiefs, when he rebukes them, Cowards grow,
And all the Marks of Conſternation ſhow.
His Terrors pierce their Breaſts, like poiſon'd Darts,
Unnerve their Joynts, and melt their ſtubborn Hearts.
For Hills and Mountains they forſake their Home,
And thro' the trackleſs Woods deſpairing roam.
They ſeek the loneſome, ſalvage Wilderneſs,
There to conceal their vagabond Diſtreſs.
They and the Beaſts ſhall cauſe a mutual Fright,
At diſtance gaze, and fly each other's Sight.
They ne'er ſhall ſee a Beam of dawning Hope,
But for their Paſſage wrapt in Darkneſs grope.
And overpower'd with Wrath Divine, by Day
Shall reel like Drunken Men and loſe their Way.

Chap. XIII.

Since you are pleas'd oft to enumerate
God's wiſe and mighty Works in this Debate,
I the ſame Method have obſerv'd, to ſhew
That I his Wonders know, no leſs than you.
I do not your prolix Diſcourſes want,
To prove thoſe Truths Divine, I freely grant.
I to th' Almighty my Defence would make,
And not to you, who ſtill my Caſe miſtake.
Since he my Heart and pure Intent muſt know,
Some ſpark of Pity in his Breaſt would glow,
Which my relentleſs Friends will never ſhow.
Obdurate in the Wrong you perſevere,
And to Erroneous Doctrines ſtill adhere.

You

You ſtill your Thoughts with Confidence expreſs,
That mighty Suff'rings mighty Guilt confeſs;
That Want and great Diſtreſs are Marks, to find
Which is a wicked, which a righteous Mind.
But you unable, vain Phyſicians are,
And have not Skill your Med'cine to prepare.
If the Diſeaſe by chance is underſtood,
Ill Drugs you give, or miſapply the Good.
Your Silence would your Wiſdom beſt have ſhown,
That ſtill had kept your Ignorance unknown.

Will you for God, like ſubtile Sophiſts, plead?
Does he deceitful ways of Arguing need?
While you pretend to manage his Defence,
Will you by Falſhood guard his Providence?
Will he in this your forward Zeal applaud,
And with Rewards approve your pious Fraud?
The Perſon will you try, and not the Cauſe,
And warp, like biaſs'd Judges, from the Laws?
Can you believe your Arguments are ſtrong,
Becauſe you hang upon a Point ſo long?
Shall your contentious Wrangling never end?
Will peeviſh Cavils at your injur'd Friend
You to th' Almighty's Favour recommend?
Would it your Honour or your Peace promote,
If God your Speeches try'd, who knows your Thought?

Why will you mock your Maker? can't his Eye
Your Pride and want of Charity deſcry,
Tho' varniſh'd with affected Piety?
If you will Right pervert, and Judgment wreſt,
Tho' your black Guilt lies ſecret in your Breaſt
God will expoſe your Crime, and in the end
His vengeful Blow ſhall on your Heads deſcend.
His bleſt Perfections ſhould in you have bred
A ſacred Awe and reverential Dread.
Should not his Pow'r and Truth that cannot err
From raſh Decrees your Arrogance deter?

Fruitleſs and light I all your Counſels find
Like Duſt, that flies before the driving Wind.
Your high Diſcourſes weak and tott'ring ſtand,
Like heaps of Clay or uncemented Sand.
Hold then your Peace, and let your Friend alone
To eaſe his Grief, and make his woful moan.
I will my Boſom of its Burden free
By ſad Complaints, whate'er the Iſſue be.
Will God pronounce my Failing, mortal Sin,
When he diſcerns an upright Heart within?
For Liberty of Speech ſo much I long,
To vent my Woe my Paſſion is ſo ſtrong,
That if deny'd, I muſt in deep Deſpair
And ſcorn of Life my Fleſh in pieces tear.
Tho' God yet hotter Anger ſhould expreſs,
Encreaſe my Pains and double my Diſtreſs,

Should

Should he advance with his deſtructive Dart,
And o'er me ſtand to ſtrike me to the Heart,
I on his Truth and Juſtice would rely,
And bold in Faith would to his Mercy fly.
Th' Almighty knows my Virtue is ſincere,
I'm not flagitious, tho' I often err.
The Faithful God the Faithful will protect,
Scourge them he may, but can't the Juſt reject.
I'll undertake with humble Confidence
Before his Bar to manage my Defence.
Whatever Blots my Converſation ſtain,
A Mind upright and pure I ſtill retain.
I'm ſure the God, whoſe Pity I implore,
My Peace and Comforts will at laſt reſtore,
By Ways and Methods which ſhall pleaſe him beſt,
My Burden he'll remove, and give me Reſt.

My Declaration with Attention hear,
My Words ſhall make my Righteouſneſs appear.
The Scheme, that I have fix'd for my Defence,
Will ſhew my Truth, and clear my Innocence.
Who'll with me plead? Oh, that it were my Fate
That God would pleaſe to manage this Debate!
For thus diſtreſs'd ſhould I forbear to ſpeak,
My Heart diſtended with my Grief would break.
My Friends Reproaches and my Maker's Hand
Which lies ſo heavy, my Complaints demand.

To grant my double Pray'r I God intreat,
Then bold I'll ſtand before his Judgment-ſeat.
Let him withdraw his Scourge, my Pains ſuſpend,
And give me Eaſe my Tryal to attend;
And not in Pow'r and Majeſty appear,
But my Defence with patient Meekneſs hear.
Then let th' Almighty Job arraign at large,
And I'll defend my ſelf againſt the Charge:
Or I will argue, and let him declare
The Reaſon, why his Hand is thus ſevere.
I'm not ſo vain and wicked, to pretend
That I th' Eternal's Laws d'd ne'er offend;
But that my Crimes are of ſo deep a Dy,
As you my Friends ſuggeſt, I muſt deny:
Detect theſe heinous Crimes, to me unknown,
And I'll the Guilt with Shame and Sorrow own.

Why in Diſpleaſure doſt thou ſhun my Sight,
And of thy gracious Eyes withdraw the Light?
Why hangs this Cloud upon thy frowning Brow?
Why treateſt thou thy Servant, as thy Foe?
Wilt thou to cruſh me needleſs Pow'r engage,
Laviſh of Vengeance and profuſe in Rage?
Will God his keen, immortal Arms employ,
A poor and helpleſs Creature to deſtroy?
Involv'd in rolling Clouds will he deſcend,
And arm'd with Thunder with a Worm contend?

Should

Should Storms be rais'd a ſapleſs Leaf to tear,
The ſport of every Wind and blaſt of Air?
Muſt Tempeſts riſe, and pointed Lightning fly,
And dreadful War infeſt the troubled Sky,
Only to chaſe the empty Straw away,
To the leaſt Spark of Fire an eaſie Prey?
Job, as a vile Offender, God indites,
And terrible Decrees againſt me writes.
While Juſtice gripes me in her rigid Arms,
The Guilt of Youth reviv'd my Soul alarms.
God does my fetter'd Limbs in Priſon lay,
And vigilant my ſecret Paths ſurvey,
Does cloſe and eager at my Heels purſue,
And with a ſearching Eye my Footſteps view,
To mark ſome great Tranſgreſſion of his Laws,
And for my Sentence to explore a Cauſe.
Then Putrefaction executes the Doom,
And eats my Fleſh, as Moths a Veſt conſume.

Chap. XIV.

Unhappy Man, as ſoon as born, decays;
He numbers few, and thoſe uneaſie Days.
As in a verdant Mead a blowing Flower,
The ſudden Offspring of a Summer Show'r,
Unfolds its Beauty to the Morning Ray,
And cut e'er Evening falls, or fades away.
So Man awhile diſplays his gaudy Bloom,
But Death his crooked Scythe will ſoon aſſume,
Mow down, and bear his Harveſt to the Tomb.

His

His Limbs like Shades or Phantomes form'd by fear;
Diſſolve their empty Frame, and diſappear.
The Flame of Life, like wand'ring Lambent Fires,
Or waſting Meteors, ſhines, and ſoon expires.
And will his God regard ſo poor a Wight?
And to contend with ſuch a Wretch delight?
From a polluted Maſs I ſprung, a baſe,
Corrupted Branch of Man's degenerate Race,
Who propagates his firſt Inherent Crime;
Nor will the Stain wear out by length of Time.
From a wild Stock can generous Branches grow?
Or Cryſtal Streams from muddy Fountains flow?
Hence *Job* is not ſo vain to make Pretence,
To faultleſs Life and perfect Innocence;
I own Offences common to the beſt,
And am Unclean, tho' not above the Reſt.
The Reaſon therefore humbly I demand,
Why I am ſingled out, and made to ſtand
The deſtin'd Mark of God's avenging Hand?

Since of the Days of Man God knows the Date,
Who reads their Number in the Rolls of Fate,
And has by fixt Divine Decree aſſign'd
The certain Bounds in which his Time's confin'd;
Since his few fleeting Hours are quickly ſpent,
And painful Life is its own Puniſhment,
Let this ſuffice, and do not on him throw
A heavier Burden of uncommon Woe.

Grant

Grant him the Reſt his Torments make him ask,
And let him finiſh Life's appointed Task.
For if a Swain with Mercenary Toil
Cuts down a Tree, and draws away the Spoil;
Still there is hope that Tree again may ſprout,
And from its Stock thruſt tender Branches out.
For tho' the Root defrauded of Supply,
Appears to wither in the Ground, and dye;
Yet when it feels the freſh prolifick Flood,
It will again with youthful Vigour bud.
But when unhappy Man reſigns his Breath;
He ne'er returns from the dark Shades of Death.
The Sea may ſuffer by deſerting Waves
That ſteal thro' ſecret Subterranean Caves,
Or by the Vapours and aſcending Steams
Drawn by the Sun's attenuating Beams;
But Heav'n and Earth in Currents and in Rain
Send back the Spoils, and reimburſe the Main.
A flowing River or a ſtanding Lake
May their Canals and naked Shores forſake,
Their Waters may exhale, and upward move,
And leave their Banks to roll in Clouds above;
But the moiſt Treaſures of Autumnal Air,
And Winter Meteors, will their Loſs repair:
The Snows and Show'rs and Torrents will repay,
What the warm Sun gain'd by his active Ray,
And by his Summer Inroads bore away.

But, Man, if once thy Vital Streams deſert
Their purple Channels, and defraud the Heart,
With freſh Recruits they ne'er will be ſupply'd,
Nor feel the bounding Flood's returning Tyde:
When once a breathleſs Mortal ſhuts his Eyes,
And in the ſilent Grave extended lies,
In Death's cloſe Priſon barr'd he muſt remain,
Nor ſhall he break that Tyrant's pondrous Chain.
When his ſad Neighbours ſhall his Funeral mourn,
Can he revive and to his Friends return?
No; when the Stroke of Fate is once receiv'd,
This Mortal Life can never be retriev'd.

Would God would hide me in ſome hollow Cave,
Some place as ſafe and ſilent as the Grave,
Till theſe black Storms of Wrath, which overcaſt
The low'ring Heav'ns around my Head are paſt.
As Life is limited, ſo let him ſet
Bounds to my Grief, and not thoſe Bounds forget.
Since none, who enter once the darkſome Tomb,
This tranſient State of Life can e'er reſume,
Patient in hope let *Job* himſelf demean;
Till God thinks fit to change this mournful Scene;
Till he is pleas'd his Bleſſings to reſtore,
And the ſweet Joys which I poſſeſs'd before.
Then ſhall he call, and with a gracious Ear
He'll my Defence and Supplications hear.

Then

Then to his Creature he will Kindneſs ſhow,
Revive my Comforts, and remove my Woe.

But oh, how diff'rent is my preſent Fate!
For now th' Almighty loves to lie in wait
To take me halting, what a watchful Eye
Does he employ my Errors to deſcry?
This ſearch he makes, as if he Pleaſure took
To find freſh Reaſons to repeat his Stroke.
He in a ſtrong and ſecret place has ſtor'd
My Crimes, as wealthy Men their Treaſures hoard;
And ſeals up my Tranſgreſſions, not a Fault
Is e'er left out, not a vain Word or Thought,
Nor is the threaten'd Puniſhment forgot.
As a high Hill by ſtormy Weather worn,
With inbred Tempeſts, or with Thunder torn
Does with its Ruins all the Vally ſpread,
But can no more erect his lofty Head;
Moulder'd to Duſt it hopes no more to break
The Clouds long Order with its ſnowy Peak.
As a vaſt Rock by Earthquakes if remov'd,
And from its Baſe amid'ſt the Ocean ſhov'd,
Never its ſhatter'd Pillars after reers,
Nor thruſts its tow'ring Top amidſt the Stars:
Or as the Stones, which flowing Waters wear,
If once diſſolv'd, their Ruins can't repair;
As Floods the Herds and Forreſts to the Deep,
Whence they ſhall ne'er return, reſiſtleſs ſweep;

So

So when thy fatal Darts a Man deſtroy,
He ſhall no more this World's Delights enjoy.
From the dark Tomb ſhall ne'er awaken'd riſe,
Nor more revive to ſee theſe lightſome Skys.
He leaves his Honour and his Wealth behind,
And a far diff'rent Scene of Things will find.
He's unconcern'd at what's tranſacted here:
For if his Sons ſhine in a noble Sphere,
He'll not rejoice, nor will he e'er complain,
If they are Poor, or drag the Priſ'ner's Chain.
Hard Fate of Man, who either, if he dies,
Hopeleſs of e'er reviving breathleſs lies,
Or if he lives, muſt ſtill expect to find
Pain in his Fleſh, and Anguiſh in his Mind.

Chap. XV.

Then *Eliphaz*-----Muſt we ſuch Trifles hear
From a wiſe Man, and ſuch would *Job* appear?
Much leſs with Tempeſts ſhould we be addreſt
Diſcourſes ſtormy, as the Wind at Eaſt.
Of idle Language why this endleſs Flood?
Can this licentious Speech promote thy Good?
True Piety, which ſhould thy Mind adorn,
Thy Words expoſe to univerſal Scorn.
To pure Religion all the Rev'rence due
Will ſoon be loſt, if thy Aſſertion's true;
If God's afflicting Strokes Mankind invade,
Without diſtinguiſhing the Good and Bad,

Who

Who at his Throne will Adoration pay?
Or who to Heav'n their Songs of Praiſe convey?
Thy irreligious Maxims will reſtrain
All future Pray'r, for Pray'r will be in vain.
Thy bold and inconſiderate Words expreſs
The impious Notions which thy Mind poſſeſs.
The Poiſon, which thy Lips diſcharge, is part
Of the malignant Treaſure in thy Heart.
Yet thou, unwary Judges to eſcape,
Beneath Divine Religion's lovely Shape
Haſt all the black Hypocriſie conceal'd,
Which thy unwary Tongue has now reveal'd,
Thou by thy own Defence art clearly caſt,
And thy own Mouth has Sentence on thee paſt.

Art thou the Man, that God did firſt create?
And has thy Birth with Time an equal Date?
Say, did'ſt thou live before th' impriſon'd Light
At Heav'ns Command ſprang from the Womb of Night,
E'er yet aſpiring Hills the Plains ſurvey'd,
Or verdant Meads their flow'ry Laps diſplay'd,
Before the Rocks their craggy Heads advanc'd,
Or bounding Billows o'er the Ocean danc'd,
That by unnumber'd Obſervations made
Thou haſt a perfect Scheme of Knowledge laid?
Doſt thou the long uninterrupted Chain
Of Cauſes and Effects ſo well retain,

That

That thou canſt reaſon ſtrong, and clearly ſee
From what is paſt, what ſhall hereafter be?
Have thy Enquiries and Experience run
Thro' all the Years roll'd up ſince Time begun,
That thou art full of Science, richer far
In wiſe Remarks, than we thy Brethren are?
Doſt thou with God in ſecret Council ſit?
To his Debates does he great *Job* admit?
Does Wiſdom with her Fav'rite *Job* abide,
Deſpiſing all the fooliſh Race beſide?
On what new Worlds of Light haſt thou been thrown?
What Mines of Knowledge found, to us unknown?

If Years ſhould be pronounc'd a certain Sign
Of Wiſdom, *Job*, ours are not ſhort of thine.
With us is ſeen th' experienc'd hoary Head,
Whoſe num'rous Days thy Father's Age exceed.
Why as a worthleſs Thing doſt thou regard
The Joy, the Comfort and the bleſt Reward,
Which we have offer'd thee with Heav'n's Aſſent,
Of thy unrighteous Deeds ſhould'ſt thou repent?
Haſt thou (we ask thee) ſome peculiar Ground,
Some ſecret way of Conſolation found?
Should'ſt thou to ſuch Diſcoveries once pretend,
Who could thy want of Modeſty defend?
And yet without ſome hidden Source of Hope
No Pillar, but unſhaken Pride, can prop
Thy Confidence, and our Propoſals ſtop.

Wilt thou diſhonour with unworthy Speech
Thy Maker, and his Providence impeach?
What means this Conduct? ſay, with what Intent
Againſt thy God are thy Reproaches ſent?
What is the Mark at which thou takeſt Aim,
When impious War thou doſt with Heav'n proclaim?
From ſuch a War what Benefit can flow?
What can'ſt thou gain by Force from ſuch a Foe?
Ah, what is wretched Man, that he ſhould ſeem
Upright and guiltleſs in his own Eſteem?
Bleſt Seraphs can't God's piercing Eye endure,
And bright Arch-Angels are to him impure.
Thoſe heav'nly Orders, who were clean eſteem'd,
And unpolluted vital Glory ſeem'd,
When lowly they approach their Maker's Sight,
O'erwhelm'd with Splendor and All-ſearching Light
They bluſh to ſee their ſecret Stains reveal'd,
And ſhameful Flaws diſclos'd, which lay conceal'd.
Then what an odious, loathſome, monſtrous Thing
Muſt Man appear before th' Eternal King,
Man, who by baſe Extraction is unclean,
And does to Vice with a ſtrong Biaſs lean?
Thoſe endleſs Draughts of Sin that drench his Soul
Can't his Hydropick raging Thirſt controul.

Attentive now to my Diſcourſe advert,
I'll only what my Eyes have ſeen aſſert;

Which

Which is, that wicked Men, and thoſe alone,
Beneath ſuch great uncommon Suff'rings groan.
Sages this Obſervation made of old,
Their Fathers them, and they their Children told.
Thus has Tradition down from Ages paſt
Convey'd this Truth, by all wiſe Men embrac'd.
Job has affirm'd, that God the Earth beſtows
On the vile Race of his invet'rate Foes:
But to our Fathers Judgment have Reſpect,
And they this groundleſs Error will detect.
Wealth and Dominion was on them confer'd,
Their pious Deeds and Virtue to reward.
They did in Peace command the Towns around,
And undiſturb'd with Inroads till'd the Ground.
No arm'd *Chaldæans* did their Herds invade,
Nor to a Realm remote their Wealth convey'd,
While they obſerv'd his Laws, th' Almighty's Hand
Was ſtill extended to protect their Land.
To Leagues of Peace their Neighbours did agree,
And to maintain them God was Guarantee.

But by Experience uncontroul'd, 'tis plain
That wicked Men conſume their Days in Pain.
Th' Oppreſſor feels within tormenting Fears,
Nor ſhall compleat the Number of his Years.
When no invading Foe appears in Arms
His ſecret Guilt the trembling Wretch alarms,

Who

Who in his proſp'rous State is inſecure,
Nor can his guilty Triumphs long endure.
When in his Sphere he ſhines ſerenely bright,
And not a Cloud diſturbs his beaming Light,
Then ſhall a Tempeſt of Affliction riſe,
And with a ſudden Darkneſs ſpread the Skies.
Neighbours to Rapine bred ſhall from afar,
As late on thee, advance Deſtructive War.
The bloody Spoilers ſhall his Servants ſlay,
Ravage his Lands, and make his Herds a Prey.
Like *Job* in Trouble they'll deſpairing lye,
And Conſolation from their Friends deny.
They can't believe theſe Clouds will diſappear,
Great Ills they ſuffer, and they greater fear.
Deſpair attended with her ghaſtly Train
Anguiſh, Confuſion, Sorrow, howling Pain,
Shall at her dreadful Army's Head advance,
And ſhake againſt his Breaſt her bloody Lance.
Shall draw her Troops of Terrors in Array,
Muſter her Griefs, and horrid War diſplay.
As Kings for Fight their warlike Ranks diſpoſe,
So ſhall ſhe range her thick embattled Woes.
The Victor thus the Wicked ſhall aſſail,
And o'er the proud Oppreſſor's Hopes prevail.
This is his End, becauſe with helliſh Rage
Th' audacious Rebel would with Heav'n engage.
Againſt th' Almighty's Hoſt he takes the Field,
And preſſes on his Sword and blazing Shield.

The

The Wretch defies his God, and void of Fear
Derides his Darts, and ruſhes on his Spear.
Fed with the Spoils of ruin'd Neighbours round,
Shining with Fat and with Dominion crown'd,
Luxurious, haughty and preſumptuous grown
He ſpurns at Heav'n, and mocks th' Eternal's Throne.
His Cruelty has laid his Country waſte,
And Cities fill'd with Men and Wealth defac'd.
Thoſe, who ſurvive in ſecret Corners weep,
Or thro' the graſſy Streets deſponding creep.
Their empty Dwellings moſſie Heaps appear,
And all the Signs of ſudden Ruin wear.
But God will ſoon deſpoil him of his Pow'r,
Nor ſhall his Strength and Greatneſs long endure.
Black, ſtagnant Seas of Darkneſs round him ſpread,
And Night eternal ſhall involve his Head.
Th' Almighty's Lightning ſhall deſtroy his Fruit,
Blaſt his green Leaves, and kill his thriving Root.
His angry Breath ſhall, like a Tempeſt, tear
His Branches off, and drive them thro' the Air.

Let therefore none on Pow'r and Wealth depend,
Theſe from approaching Evils can't defend,
Their Promiſes are vain, and Vanity their End.
Whoe'er in theſe deceitful Friends confide,
Untimely Ruin ſhall correct their Pride.

Sudden

Sudden Deſtruction ſhall their Heads invade,
And their gay Bloom and verdant Pomp ſhall fade.
As when a rough Eaſt Wind or Storm of Hail,
The fruitful Olive, or the Vine aſſail,
The Olive's Boughs their flow'ry Honours ſhed,
And unripe Grapes ſhook off the Vineyard ſpread.
So ſhall th' Oppreſſors gawdy State decay,
So his fair Limbs and Bloſſoms die away.
His Sons and Friends ſhall meet as ſad a Doom,
And vengeful Fire their Dwellings ſhall conſume:
Dire Miſchief ſtill his lab'ring Brain contrives,
And black Deceit his teaming Heart conceives,
But he ſhall bring his own Deſtruction forth;
As Vipers die to give their Off-ſpring Birth,

Chap. XVI.

Then *Job* reply'd----Oft has my ſuff'ring Ear
Such vain Diſcourſes been compell'd to hear.
You, Cruel Comforters, enrage my Woe,
And neither Conduct nor Compaſſion ſhow.
With tedious Repetitions you abound,
Keep your old Track, and argue in a Round.
But will your empty Speeches never end?
Diſarm'd and vanquiſh'd will you ſtill contend?
What has embolden'd thee, O *Eliphaz*,
Still to reply, tho' never to my Caſe?
Were you diſtreſs'd, could I not Language find,
Like yours abſurd and empty as the Wind?

Uncharitably Pious I could grow,
Like pointed Arrows ſharp Reproaches throw,
And with as good a Grace deride your Woe.
But my Compaſſion would my Lips reſtrain
From galling Words, that might enrage your Pain.
I to ſupport you would extend my Arms,
And ſooth your Sorrow with the ſofteſt Charms.
My tender Accents ſhould your Fate condole,
And balmy Speech ſhould eaſe each troubled Soul.
Why ſhould not you with equal Zeal engage,
Your utmoſt Skill my Anguiſh to aſſwage?

How hard a Fate is mine? If I complain
To God or Man, I make my Moan in vain.
If by forbearing I expect Relief,
And ſtop the Stream of my complaining Grief,
Its Flood encreaſes, when forbid to flow,
And the rough Waves more formidable grow.
In higher Seas collected Sorrows roll,
And whelm their Deluge o'er my ſinking Soul.
Oppreſt beneath the pond'rous load I lie,
Of Life impatient, yet deny'd to die.
My Sons, my Servants and my Subſtance gone,
I am deſerted, deſolate, undone.
Tho' you produce my Sores and wrinkled Skin,
As Witneſſes of ſome Enormous Sin,
Yet they can only teſtifie the weight
Of thoſe vaſt Woes which my Complaints create.

God,

God, as a fierce, relentleſs Foe appears,
And in his Wrath my Limbs in Pieces tears.
He grinds his raging Teeth, and from his Eyes
A Flame againſt me keen, as Lightning, flies.
My Friends elated with prodigious Pride
Stand gaping on me, and my Grief deride.
From diſtant Parts they come, not to aſſwage
My Anguiſh, but my Suff'rings to enrage.
God has expos'd me likewiſe to the Bands
Of cruel Robbers from the Neighb'ring Lands,
And giv'n me up a Prey to impious Hands.
My Dwelling flouriſh'd, and I liv'd at Eaſe,
With Plenty bleſt, and the ſoft Joys of Peace,
When wrathful Heav'n ſurprizing War proclaim'd,
And Show'rs of Javelins at my Boſom aim'd.
Me in his griping Arms th' Eternal took,
And with ſuch mighty Force my Body ſhook,
That the ſtrong Graſp my Members ſorely bruis'd,
Broke all my Bones, and all my Sinews loos'd.
He ſets me as a Mark on riſing Ground,
And his fierce Archers compaſs me around;
In Clouds of ſinging Death their Arrows fly,
And in my tortur'd Bowels buried lye.
My Wound's ſo deep, that with the Blood the Gaul
Flows out, and on the Ground they mingled fall.
Black Throngs of Woes invade my frighted Soul,
As crowding Billows o'er each other roll.

Th' Almighty ruſhes on me in his Rage,
As a fierce Giant eager to engage.
Sackcloth I wear, of Ornaments deſpoil'd,
And in the Duſt my Glory lyes defil'd.
My Cheeks with everlaſting Weeping fade,
And on my Eyelids hangs a diſmal Shade.

I'm not unjuſt, as you my Friends infer,
In this cenſorious Charge you groſſly err.
Nor am I wicked in th' Almighty's Sight,
My Pray'r is holy, and my Heart upright.
If e'er a Man by my flagitious Hand
Vex'd and oppreſs'd has periſh'd from the Land,
Let not thy Womb, O Earth, his Blood conceal,
But to the Light my black Offence reveal,
That publick Shame and Pains may be my Fate,
Which on the heinous Malefactor wait.
Let God and Man their Bowels ſhut, when I
In raging Anguiſh for Compaſſion cry.
Conſcience alone, my Awful Judge within,
Does not acquit me of enormous Sin,
But God and all his ſacred Angels bear
Witneſs to this, and will my Juſtice clear.
From you, my Friends, who my Diſtreſs deride,
I turn to Heav'n, let Heav'n my Cauſe decide,
If God his juſt Tribunal would aſcend,
To hear how you accuſe, and I defend;

If

If he, as Arbitrator, would preſide,
And weigh the Reaſons urg'd on either ſide,
From your Indictment he would me releaſe,
And *Job* diſcharg'd ſhould Life reſign in Peace.
And, O, that God would ſoon my Trial hear,
And Judgment give, before I diſappear;
For when a few more fleeting Days are paſt,
Job in the Arms of Death ſhall lye embrac'd.

Chap. XVII.

Corruption by degrees my Fleſh devours,
And Time has almoſt paid my number'd Hours.
The opening Grave invites me to her Womb,
And in the Duſt prepares for me a Room.
But clear before I die, juſt God, my Fame,
And cover my perfidious Friends with Shame.
Do not Religious Scoffers here abide
Who mock for God, and my Diſtreſs deride?
Their ſharp Reproaches vex my Soul by Day,
And chaſe by Night expected Sleep away.
I wiſh that God would ſuffer me to ſtate
My Caſe aright, and hear the whole Debate.
For theſe my Friends againſt th' Aſſaults of Senſe
Have rais'd a ſtrong, impenetrable Fence.
Such Gates of Darkneſs ne'er to be unbarr'd,
Such Forts of gloomy Shades the Paſſes guard,
That Reaſon's ſtrongeſt Forces they repel,
Entrench'd in Errors inacceſſible.

But ſure the righteous God will ne'er permit
That Men ſo byaſs'd ſhould to judge me ſit.
Thoſe, who to flatter Heav'n, their Neighbour wrong,
Shall not their Pow'r, and proſp'rous Days prolong.
Deſtructive Suff'rings ſhall their Sons aſſail,
Whoſe Eyes in looking after Aid ſhall fail.

Job, the fond Peoples Darling and Delight,
Was once eſteem'd; for when I came in Sight,
Thro' crowded Streets loud Acclamations rung,
While to the Tabret they my Praiſes ſung,
And on my Chariot Wheels tranſported hung.
A waving Sea of Heads was round me ſpread,
And ſtill freſh Streams the gazing Deluge fed.
As I advanc'd, the eager wond'ring Throng
Their Eye-balls ſtrain'd to ſee me paſs along.
They feaſted on me with their greedy Eyes,
And with Applauſes fill'd the ecchoing Skies.

Now for as ſad an Object I am ſhown,
My mighty Troubles are proverbial grown;
The Men, who curſe their Foes in deadly Spite,
Wiſh *Job*'s Affliction on their Heads may light.
My Neighbous cry, when they my Suff'rings ſee,
Is *Job* thus chang'd? Good Heav'n! it cannot be!
My Eyes with Sorrow ſunk within my Head,
Of Light defrauded look already dead.

So

So much my Fleſh and Vigour I have loſt,
I ſeem an empty Shade or groaning Ghoſt.
But a good Man will pity, not arraign
Afflicted *Job*, to aggravate his Pain.
He will revere this providential Turn,
Not judge my Perſon, but my Trouble mourn.
And tho' with Wonder he ſhall ſee the Juſt
Are by th' Almighty trodden in the Duſt,
He will for Virtue in Diſtreſs declare,
And Innocence to proſperous Sin prefer.
The Heav'nly Path of Juſtice he ſhall keep,
How rough ſoe'er, obſtructed, dark and ſteep.
Let him by bloody Outlaws be oppreſt,
And Robbers, who the way to Heav'n infeſt;
Let Perſecution's blackeſt Tempeſt riſe,
And with a diſmal Night deform the Skies,
Let ſtern Affliction muſter in the Air
Her fierceſt Troops, and tempt him to Deſpair,
While bitter Tongues their ſharp Reproaches ſpend,
And impious Scoffers galling Arrows ſend;
The Godlike Trav'ler ſhall his Path purſue,
Whoſe very Suff'rings ſhall his Hopes renew;
And while he marches dauntleſs on his way,
Danger his Heart ſhall ſtrengthen, not diſmay.

But you, my Friends, to my Diſcourſe attend,
And weigh my Words your Errors to amend;

For yet among your Tribe I cannot find
One of a clear, judicious, equal Mind.
You would in vain my Expectations raiſe
(If I repent) of future proſp'rous Days;
For my appointed Hours are almoſt paſt,
And ſoon my Hopes and Projects Death will blaſt.
The Lamp of Life burns dim within my Breaſt;
Soon from its Toil my beating Heart will reſt.
If for a happy Change you lay a Scheme,
You but amuſe me with an Empty Theme,
Terreſtrial Joys are but an idle Dream.
With my Deſigns and anxious Thoughts I part,
Farewel ye Cares that once poſſeſt my Heart.
Now to my Sorrows only I attend,
In Groans the Day, the Night in Sighs I ſpend.
If Grief and Woe denominate the Night,
I ne'er enjoy the Day, nor ſee the Light;
The gloomy Terrors, that my Soul ſurround,
Efface the Marks, and Day with Night confound.

What Madneſs is it to expect that Reſt
And Reſtoration, which my Friends ſuggeſt?
For gracious Heav'n's Irrevocable Doom
Has in the Earth prepar'd for me a Room,
Where friendly Death has laid my eaſie Bed,
With Worms beneath, above with Darkneſs ſpread,
I to the Grave exclaim, my Parent Grave,
Job of thy Duſt a wretched Offspring ſave.

To claſp me faſt thy gloomy Arms extend,
Thou art my Father, O, be now my Friend,
And me from hoſtile Life and Light defend.
Oft to the Worm I cry, my Brother Worm,
From whom I differ but in Size and Form,
This loathſome Heap of putrifying Clay
Muſt be ſubmitted to thy Pow'r a Prey.
Then where's the Hope, which you pretend to give?
That I may yet in Peace and Pleaſure live
If I repent, to find it you muſt go
Down to the Duſt, and the cold Shades below;
There you'll diſcover, that my Hopes and I
In the ſame Tomb extinct and buried lye.

Chap. XVIII.

Then *Bildad* thus---Why this prolix Diſcourſe,
Sounding enough, but deſtitute of Force?
Conſider what ſhall be alledg'd, and then
To thy Objections we'll reply again.
What does thy wond'rous Arrogance create?
What ſelf-ſufficient Fullneſs *Job* elate?
What ſecret Stores of Wiſdom haſt thou found?
And what new Lights have thy Enquiries crown'd,
That we ſuch vile and ſenſeleſs Creatures ſeem,
And are but ſtupid Beaſts in thy Eſteem?
Impatience and ungovernable Rage
Thy furious Hands againſt thy ſelf engage.
Thy wild Diſcourſes from Diſtraction flow,
And not Repentance, but Rebellion ſhow.

Say, to appeaſe thy peeviſh Diſcontent,
Muſt God new Forms of Government invent?
Should Providence unuſual Methods take,
And ſteddy Nature her old Courſe forſake,
Should Rocks and Mountains from their Pillars leap,
Sink down, and humble their aſpiring Heap,
And Floods and rapid Rivers ſullen grow,
Bind up their Waters and refuſe to flow?
Should God his Truth and Juſtice diſregard,
Neglect the Righteous, and th' Unjuſt reward,
And break all Order, only with Intent
Thy vain Complaints and Clamours to prevent?
O *Job*, in ſpite of thy Objections, take
This Rule as ſure, that God will ever make
A due Diſtinction of the Good and Bad,
And ſparing Thoſe, his Wrath ſhall Theſe invade.

The Splendor of the Wicked ſhall decay,
And riſing Fogs ſhall choak his glorious Day.
His brighteſt Beams, like ſhort-liv'd Sparks of Fire,
Or Flames of Lightning ſhine, and ſtrait expire.
Gloom and thick Darkneſs, like the Shades of Hell,
Shall on his diſmal Habitation dwell.
Ne'er from without ſhall one kind Ray of Light,
Or chearful Lamp within diſpel the Night.
He in his wiſeſt Steps ſhall unawares
Be fetter'd with inextricable Snares,
And live in Trouble and perplexing Cares,

By his own labour'd Plots and deep Deſigns
His Peace and Safety oft he undermines.
Amidſt the Net ſpread by himſelf he'll run,
By his own Wiles and prudent Schemes undone.
His Feet ſhall be entangled in the Toil,
While ſhouting Huntſmen ſeize him as their Spoil.
Let him o'er Plains or Hills or Foreſts ſtray,
Inevitable Gins beſet his way;
Laid to entrap this roaming Beaſt of Prey.
Invading Terrors ſhall his Soul affright,
The Wretch ſhall fly, but periſh in his Flight.
His Bones, the girders of his Fabrick, crack;
His Joynts grow feeble, and his Sinews ſlack.
While rav'ning Woes his Fleſh and Strength conſume,
And Deſolation is pronounc'd his Doom,
Death and Deſtruction o'er his Head impend;
And all his Pleaſures ſhall in Torment end.
The Pillars, which his Confidence did prop,
Shall let the high preſumptuous Structure drop,
And in the Ruins bury all his Hope.
The King of Terrors with his Bloody Dart
Shall ſtrike the pale Oppreſſor to the Heart;
And at his gloomy Wheels ſhall drag the Slave
In Triumph, to his ſubterranean Cave.
Torments, deſtructive Plagues and raging Pain
Shall horrid Inmates in his Houſe remain.
Wild Conſternation with erected Hair,
Yellings, Diſtreſs, fierce Anguiſh and Deſpair

Th' Apartments of his Dwelling ſhall divide;
And dire Companions with him ſtill reſide,
Becauſe his rich Poſſeſſions and Abode
By Violence were purchas'd, or by Fraud.
When Floods of Fire from Heav'n and Sulphur Show'rs
O'erturn'd high *Sodom*'s and *Gomorrah*'s Tow'rs,
The flaming Inundation from the Place
Swept off their Dwellings, and the impious Race.
So ſhall the proud Oppreſſor be devour'd,
Such Storms of Fire ſhall on his Houſe be pour'd,
Which ſhall the Marks and Monuments deſtroy
Of the vile Wretch, that did the Seat enjoy.
His Roots grown dry ſhall periſh in the Ground,
His Head and Limbs cut off ſhall lye around:
In after-times he'll be unknown to Fame,
Or mention'd only with Reproach and Shame.
For from the Earth God's vengeful Darts ſhall chaſe
The wicked Man, and all his hateful Race.
Of his baſe Stock no Branches ſhall ſurvive
To keep his Name and Family alive.
Ages to come with Horror ſhall relate
His ſudden Ruin, and his diſmal Fate,
As that he liv'd in, was amaz'd to ſee
So ſtrange a Turn, ſuch Woe and Miſery.
Thus ſhall the Hopes of all the Wicked end,
Such Deſolation ſhall their Houſe attend.

Then

Chap. XIX.

Then *Job* reply'd---Miſtaken Friends, how long
Will you inſult me, and my Virtue wrong?
How long will you my righteous Cauſe perplex?
And thus my Ears with idle Speeches vex?
Muſt Anſwers void of Senſe and Argument,
And grave Impertinence my Soul torment?
You wound me with your contumelious Words,
And Slanders ſharper than the keeneſt Swords.
Job in Affliction you refuſe to know,
And a ſhy Stranger's unconcern'dneſs ſhow.
Grant I have ſinn'd, yet in my Fleſh I bear
Strokes of Vindictive Juſtice ſo ſevere,
That I with Reaſon might from Friends expect
Commiſeration, not ſuch proud Neglect.
If you perſiſt in your cenſorious Pride,
And raſhly will condemn your Friend untry'd;
If ſtill your black Indictments you renew,
And void of Shame my Innocence purſue,
Conſider cooly my afflicted State;
Should your imperious Scorn new Grief create?
And to th' unequal Load add greater Weight?

I by th' Almighty's Arm am overthrown,
And preſt beneath his heavy Vengeance groan,
Inevitable Snares his Hand has ſet,
And drawn around me his deſtructive Net.
To Heav'n with fruitleſs Accents I complain
Of this hard Meaſure, this Exceſs of Pain,
And cry to be redreſs'd, but cry in vain,

By Heav'n forſaken, I am left a Prey
To Woes, that me encompaſs every way,
Inexorably deaf th' Almighty ſtands,
Rejects my Pray'r, and minds not my Demands.
He in my Paths has ſuch Obſtructions laid,
And fenc'd me round with ſuch a cloſe Blockade,
That I muſt be confin'd without Relief
To this dark Priſon, this ſtrong hold of Grief.
No golden Thread of Life the way will ſhow,
And let me thro' this Labyrinth of Woe.
Of all my Glory I am ſtripp'd, the Crown
From my diſhonour'd Head is tumbled down;
Where are my Pow'r, my Children and Renown?
I'm loſt, undone, and perfectly deſtroy'd,
Nor will that Hope return, which I enjoy'd.
A ſad and moving Spectacle I lye,
A Wretch that would not live, and cannot die.

God's Fury kindles of its own Accord,
And unprovok'd he waves his glitt'ring Sword.
Againſt me, as a Foe, he throws his Dart,
And yet he knows my Zeal and upright Heart.
Fierce Troops of Pain and regimented Woes
In Battle drawn, their gloomy Throngs diſcloſe;
On me they ruſh, and marking out the Ground
Th' Infernal Legions lye encamp'd around.
Brethren and Kindred treat me as unknown,
Break Nature's Bonds, and their own Blood diſown.

Fami-

Familiar Friends, who kindly me embrac'd,
Forget me now, and all our Friendſhip's paſt.
My own Domeſticks ſhew me no Reſpect,
But mock their Lord, and my Commands neglect.
I for Aſſiſtance to my Servant cry,
He minds me not, but ſcoffing paſſes by,
And lets me helpleſs and neglected lie.
My ſore Diſtemper does my Wife affright,
Who ſcreams, and with Abhorrence flies my ſight.
Tho' I my earneſt Supplication make,
And beg and preſs for our dear Children's ſake,
The tender Pledges of our mutual Love;
Yet no Entreaties her Compaſſion move.
She will not ſtay to ſolace my Diſtreſs,
And by condoling Words her Love expreſs.
Diſdainful Youth unhappy *Job* deſpiſe,
Tho' to ſalute them from my Seat I riſe.
My Boſom Friends, whom chiefly I before
Eſteem'd and lov'd, now chiefly me abhor.
My Skin and Fleſh are periſh'd from the Bone,
The Boils have ſpar'd my Mouth and Lips alone,
To let me make my lamentable Moan.

Pity, relenting Neighbours, Pity take
On my Diſtreſs, for ancient Friendſhip's ſake.
I am abandon'd and deſponding left,
Of Honour, Children, and of Wealth bereft.

Remark

Remark the grievous Wounds, which my Diſeaſe
Has made thro' all my Fleſh? but what are theſe
Compar'd with thoſe which feſter in my Heart,
Inflicted by the Almighty's fatal Dart?
Then melt in ſoft Compaſſion's Arms, repent
Your raſh Expreſſions, and my Fate lament.
Will you aſſume the Privilege of God,
And, when you pleaſe, afflict me with your Rod?
Inhuman Friends! Say, does it not ſuffice
That thus conſum'd with Pain my Body lies,
But muſt my Soul your ill Diſcourſes wound,
Empty of Senſe, tho' they with Gall abound.

O that my Speech were written! that my Words
Were Regiſter'd and kept in ſafe Records!
With a ſharp Iron Pen's repeated ſtroke
Engrave deep Furrows in the Marble Rock,
Then fill them up with Letters form'd of Lead,
That all to come may my Profeſſion read.
I ſolemnly pronounce, that I believe
My bleſt Redeemer does for ever live.
When future Ages ſhall their Circuit end,
And Bankrupt Time ſhall its laſt Minute ſpend,
Then he from Heav'n in Triumph ſhall deſcend.
He on the ſurface of the Earth ſhall ſtand,
And from the Tomb his Captive Saints demand.
The Pris'ners ſhall awaken at his Call,
And from their active Limbs their Chains ſhall fall.

Victo-

Victorious Life ſhall Warmth and Vigour ſpread
Thro' all the cold Apartments of the Dead,
And thro' the Shades beneath ſhall march in State,
And all the duſty Galleries of Fate.
The Conqueror ſhall invade and ſack the Grave,
Force every Vault, and reſcue every Slave.
Deſtruction's Empire ſhall no longer laſt,
Death from her ſad Dominions ſhall be chac'd,
And Deſolation lie for ever waſte.
Tho' Worms and Putrefaction ſhall conſume
This mouldring Body in the ſilent Tomb,
I ſhall revive, I from the Duſt ſhall riſe,
And ſee my God with theſe Corporeal Eyes.
I for my ſelf ſhall ſee the Bleſſed Sight,
For my own Profit, for my vaſt Delight.
He ſhall my Virtue from your Slanders clear,
Aſſert my Cauſe, and own my Heart ſincere.
This is th' unſhaken Pillar of my hope,
This does my Soul oppreſt with Sorrow prop,
That tho', as I declar'd, the rav'ning Worm
Shall eat my Fleſh, and break this Mortal Form,
My reunited Parts I ſhall aſſume,
To be acquitted by a Righteous Doom,
When my Redeemer ſhall to Judgment come.

But doubtleſs you my Friends will ſtill aver,
That Perſecuting me you cannot err,

You'll

You'll ſay that in my Conduct you have found
For your Invective Stings abundant Ground.
But of th' Almighty's Juſtice ſtand afraid,
His dreadful Vengeance will your Heads invade.
From Heav'n conſuming Fury he'll reveal
Againſt all fierce uncharitable Zeal:
The Day is coming, when the Judge Supream
Will your raſh Words and cruel Scorn condemn.

Chap. XX.

He ſaid----and *Zophar* thus in heat reply'd:
Such is thy ſtubborn unexampled Pride,
With ſuch Diſdain thou doſt our Reaſons ſlight,
And art ſo careful to exclude the Light,
While thy own Words to Thee ſo weighty ſeem,
To Thee ſufficient in thy own Eſteem,
That I no farther Argument deſign'd,
To cure a Man ſo obſtinate and blind;
But ſince tranſported to a wild Exceſs,
Againſt thy Friends thou doſt ſuch Threats expreſs,
With bold Complaints ſince thou doſt Heav'n alarm,
And mark us out for God's vindictive Arm,
I muſt my ſettled Reſolution break;
For thus provok'd, who can forbear to ſpeak?

Thou doſt upbraid us, as of Senſe bereft,
Of Pity void, and without Juſtice left.

That

That we on *Job* Contempt and Shame would pour,
And like outrageous Beaſts thy Life devour;
But I that fully know thy groſs Miſtake,
Can't ſilent ſit, but muſt an Anſwer make.
Haſt thou, who mak'ſt to Wiſdom ſuch pretence,
Not yet remark'd the Courſe of Providence,
How ſince his eldeſt Circle Time eſſay'd,
Since the Foundations of the Earth were laid,
The Triumphs of th' Unjuſt were quickly paſt,
And his vain Joys did but a Moment laſt?
Tho' his bright Head above the Clouds he reers,
And mingles Luſtre with contiguous Stars,
O'erturn'd and ruin'd he deſerts the Skies,
And in the Duſt diſpers'd inglorious lies.
Th' Unrighteous periſh with a ſwift decay,
Like his own Ordure caſt with Scorn away.
Thoſe, who before his Glory did admire,
Now ſeiz'd with Wonder for his Place enquire.
Aſtoniſh'd they theſe Queſtions oft repeat,
Where can we find him now? Where is his Seat?
His Fame and ſhort-liv'd Glory diſappear,
Like the gay Meteors of the Atmoſphere;
Like wanton Dreams that in the Fancy play,
Or empty Phantomes which by Twilight ſtray.
The Eye that ſaw him ne'er ſhall ſee him more;
Nor ſhall his Houſe unfold to him her Door.
His Sons t' appeaſe the Injur'd ſtrive in vain,
In publick of their Suff'rings Theſe complain;

Thoſe

Thoſe to reſtore the Subſtance are compell'd,
Which from the Poor their griping Father held.
Feeble with Aches and with Age he reels,
And the ſad Fruits of Youthful Vices feels:
His waſted Fleſh and putrefying Bones,
Force his hoarſe Throat to utter endleſs moans.
As he to Sin was fix'd by Love ſincere,
So Sin too faithful ſhall to him adhere.
The guilty Marks of his unbridled Luſt
Abide his ſad Companions in the Duſt.
Tho' Vice is now ſo eagerly embrac'd,
And proves the grateful Object of his Taſte;
Tho' the delicious Morſel with his Tongue
He rolls about, the Pleaſure to prolong,
Yet the Sweet Meat he ſwallows down ſo ſlow,
Shall in his Bowels Gall and Wormwood grow.
Swift it ſhall ſtrike like Venom to his Heart,
Rage in his Veins, and give tormenting Smart.

What if th' Oppreſſor Riches has devour'd,
And down his Throat immoderate Treaſure pour'd?
He cannot long th' unrighteous Load retain;
Sick of its Food, his Stomach will complain,
And caſt the precious Surfeit up in pain.
God will his Belly of its Prey beguile,
And from his Bowels wreſt the Wealthy Spoil,
The Beneficial and delightful Sin,
Which he has ſuck'd with ſo much Pleaſure in,

Shall

Shall ſting his Boſom as a Viper fierce,
And like a poiſon'd Dart his Entrails pierce.
The Streams of Joy and Rivers of Delight,
Which he believ'd would all his Toil requite,
Shall diſappoint his hope; and in their ſtead
Amazing Floods of Sorrow ſhall ſucceed.
For, that his Neighbours Wrongs may be redreſt,
Whom he by Fraud or Violence oppreſt,
He ſhall refund his wicked Wealth, and more
Shall yield what juſtly was his own before.

Tho' he, as ſaid, may Riches gorge, the Spoil
Painful in maſſy Vomit will recoil.
The time it ſtays, the bloated Glutton lies
Diſtended to a vaſt Hydropick ſize;
But he no Strength or Nouriſhment ſhall reap
From the Crude Maſs and undigeſted heap.
Becauſe the Poor deſpairing he has left,
Whom of his Goods by Rapine he bereft,
And has by open or by ſecret Guilt
Procur'd the Dwelling which another built.
For this, tormenting Gripes, inceſſant Fear
And ſelfrevenging Pangs his Heart ſhall tear,
Convulſive Throws and Agonies of Pain
Shall rack his Bowels, and enrage his Brain.
The Riches which his Soul did eager crave,
With all his watchful Care he ſhall not ſave.

The Heir, what Treaſure he has left behind,
Shall ne'er enquire, for none he'll hope to find.
When he ſhall moſt with Pow'r and Wealth abound,
With Guards encompaſs'd, and with Empire crown'd,
Then ſudden Miſchiefs ſhall his Seat ſurround.
Fierce Troops of Spoilers ſhall his Lands invade,
And far away his Wealth ſhall be convey'd.
When he deſigns his Riches to enjoy,
And ev'ry Senſe with every Pleaſure cloy,
A dreadful Storm of Wrath Divine ſhall riſe,
And gath'ring Vengeance ſhall diſturb the Skies:
While he is feaſting free from Fear and Care,
The Heav'ns ſhall levy unexpected War,
And on his Head ſuch a fierce Tempeſt pour,
As did thy Children in their Mirth devour.
By Fear and Terror urg'd the Wretch ſhall fly,
Leaſt by the Sword or Javelin he ſhould die;
But a ſwift Arrow from an Iron Bow
Shall overtake, and pierce the Rebel thro'.
Officious Friends, to heal his Wounded Veins,
Shall draw the bloody Weapon from his Reins,
Whoſe glitt'ring Point diſtain'd with iſſuing Gall,
Shows certain Death attends his ſudden fall.
In raging Pangs and Horror he ſhall lie,
Hopeleſs of living, and afraid to die.
Againſt him God ſhall Storms and Plagues provide,
In ſecret Places Stores of Fury hide.

And

And his dark Caves and Ars'nals careful ſtow,
With ripen'd Vengeance and collected Woe.
From cleaving Clouds a fiery Tempeſt pour'd,
Like that, which on the Hills thy Flocks devour'd,
Shall on his Subſtance and his Houſe deſcend,
And to deſtroy the Wretch its Terrors ſpend.
His Progeny, ſhould any Branch remain,
Shall paſs their diſmal Days in Grief and Pain.
By fatal Judgments thus ſhall be reveal'd
Th' enormous Guilt, the Hypocrite conceal'd.
The Earth ſhall all her Elements unite,
Muſter her Armies, and againſt him Fight.
The Subſtance he has gain'd ſhall flow away
Like rapid Torrents in that dreadful Day,
When by his Crimes provok'd his God in Rage
Shall arm'd advance th' Oppreſſor to engage.
Heav'n to th' Unjuſt this Portion ſhall divide,
This ſad Inheritance is on him ty'd,
He's the right Heir, with whom it ſhall abide.

Chap. XXI.

Then *Job* in Anguiſh thus reply'd——Forbear
To interrupt me, and with Patience hear
The Arguments I bring, while I proceed
In my Defence; this I'll accept inſtead
Of that condoling Pity, which from you
Is to a Friend in ſuch Affliction due.
Cool and ſedate my Reaſons weigh, and then
Reproach and mock your Suff'ring Friend agen.

When

When I in bitter Sorrow make my Moan,
Do I complain of cruel Man alone?
I oft with Reaſon do and muſt declare,
That God's Vindictive Stroaks too rigid are.
That I the mark of all his Weapons ſtand,
While ſome more guilty 'ſcape his Vengeful Hand.
But grant that I of Man alone complain,
Is that Complaint unjuſt, becauſe 'tis vain?
Have I not Cauſe thus to indulge my Grief,
When neither Man, nor God afford Relief?
Conſider well my ſad afflicted State,
My unexampled Suff'rings will create
Aſtoniſhment, will make you hold your Peace,
And from reproaching me for ever ceaſe.
When I reflect, that Providence Divine
Does on the Wicked, as on Fav'rites, ſhine,
That vile and irreligious Wretches cloy
Their pamper'd Senſes with Delight and Joy,
Whoſe Skins grow ſmooth and ſleek with Fat and Reſt,
And no Invader's Arms their Peace moleſt,
While the Religious, Juſt and Godlike Kind,
Who both from Heav'n and Earth hard Treatment find,
Are ſingled out, and deſtin'd to ſuſtain
At once the Wrath of Heav'n, and wear the Tyrant's Chain.

Perplex'd,

Perplex'd, confounded and amaz'd I ſtand,
And can't forbear a Reaſon to demand
Of this unequal Providential Care,
Why Miſcreants flouriſh, and the Juſt deſpair.
Here I from Heav'n Inſtruction would implore,
How to defend the Juſtice I adore.

Why do the Wicked unmoleſted dwell,
Flow in ſoft Pleaſure, and in Wealth excel?
In Mirth and Eaſe they ſpend each happy Day,
Healthful in Riot, and in Age not Gray.
The Regal Throne in Triumph they aſcend,
Repeat their Conqueſts, and their Pow'r extend.
Vig'rous, tho' far advanc'd in Years, they ſee
With Pride a fair and numerous Progeny.
Protected from Aſſaults they live ſecure,
And never God's Vindictive Rod endure.
Their fruitful Flocks engender on the Hill,
And with their Young their Herds the Valley fill.
Their verdant Meadows pour ſuch Riches forth,
That the ſtrong Mower groans to heave the Birth.
And while the fertile Furrows of their Field
A plenteous Harveſt to the Reaper yield;
Their Gardens flouriſh, and the Golden Fruit
Bend down the laden Boughs, and kiſs the Parent Root.
Their Children from their Houſe in Troops advance,
Sport in the Street, and o'er the Meadow dance.

To heighten yet the Pleaſure of the Day,
They take the Harp, and on the Timbrel play;
Are raviſh'd with the Singer's charming Voice,
And at the Organ's cheerful Sound rejoice.
In Eaſe and Wealth they ſpend their Golden Hours;
And while by Steps they waſt their Vital Powers,
By Years their Shoulders, not by Sickneſs, bend,
And ripe with Age they to the Grave deſcend.
While hence elated with prodigious Pride
Th' Almighty's Threats and Precepts they deride,
Religion's Heav'nly Graces they contemn,
And Godlike Saints, as cheated Fools, condemn.
Th' obdurate Rebels arrogantly ſay
What is th' Almighty? Why ſhould we obey?
What ſhall we gain if we in Praiſes ſpend
Our Breath, and Pray'rs to Heav'n devoutly ſend?

But thoſe, who Heav'n do thus oppoſe, no leſs
Their Folly, than Impiety expreſs.
The Wicked can't his gather'd Wealth defend;
On God, whom he provokes, he muſt depend.
Let him be rich, I can't his Conduct praiſe;
Nor ſhall I follow in the Sinner's Ways;
For tho' you vain Diſputers groſsly err,
When you with hardy Confidence aver
That the good Man God's Favour ſtill enjoys,
And that his Fury ſtill th' Unjuſt deſtroys,

Yet

Yet by Experience taught I certain know,
That tho' not always, yet 'tis often ſo.
Sometimes Deſtruction impious Men invades,
And the proud Glory of the Wicked fades.
By their black Crimes th' Almighty, oft incens'd,
Has fatal Judgments on their Heads diſpens'd:
Oft with his driving Wrath he's pleas'd to chaſe
From off the Earth this Irreligious Race;
While they, as Chaff before the Tempeſt, fly,
Or ſtubble born by Whirlwinds thro' the Sky.
Their Guilt th' Almighty treaſures up with Care,
And for their Sons will ſtores of Wrath prepare.
Their Progeny ſhall ſuffer for their Crimes,
And they themſelves ſhall ſee thoſe diſmal Times.
Their Lips ſhall drink of God's imbitter'd Bowl,
And their dim Eyes ſhall in Deſtruction rowl.
What Comfort, what Delight ſhall they derive
From all their num'rous Off-ſpring, who ſurvive,
When an untimely Violence has ſhut
Their Eye-lids, and their Days in ſunder cut?

Thus that the Wicked ſuffer I aſſert,
But not the Species, nor the greateſt part.
The Juſt too ſometimes proſper, tho' 'tis plain
Their uſual Fate is Trouble, Want and Pain:
Yet who ſhall to th' Almighty's ways object?
To guide the World who ſhall his Hand direct?

Muſt always God flagitious Men conſume?
Never the Righteous to Affliction doom?
Muſt this Diſtinction always be expreſt,
Becauſe you fancy this becomes him beſt?
Does not th'All-ſearching God Things clearly know,
The Judge of Saints above and Kings below?
Who then to teach him Wiſdom will pretend,
And ſhow him how his Government to mend?
One in his Vigour and his Strength full grown,
To whom enfeebling Aches are unknown,
Whoſe Breaſts and Sides congeſted Fat diſtends,
And thro' whoſe Bones a Marrow Flood deſcends,
Shall lie extended in the Grave beneath,
Sunk by an unexpected Stroke of Death.
Another wretch'd Suff'rer, who has ſpent
His mournful Days in Grief and Diſcontent,
In tort'ring Pains and bitter Anguiſh lies,
Nor till with lingring Sickneſs waſted, dies.
Equal the friendly Grave will both embrace,
And all Diſtinctions former Marks efface.
Worms on their Bodies without diff'rence feaſt,
And mingling Duſt the Dead together reſt.

Promiſcuous Troubles thus Mankind invade,
And Death alike befals the Good and Bad.
Theſe Diſpenſations never take their riſe
From one Man's Virtue, or another's Vice.

Nor does the Love or Wrath of God appear
By all that we enjoy or ſuffer here.
I know, my Friends, by what you have expreſt,
Th' Imaginations lodg'd within your Breaſt:
Your inward Thoughts your mournful Friend abuſe,
And tho' the Wicked only you accuſe
In gen'ral Language, 'tis not hard to ſee,
What you aſſert of them, you aim at me.
For in diſdainful Pride you oft demand
Where does the Wicked Prince's Palace ſtand?
Who does the Dwelling, where he flouriſh'd, know,
Or its Remains and Monuments can ſhow?
But can't the meaneſt Man, that paſſes by,
With clear convincing Light to this reply?
Ask of the next you meet, and he will tell
Where now the Wicked unmoleſted dwell.
He'll point and ſhow the Tow'rs, where they reſide,
The Marks and Trophies of ſucceſsful Pride.
'Tis plain, that oft they flouriſh, tho' 'tis true
That ſometimes vengeful Darts their Crimes purſue.
From preſent Trouble ſome are kept with Care,
That they at length may heavier Judgments bear,
Who brought by God to publick Pains and Shame,
The Triumphs of his Juſtice ſhall proclaim.
Theſe Fat and Sleek, and long for Slaughter fed
With Garlands crown'd, and Crowds around them ſpred,
Are to Deſtruction's bloody Altars led.

Thus ſtrokes of Vengeance oft the Wicked wait,
Tho' Pow'r and Plenty is their common Fate.
Aw'd by their Wealth and Station, Men forbear
To tell them what their Crimes and Dangers are.
Elated and impatient of Reproof,
They mock the Sage, and at his Counſel ſcoff.
They are too Great, by Pow'r and high Deſcent,
To be reſtrain'd by Fears of Puniſhment,
Too Wiſe to own their Errors and Repent.
Oft the proud Tyrant's Death ſhall æmulate
His former Splendor and his proſp'rous Fate,
Who, as he liv'd, ſhall die in Pride and State.
His Mourning Friends with ſad Magnificence,
With honourable Pomp and vaſt Expence,
Shall in the Duſt th'ungodly heap inter,
And paint and carve his ſtately Sepulcher.
His Body, when embalm'd with Coſt and Art
Shall reſt ſo whole and ſound in every part,
That 'twill a living Watchman poſted here
To guard the Dead, and not a Corps, appear,
While in the Grave he finds a ſweet repoſe,
Free from his Cares, and fearleſs of his Foes.
The Men, who live, or others yet unborn
Shall follow him, and all file off in Turn:
Nor is he more unhappy, than the reſt,
His Fate is common to the worſt and beſt.
Why then do you pretend, that joyful Days
I yet might ſee, would I reform my Ways?

Expe-

Experience your Aſſertion contradicts;
And ſhows that Heav'n the Righteous oft afflicts.
That the beſt Men prodigious Suff'rings bear,
While God is pleas'd th' unrighteous Race to ſpare.

Chap. XXII.

Then *Eliphaz* reply'd, Should *Job* complain?
Should'ſt thou thy Virtue undefil'd maintain,
Is God oblig'd? Does he th' Advantage gain?
Were all thy Days in pure Religion ſpent,
Would that th'Almighty's Happineſs augment?
When he does Virtue's ſtricteſt Rules enjoin,
Does he his own Advancement ſeek, or thine?
If thou art Good, the Profit is thy own,
God needs thee not, who on his Heav'nly Throne
Crown'd with Eſſential Bliſs in Triumph ſits,
Unmeaſur'd Bliſs, which no Encreaſe admits.
Does he in Wrath attempt thy Overthrow,
Fearing by time thou ſhould'ſt too Potent grow?
I grant thy Troubles great and numerous are,
But with thy Guilt they due proportion bear;
Juſtice Divine its Banks ne'er overflows,
Suff'rings immenſe Enormous Crimes ſuppoſe.

Either thy Neighbour's Pledge thou haſt detain'd,
And by Extortion all his Subſtance drain'd;
Of his plain Garment thou haſt ſtrip'd the Poor,
And ſent him Naked from thy cruel Door:

Or to the Man with burning Sunbeams fry'd,
At his laſt Gaſp thou haſt thy Spring deny'd.
Or thou haſt ſeen thy hungry Neighbour die
In want of Bread, which thou wouldſt not ſupply.
Perhaps unjuſtly to the Rich and Great
Thou haſt decreed another's Land and Seat,
While thou the mournful Widow did'ſt oppreſs,
And without Bowels cruſh the Fatherleſs:
For ſome ſuch Crime, tho' ſecret and unknown,
Thou doſt beneath this heavy Vengeance groan;
For this with Snares thy Feet are compaſs'd round,
And ſudden Fears thy trembling Soul confound:
Thick Shades and Darkneſs o'er thy Dwelling ſpread,
And diſmal Floods of Grief whelm o'er thy Head

Does not th' Almighty ſit enthron'd in Light,
On the extended Heav'n's remoteſt height,
Whence with a quick and eaſie proſpect he
Can all his Works and Worlds around him ſee?
Yet thou doſt act as if thou didſt believe
Thou could'ſt th' Eternal's ſearching Eye deceive,
As if thou ſaidſt, how can th' Almighty know?
How can he mind and judge of Things below?
Vaſt is the Gulph of Air that lies between,
And from his ſight thick Clouds the Sinner ſkreen!
He walks the Azure Circuit of the Sky,
Nor caſts on this low miſty Ball an Eye.

Inceſ-

Inceſſant Pleaſure his whole Time employs,
While bliſsful he himſelf alone enjoys.
Our Good or Evil Deeds, Delights or Pains,
Unworthy of his Notice he diſdains.
Know from thy Lips whate'er Expreſſions break,
This is the Language which thy Actions ſpeak.

Haſt thou not known how in the Eldeſt Times,
The Nations, for their black Enormous Crimes,
Were with their Sons and Subſtance ſwept away,
And to the general Flood became a Prey?
Theſe did th' Almighty's Sacred Laws deride,
Contemn'd his Favour, and his Threats defy'd.
They ſaid, if we Religion's Rule regard,
Who will our Pains and Pious Zeal reward?
Yet God their Houſes with abundance bleſt,
Enlarg'd their Empire, and their Stores encreaſt.
But who to Envy by their Wealth was mov'd?
Or who their impious Words or Ways approv'd?
For tho', like thee, they Peace a while enjoy'd,
Yet they at laſt were from the Earth deſtroy'd.
Still ſhall the Righteous have the Joy to ſee
Juſtice Divine rebuke Impiety.
Th' Almighty they'll exalt in Songs of Praiſe,
Who does his Glory by his Judgments raiſe,
They ſhall th' Oppreſſor's Pomp and Pow'r deride,
When Heav'n's juſt Vengeance thus corrects his Pride.

The Wicked periſh'd, while the Pious Race
In Ages paſt, whence our Deſcent we trace,
Favour'd by Heav'n poſſeſt their ancient place.
To Deſolation they were never doom'd,
Never by ſuch prodigious Fire conſum'd;
As raining down from Heav'n in flaming Show'rs,
Deſtroy'd proud *Sodom*'s and *Gomorrah*'s Tow'rs.

Wherefore, O *Job*, to God with ſpeed return,
In deep Contrition thy Offences mourn.
O'erwhelm'd with Shame and Sorrow proſtrate lie
Before his Feet, and for Compaſſion cry.
Let humble Pray'r and Penitential Tears
Appeaſe his Anger, and remove thy Fears.
When Heav'n is pleas'd, all Nature will reveal,
To bleſs thy Houſe with Peace, an ardent Zeal.
God's gracious Aſpect with prevailing Light
Will diſſipate this dark Tempeſtuous Night,
And riſing Joy will with its chearful Ray
Chaſe all theſe ſullen Clouds of Grief away.

Will *Job* prophane and impious Maxims learn
From ſtupid Heathens, who from all Concern
In Things below the Mind ſupream exempt,
And thus expoſe Religion to contempt?
No, let the Law which God of Old reveal'd
To humane Kind, which ſtill is unrepeal'd,

Or

Or which ſhould written in thy Heart abide,
Be made thy Rule of Life and Sacred Guide.
Within thy Breaſt with Pious Care record
His bleſt Inſtructions, and his Heav'nly Word,
If thou ſincerely wilt thy Life devote
To Virtuous Actions, and with Zeal promote
Th' Almighty's Honour and Religion's Cauſe
By ſtrict Obſervance of his Righteous Laws,
He thy amazing Ruins will repair,
And all thy re-united Fragments reer.
Thy Head ſhall riſe, tho' buried in the Duſt,
And mid'ſt the Clouds its glitt'ring Turrets thruſt.
He'll fix thy Pillars deeper in the Ground,
And ſtronger Bulwarks ſhall thy Houſe ſurround.
Thy Peace and Plenty bounteous he'll reſtore,
And give thee Empire wider than before.
Thou ſhalt no more of Vengeance be afraid,
No Terrors more ſhall thy ſafe Tents invade.
Thy Neighbours ſhall with Wonder *Job* behold,
With Cedar cloath'd and deck'd with Gems and Gold.
Prodigious Stores of Wealth thou ſhalt command,
And cheap as Duſt ſhalt gather Golden Sand,
Thy rich but diſregarded Ophir Oar
Shall lie like Stones on every River's Shore.
Wedges of Silver from the pureſt Mine
Pil'd high in heaps ſhall round thy Dwelling ſhine.
Againſt thy Foes th'Almighty will contend,
Protect thy Plenty, and thy Life defend.

Thou

Thou with his Favour ſhalt be ever bleſt,
A vaſt Reward exceeding all the reſt.
Thou ſhalt derive from him thy chief Delight,
The Thoughts of whom do now thy Soul affright;
Bold thou ſhalt look around thee, and employ
Thy Mind on Heaven with Confidence and Joy.
Thou to th'Almighty ſhalt have free acceſs,
And to his Throne prevailing Pray'rs addreſs.
When thou art heard, thy Vows in Trouble made,
Shall with a glad and thankful Heart be paid.
All thy Deſigns th' Almighty ſhall approve,
Who thy Decrees will ratify above.
Before thee he ſhall Heav'nly Light diſplay,
To ſolace and direct thee in thy way.
He ſhall protect thy Paths, thy Counſels bleſs,
And crown thy Undertakings with Succeſs.
While Wicked Men around ſhall be deſtroy'd,
Strip'd of the Pow'r and Wealth they once enjoy'd.
Thou ſhalt not feel th'Almighty's wrathful Hand,
But undiſturb'd poſſeſs thy fruitful Land.
For God the humble Perſon will regard,
And his Obedience bountiful Reward.
Nor ſhall thy Pray'r ſent to th'Almighty's Throne
Obtain his Favour for thy ſelf alone,
But ſhould'ſt thou ardent Supplications make,
Thy Neighbour's round ſhall proſper for thy ſake.

Then

Chap. XXIII.

Then *Job* reply'd---From you, my Friends, 'tis plain,
My Hopes of Eaſe illuſive are and vain,
Whoſe Conſolations aggravate my Pain.
I, after all your Applications, find
The bitter Anguiſh raging in my Mind.
The ſharp, redoubled Strokes, by which I bleed,
My mournful Cries and loudeſt Groans exceed.
You give me prudent Counſel, to acquaint
My ſelf with God; but this is my Complaint,
That from my Sight he does with Care retreat;
O, that I knew where I might find his Seat!
I would before him juſtify my Cauſe,
And ſhew I'm no Contemner of his Laws.
I would convincing Arguments prepare,
And all my Reaſons orderly declare,
To prove my angry Judge is over-ſtrict,
And does too rig'rous Puniſhments inflict.
I long to know what Charge he would produce,
Of what black Crimes he would my ways accuſe:
Let him detect thoſe Crimes to me unknown,
And I'll the Guilt with Shame and Sorrow own.
Patient my great Affliction I will bear,
And that I juſtly feel his Wrath, declare.
If I an equal Hearing could procure,
By Sovereign Power controul'd, me as impure
Would he condemn, and no Debate endure?

No,

No, he would give me Strength and Confidence,
And gracious would attend to my Defence.
Then I might ſtate my righteous Caſe at large,
And Heav'n would clear me from your groundleſs
Charge.
I fain would know, where I my God may find,
For ſtill he's Juſt, and long I found him kind,
Tho' grown of late eſtrang'd he has my Search
declin'd.
If I go forward to the Eaſtern Coaſt
To ſeek him out, I mourn my Labour loſt:
If I turn backward to the Weſtern Seats
To find him there, he ſtill my Hope defeats.
I roam thro' populous Northern Kingdoms, where
His moſt ſurprizing Works and Wonders are,
Yet is my ſtrict Enquiry fruitleſs there,
Nor will his Place be in the South reveal'd,
Who dwells in Clouds and gloomy Shades conceal'd.

But tho' the Righteous God will not appear
In Judgment now my Innocence to clear,
This is my Comfort, that his ſearching Eye
Does all my Thoughts, my Aims and Ways deſcry.
When he his Servant tries, which I deſire,
I ſhall, like Gold, come purer from the Fire.
I conſtant and unterrify'd have trod
In Virtue's Paths, and kept the heav'nly Road.
I ne'er the rough and ſteepy way declin'd,
But to th' Almighty's Will my own reſign'd.

Thro' threat'ning Dangers I my Paſſage made,
Of no low Gulph, or ſharp Aſcent afraid.
Heav'n's ſacred Precepts ſtill I did obey,
And always ſhun'd the ſmooth, but crooked way,
In which loſt Sinners from their Maker ſtray.
I ſtill preſerv'd th' Almighty's ſacred Word,
As wealthy Men their choiceſt Treaſures hoard.
To ſave the precious Store I ever ſhew'd
As much Concern, as for my daily Food.
But tho' th' Eternal Mind did always ſee
Theſe pregnant Proofs of my Integrity,
Inflexibly reſolv'd he'll ne'er relent,
Nor of his harſh Proceeding e'er repent.
Confirm'd in Wrath he will not change his Mind,
Never for me a tender Paſſion find.
My Suff'rings to accompliſh he'll proceed,
And execute the Wrath, he has decreed.

The Innocent by him are oft oppreſt
For ſecret Reaſons lodg'd within his Breaſt.
This is his Pleaſure; who ſhall dare diſpute
His Sovereign Will, and Empire abſolute?
Me to his Throne of Grace would he admit,
His Clemency my Virtue would acquit:
But on he comes his Creature to devour,
Arm'd with reſiſtleſs, arbitrary Power.
Therefore when I my great Creator ſee
Cloath'd with Auguſt, Imperial Majeſty,

I at his awful Preſence ſhake with Fear,
Nor can the Sight of Sovereign Glory bear.
When on his Terrors I reflect, I feel
An inward Dread, and ſtruck with Horror reel:
My ſinking Heart diſſolves within my Breaſt,
And bitter Sorrows interrupt my Reſt,
Becauſe he did not cut me off before
Theſe diſmal Shades and Troubles whelm'd me o'er,
Nor would indulgent let the friendly Grave
From ſo much Woe his wretched Creature ſave.

Chap. XXIV.

Why do my Friends erroneous Doctrines teach,
That certain Suff'rings here the Wicked reach?
God wiſely hides the deſtin'd Seaſons, when
His Vengeance ſhall deſtroy flagitious Men.
Ev'n thoſe, who ſtill his righteous Laws obey,
And mark with Care his providential Way,
Are unacquainted with his Judgment Day.
Nor can they tell the fix'd, determin'd Times,
When he will viſit Mens provoking Crimes.

Some void of Shame remove with treach'rous Hands
The Marks, that bound appropriated Lands.
They ſeize their Neighbour's Goats upon the Rocks,
And from the Mountains drive their woolly Flocks:
With wicked Spoils their Luxury they feaſt,
And fill'd with Rapine on their Couches reſt.

They

They the poor Widow of her Ox defraud,
Deſpoil the Orphan, and the Deed applaud.
They meet defenceleſs Trav'lers on the Way,
Who leave the Road, and o'er the Foreſt ſtray,
To pathleſs Woods and Hills affrighted fly,
And there in ſecret Caves for Safety lye.

Others as vile, forſaking Towns, remain
In ſome thick ſhelt'ring Wood or loneſome Plain,
Where ſalvage grown, ſoon as the dawning Ray
Appears, they quit their Haunts to hunt their Prey:
By Plunder theſe and cruel Rapine thrive,
And crown'd with Plenty in a Deſart live.
On Neighbours round they ſudden Inroads make,
And from their Fields by Force their Harveſt take,
The Cluſters from another's Vine they tear,
And the rich Spoil to their own Preſſes bear.
To their ſtrong Holds their Booty they convey,
The Lab'rers ſtrip, and make them naked ſtray
By Night expos'd to Cold, to Heat by Day.
Who, when they hear a murmuring Tempeſt riſe,
And ſee the gath'ring Clouds o'erſpread the Skies,
To neighb'ring Rocks their Flight for Refuge bend;
Their craggy Arms the friendly Rocks extend,
Embrace and hide them in their Clefts, and ſhow
More Pity than thoſe cruel Robbers know.

Beſides

Beſides the Subſtance, which becomes their Prey,
By Force they bear the Owners too away.
From their cloſe Coverts they Excurſions make
Amidſt the Country round, and Captives take
Poor Herdſmen, Trav'lers, buſie Swains, and wreſt
The ſtruggling Infant from the Nurſe's Breaſt;
Then lead them chain'd and ſtarving to their Caves,
And treat the helpleſs Creatures as their Slaves.
Tho' their ill-gotten Subſtance is immenſe,
Yet they deſpoil, with Salvage Violence,
Their hungry Captives of that little Fruit,
Which they had gleaned their Vigour to recruit.
They make them labour in the Olive Yard,
And with redoubled Stripes their Toil reward.
They ne'er permit them, who their Vineyard dreſs,
And tread the ſwelling Cluſters in the Preſs,
To take, tho' faint, a Grape from off the Vine,
Or taſte, while choak'd with Heat, a Drop of Wine.
To Lands remote theſe Outlaws force their way,
And their hard Yoke on fenceleſs Cities lay,
In whoſe ſad ſtreets the ſuff'ring People groan,
And make, like wounded Men, a diſmal Moan.

There is, beſides this more audacious Race,
Whoſe open Crimes the Sun at Noon out-face,
A ſort of ſecret Sinners, who require
The darkeſt Shades, and from the Light retire.
For Inſtance, at th' uncertain Dawn of Day
The lurking Murd'rer does his Neighbour ſlay:

Then full of Fear the black Aſſaſſin flies,
And, 'till the Night, in ſome cloſe Covert lyes;
And then becoming Thief he roams abroad,
And with ſtol'n Subſtance does his Shoulders load.
His Guilt the ſhy Adulterer delays,
And for the Evening's doubtful Twilight ſtays:
To paſs unſeen he muffles up his Head,
And ſteals in ſecret to the Harlot's Bed.
Hot with unbridled Flames he in the dark
Breaks Houſes up, on which he ſet his Mark
The Day before, where to aſſwage his Luſt,
But the thick Darkneſs is his only Truſt:
Before the Morn returns, he takes his Flight,
And hating Day demands the ſhelt'ring Night;
For if diſcover'd, all the Signs of Fear
And Conſternation in his Looks appear.

To theſe the roving Pyrate you may add,
Who puts to Sea the Merchant to invade,
And reaps the Profit of another's Trade.
He ſculks behind ſome Rock, or ſwiftly flies
From Creek to Creek rich Veſſels to ſurprize.
Great Spoil by this vile Courſe the Robber gains,
And lays up ſo much Wealth, that he diſdains
And mocks the mean, unprofitable Toil
Of thoſe, who plant the Vine, or till the Soil.

Some Maids deflower, then kill, to hide their Shame,
The unborn Offspring of their guilty Flame.

The poor and helpleſs Widow ſome abuſe,
And Reparation cruelly refuſe.
Their Pow'r and Threats the timerous Judges awe,
And to their Side the Rich and Mighty draw.
For if the Villains, on Pretence of Wrong,
Aſſail great Perſons, be they ne'er ſo ſtrong,
Can they againſt Aſſaſſins make Defence?
Who lives ſecure from ſecret Violence?
Tho' by repeated Vows they ſhould declare
That all their cloſe Deſigns offenceleſs are,
And make ſuch ſolemn Promiſes, that you
May think you're ſafe, becauſe you think them true,
Yet they will wait, and all Occaſions watch
The Miſchief, they intended, to diſpatch.

Theſe in their wicked Courſes free from Fear,
Becauſe not doom'd to Suff'rings, perſevere.
'Tis true, th' Almighty ſees their Inſolence,
But unconcern'd no Vengeance does diſpence.
The troubled Skies with Light'ning grows not red,
Nor does his Thunder ſtrike Oppreſſors dead.
Th' Eternal pours no dreadful Viols down
On Rebels worthy of his wrathful Frown.
Among them no ſtrange Plagues are ſent abroad,
No Storms their Fury on their Heads unload.
Pamper'd in Eaſe and Plenty long they live;
And from Impunity their Pride derive:

All

All things to raiſe their Happineſs comply,
And as they liv'd, they unmoleſted die.
Then to the ſilent Grave, an eaſie Bed,
Like other Men, in Peace they are convey'd,
Part of the long Proceſſion of the Dead.
With grievous Sickneſs they are ne'er diſtreſt,
Nor fall with long tormenting Pains oppreſt.
Gently cut down by Fate, like Ears of Corn
When fully ripe, they to the Tomb are born.
By ſlow Degrees they ſink and wear away,
And Death's a kind inſenſible Decay.
Their Streams of Life, like peaceful Rivers, flow,
And when they die, they gently melt like Snow.
Heav'n no ſuch Marks of Wrath does on them ſet,
But that the Mothers may their Sons forget:
Their Bodies hang not, by the publick way,
To Men a Terror, and to Beaſts a Prey;
But by their Friends they are inter'd in State
A Feaſt for Worms, of Man the common Fate;
Where they of laſting Quiet are poſſeſt,
And their Oppreſſions buried with them reſt:
When theſe are gone, the Age that next ſucceeds,
As eaſie will forget their wicked Deeds,
As a loſt Tree by Time to Atomes worn,
Or by a riving Storm to Shivers torn.
Since theſe Remarks deliberate I have weigh'd,
And know no ſtrong Objections can be made,

I on the Truth of this Diſcourſe rely,
And each Oppoſer's Arguments defy.

Chap. XXV.

Then *Bildad* anſwer'd thus---Will *Job* delight
To cenſure Truth and Wiſdom infinite?
Wilt thou th' Almighty's Providence correct,
And charge him with Injuſtice or Neglect,
As if he ne'er did Righteous Deeds regard,
And did the Impious, not the Juſt, reward;
Or as his Care did never interpoſe,
But all Things from uncertain Chance aroſe?
Should not his awful Majeſty controul
Thy Arrogance, and ſhake with Fear thy Soul?
His Creatures never ſhould debating ſtand,
But ſwift obey his abſolute Command.
This low Terreſtrial World does not alone
His Sovereign Rule and Juriſdiction own,
His Empire is of unconfin'd Extent
O'er all the wide etherial Continent;
O'er all the liquid Regions of the Air,
And all the ſhining Iſlands floating there.
He Peace preſerves in the bright Realms above,
And makes the Spheres in beauteous Order move.
All the Seraphick, glorious Hierarchy,
The pure and Godlike People of the Sky,
Adore the Depths of Providence Divine,
And to th' Almighty's Will their Will reſign;

And

And yet ſhall diſcontented *Job* debate
His Caſe with God, and quarrel with his Fate?
To guard his mighty Empire, and controul
Uproar and Strife, what Troops can he enroll!
What numerous Armies can th' Almighty head,
And what reſiſtleſs Pow'rs to combate lead?
Myriads of Angels, houſhold Squadrons, lye
Encampt around to guard his Throne on high.
Sabres of Flame th' immortal Warriors wield,
And now in fiery Chariots take the Field;
Now high in Air the wing'd Batallions riſe,
While glorious War hangs hov'ring in the Skies.
Along th' inferior Heav'ns at his Command
His muſt'ring Meteors regimented ſtand.
Tempeſts of Thunder, Whirlwind, Rain and Fire,
To fight the Battels of the Lord conſpire:
All Nature at his Beck, if Rebels rage,
Will take up Arms, and on his Side engage.

Of ſuch Extent is his Imperial Sway,
With ſo much Eaſe can he Oppreſſors ſlay,
Yet is his Goodneſs equal to his Might;
The Sun, his unexhauſted Sea of Light,
Laviſh of Glory, does to all diſpence
His cheering Beams and fruitful Influence.
Wide as the World God has his Table ſpread,
And all his Creatures at his Coſt are fed.

Who

Who of his regal Bounty does not taſte?
Whoſe Stores, if not ſupply'd by him, can laſt?
Since on his Pow'r and Goodneſs we depend,
And can to nothing, as a Debt, pretend;
We murmur and complain without a Cauſe,
When he his Bleſſings, not our Right, withdraws.
Beſides our various Crimes, which Heav'n provoke,
Juſtly expoſe us to his wrathful Stroke:
Who can before his high Tribunal ſtand,
Plead Innocence, and his Diſcharge demand?
Can into Being Man untainted paſs,
And ſcape the Leaven that infects the Maſs?
Does a ſweet Stream, that with pure Cryſtal vies,
From an unwholſome troubled Fountain riſe?
Can a wild Vine a generous Vintage bring?
Or from a Shrub can lofty Branches ſpring?
The Conſtellations, that adorn the Sky,
Reveal their Spots to God's All-ſearching Eye;
Then what foul Stains will he in Man deſcry?
In Man, a worthleſs Worm, who turns to Duſt
And Putrefaction, whence he ſprung at firſt.

Chap. XXVI.

Then righteous *Job* did *Bildad* thus beſpeak;
To cheer the Mourner, and to help the Weak,
Thou haſt a happy, maſterly Addreſs,
A winning way, that ne'er can miſs Succeſs.
How pertinent, how clear is thy Diſcourſe?
What ſullen Sorrow can reſiſt its Force?

Thy

Thy bleſt Inſtructions, and thy grave Advice
Can teach the Blind, and make the Stupid wiſe.
Diſplay'd by thy ſage Oracles, I find,
A heav'nly Day irradiates my Mind.
Thou haſt thy Point by ſolid Reaſon prov'd,
And, like an Oracle, all Doubts remov'd.
What knowing Spirit has thy Boſom fir'd,
For thou haſt argu'd like a Man inſpir'd?
But whom, vain Man, doſt thou pretend to teach?
Am I ſo weak, and of ſo ſhort a Reach,
That I muſt always hear the common Theme
Of God's Imperial Sway and Power Supreme?
I could th' Almighty's wond'rous Works with eaſe,
Like you, ennumerate, as for Inſtance theſe.

He made the wanton Monſters, that reſide
In the wide Deep, and bound above the Tide,
Wild Water-Giants, hideous Forms, that reign
Lords of the vaſt inhoſpitable Main;
A ſalvage Race, that range the liquid Fields,
And fill with Rapine all the wavy Wilds.
All the dumb Nations of the deep Abyſs
And finny People of the Floods are his.
To hide from God its ſad Inhabitants
And dusky Realms Hell thicker Darkneſs wants.
Compacted Shades and cloſe ſubſtantial Night
Elude the Sun's, but not th' Almighty's Sight.

Death does in vain her ſable Covering ſpread,
And in her ſecret Vaults lock up the dead.
Th' Almighty's Eye does all her Spoils ſurvey,
And no Diſtinction knows of Night or Day.
He o'er the empty Space diſplays on high
The wide Expanſion of the Northern Sky:
Hangs up the pond'rous Earth in ambient Air,
And his Command and Providential Care
Are the ſole Pillars that the Fabrick bear.
He bids the looſe and fluid Clouds ſuſtain
Impriſon'd Tempeſts, and ſuſpend the Rain;
Diſtended with the Waters in 'em pent
Their Wombs hang deep in Air, but float unrent.
Then at the Lord's Command ſucceſſive Drops
Diſtill from Heav'n, and crown the Farmer's Hopes.
Leſt his high Throne above Expreſſion bright,
With too much Glory ſhould oppreſs our Sight,
To break the dazling Force he draws a Screen
Of ſable Shades, and ſpreads his Clouds between.
He raiſes rocky Fences round the Deep,
Which wild indignant Waves in Priſon keep;
That, whilſt, as order'd by alternate Sway,
The Sun and Moon ſhall rule the Night and Day,
The foaming Surges rolling o'er the Strand,
May not a Deluge ſpread, and drown the Land.
The Hills and Mountains, whoſe aſpiring Tops
Appear vaſt Pillars and unſhaken Props

Rcer'd

Reer'd to ſuſtain the Heav'ns expanded Roof,
Tremble with Fear, and ſhake at his Reproof.
He with his mighty Pow'r the Sea divides,
And ploughs deep Furrows in its wounded Sides.
At his Command the threat'ning Billows riſe,
Mix with the Clouds, and lave with Foam the Skys;
But in a Moment he corrects their Pride,
And bids the Sea reſtrain her ſwelling Tide:
Uproar is huſht, the Ocean at his Frown
Shrinks back, and calls its tow'ring Surges down.
The trembling Waves creep ſoftly to the Shore,
And Tempeſts over-aw'd no longer roar.
He ſpread the Spheres, and their wide azure Face
With Conſtellations did profuſely grace.
He the great Serpent form'd, and bid him rowl
In ſtarry Volumes round the Northern Pole,
Theſe of his Works are part, but ſtill I own
To mortal Man his Skill is little known.
To ſuch Extent who can his Reaſon ſtretch
As his vaſt Pow'r and Providence can reach?
His boundleſs Wiſdom who can comprehend,
Or will to ſearch the dark Abyſs deſcend?
Who can his Wonders number? who declare
Of Energy Divine the utmoſt Sphere?

Chap. XXVII.

Here *Job* a while forbore to ſpeak, and ſtay'd
For their Reply; but no Reply was made.

Then he his grave and wiſe Diſcourſe revives,
And ſaid, As God, my great Creator, lives,
Who ſtill to hear and judge my Cauſe denies,
And my vex'd Soul with ſharp Affliction tries,
While the warm Blood dilates my winding Veins,
And in my Noſtrils while my Breath remains,
The Breath, which God himſelf did firſt inſpire
Gently to fan, and feed the vital Fire,
No Falſhood will I mix in this Debate,
Not with perfidious Lips expreſs Deceit.
Under the Cenſure of my Friends I lye,
Charg'd with Offences of the deepeſt dye,
Oppreſſion, Fraud, and vile Hypocriſie.
Shall I acquit their raſh cenſorious Tongue,
Confeſs th' Indictment, and my Virtue wrong?
Forbid, O gracious Heav'n! that I ſhould own
So black a Charge of Crimes to me unknown;
To my laſt Breath I ſtedfaſt will aſſert
My pure Intention, and an upright Heart.
Conſcience, whoſe Court of Juſtice is within,
Can ne'er accuſe me of deliberate Sin.
The Impious and his Paths I ſo deteſt,
That might I feed Revenge within my Breaſt,
And be allow'd the Freedom to beſtow
The greateſt Curſe upon my greateſt Foe,
I would deſire that Foe might all his Days
Delight in vicious Men and wicked Ways.

What if the Sinner's Magazines are ſtor'd
With the rich Spoils, that *Ophir*'s Mines afford?
What if he ſpends his happy Days and Nights
In ſofteſt Joys and undiſturb'd Delights?
Where is his Hope at laſt, when God ſhall wreſt
His trembling Soul from his reluctant Breaſt?
Muſt he not then th' Almighty's Terrors know
Condemn'd to Chains, and everlaſting Woe?
This is his Fate, but often in his Race
Juſtice o'ertakes him here, tho' ſlow of Pace.
And when the Day of Vengeance ſhall appear,
The Wretch will cry, but will th' Almighty hear?
Tho' bath'd in Tears Compaſſion he invokes,
The Judge unmov'd will multiply his Strokes.
His vain Complaints and unregarded Pray'r
Will drive the raving Rebel to deſpair.
With Courage can the Criminal apply
To God's high Throne, and on his Aid rely?
Will he not rather, when oppreſt with Grief,
Ceaſe by Devotion to implore Relief?

Do not diſdain to learn, and I'll reveal
How the Juſt God does with the Wicked deal,
While ſome obſcurer Methods I detect,
By which he's pleas'd his Conduct to direct.
By long Experience taught your ſelves muſt grant,
That I no Proof of my Aſſertions want.

I own that ſome, not all the Impious Band,
As you affirm, feel God's vindictive Hand.
And this ſhould make the proud Oppreſſor dread
The Vengeance gath'ring o'er his guilty Head.
His Offſpring he augments to be devour'd
By ling'ring Famine, or the raging Sword.
Untimely Death his Children ſhall conſume,
And ſink them deep in black Oblivion's Womb;
His Wives well pleas'd to ſee the Tyrant's Fate
Shall joyful Mourners on his Funeral wait.
Tho' he collects vaſt hoards of precious Gold
And Silver, cheap as Duſt, his Coffers hold.
Tho' Robes of State wrought with unrival'd Skill,
And rich embroider'd Veſts his Wardrobe fill,
Yet ſhall the Pious and the Juſt divide
His glitt'ring Treaſure, and his purple Pride.
The Judge's righteous Sentence ſhall reſtore
The Wealth th' Oppreſſor wreſted from the Poor.
His dwelling, like the Moth's, ſhall ſoon decay,
Which ſettles in a Garment for a Day,
But ſuddenly is cruſh'd, and ſwept away:
Or like the Lodge, the Keeper's Hands erect
His Garden Fruit or Vintage to protect;
Which, when the Swain has gather'd in his Store,
Is pull'd as quickly down, as reer'd before.

When Heav'n the Tyrant ſhall of Life bereave,
The Wretch no Funeral Honours ſhall receive.

His

His Corps ſhall lye expos'd in open Day
To roaming Beaſts, and rav'ning Birds a Prey.
While one can caſt his Eye and look around
Heav'n ſhall the Man, his Race and Name confound.
A ſwelling Innundation of Diſtreſs,
And Woes, like thronging Waves ſhall on him preſs.
This unexpected Storm of Wrath ſhall riſe,
And in the Night the careleſs Man ſurprize.
An Eaſtern Whirlwind ſhall his Palace tear,
Catch up, and with its rapid Eddy bear
Th' Oppreſſor far away thro' Wilds of Air.
God ſhall his fatal Darts againſt him throw,
Nor will he ſpare him, when involv'd in Woe.
Mercy the Wretch invokes with fruitleſs Cries,
In vain he weeps and prays, in vain he flies.
His Neighbours round ſhall his ſwift Fall deride,
And praiſe juſt Heav'n, that thus corrects his Pride.
Still have I thought the righteous God at laſt
Would on the Wicked ſure Deſtruction caſt,
And ſome ev'n in their Bloom his Terrors blaſt.
But taught by Obſervation, I aſſert
That he is pleas'd to let the greater part
In Peace and Splendor paſs their happy Years,
And long their Day of Puniſhment defers:
Whilſt oft the Juſt, that ſerve and love their God,
Bewail their Wounds inflicted by his Rod.
This puzzling Conduct, theſe Myſterious ways
Create my Trouble and my Wonder raiſe.

But you, becauſe your Reaſon can't untie
The hard perplexing Knot, the Fact deny,
As if you thought your narrow Wit and Senſe
Could reach th' unfathom'd Depths of Providence.
In Things below your Wiſdom may appear,
But theſe are heights that far ſurmount your Sphere.

Chap. XXVIII.

Advent'rous Man may with ſucceſsful Pains
Diſſect the Ground, trace all the ſhining Veins
Of Silver Oar, and wreſt with Skill and Toil
Its Golden Entrails from th' Embowell'd Soil:
And then the Smelter frees with curious Art
The precious Metal from the droſſy Part.
Men dig out pond'rous Iron from the Mine,
And molten Copper in the Flames refine.
The Artiſt ſearches all the Seats beneath,
Gloomy and loneſom, as the Shades of Death,
Where Nature far withdrawn from Human ſight,
To finiſh rich Productions takes Delight.
Forms different precious Stones of different hue,
And to each Metal gives the hardneſs due.
They all the Earth's dark Bowels open lay,
Whence Central Shades familiar grow with Day:
And when the Subterranean Floods invade
Their artful Caves thro' which they cannot wade,
With wond'rous labour they their Works maintain,
And from the Mine the flowing Deluge drain.

While

While fruitful Trees and bending Ears of Corn
Laden with Bread the Earth above adorn,
With ſparkling Gems its inward parts are ſtor'd,
Which Min'rals too of diff'rent Kind afford.
Here Saphires, Strangers to the Solar Ray
Mid'ſt common Stones an azure Heav'n diſplay.
Here Nature ſcattering Silver we behold,
And with baſe Peebles mingling Sands of Gold.
No Fowl of Heav'n, no not the Vulture's Eye
Of piercing Sight did e'er theſe Seats deſcry.
Thoſe Sons of Pride the Lyons never found
Theſe Caves and dark Receſſes underground.
To Beaſts and Birds theſe Regions are unknown,
By Men diſcover'd, and by Men alone,
Who cut with Toil thro' hardeſt Rocks their way,
Dig thro' the Hills, and Mountains level lay,
That the Mettalick Wealth may be reveal'd,
Which in their maſſy Bowels lies conceal'd.
If riſing Springs o'erflow the precious Vein,
They faſhion Channels in the Rocks, to drain
Th' invading Flood, till they their Treaſure gain.

Thus into Nature's Secrets Men deſcend,
And may to Knowledge in her Works pretend;
But who can Heav'n's deep Counſels comprehend?
Who can inform th'Enquirer, who can tell
Where Skill Divine and Heav'nly Wiſdom dwell?

Its value ſtupid Mortals do not know,
Nor is it found when ſearch'd for here below.
The Land aloud exclaims, I am not bleſt
To be th'abode of this Celeſtial Gueſt.
The Sea and all its noiſie Waves declare
In vain you ſeek the Sacred Stranger there.
Th' Infernal Deep cries with a hollow ſound,
Here's no Apartment for her under Ground.
Th'ineſtimable Bleſſing can't be bought
With all the Golden Wealth from Ophir brought.
The Man, whom Wiſdom's Heav'nly Lights adorn,
May Pearl and Rubies by great Princes worn,
If proffer'd in Exchange, reject with Scorn.
Saphires and Diamonds with vaſt Labour ſought,
The Topaz fetch'd from Countries far remote,
Which fix'd in regal Crowns attract regard,
Are worthleſs Toys with this bright Gem compar'd.
Who can inſtruct us then whence Wiſdom flows,
And who the place of Underſtanding knows,
Since after ſtrict Enquiry we deſpair
To find it in the Land, the Sea, or Air?
Death and Deſtruction cry, among our Slaves
We ne'er dragg'd Wiſdom to our ſecret Caves.
To our low Seats the Stranger ne'er convey'd,
Nor hid her there in ſolitary Shade.
We are acquainted only with her Name,
Only have heard of her Immortal Fame.

Alone

Alone the Great All-penetrating God
Knows his own Off-ſpring Wiſdom's bleſt abode.
For he ſurveys from Heav'n's bright Cryſtal Brow
The vaſt, expanded Univerſe below;
The ſpacious Vales of liquid Sky and Air,
And all his Worlds that hang in order there.
The Bounds of Nature, Chaos and old Night
Limit the Sun's, but not his Maker's ſight.
He views the Realms of this Terreſtrial Iſle,
And ſees the diſtant Bound'rys of its Soil:
He forms the various Meteors, which appear
Thro' the low Regions of the Atmoſphere.

He deals out to the Winds their Weight and Force,
Gives them their Wings, and then directs their Courſe.
He meaſures all the drops with wondrous Skill
Which the black Clouds, his floating Bottles, fill.
When he decreed the manner of the Rain,
And did the Lightning's crooked Path ordain,
When he appointed Nature's Courſe and Way,
And gave Command, that thence ſhe ſhould not ſtray,
Then Wiſdom he beheld; he ſearch'd with Care
His own All-ſeeing Mind, and found it there.
He oft reflected on the Sacred Gueſt,
Which had her fix'd Abode within his Breaſt,
And in his Works her Godlike Form expreſt.

But

But then to Man, to whom he had deny'd
The perfect Knowledge of his Ways, he cry'd
The Fear of God is Wiſdom, to depart
From Evil, This is Science, This is Art.
Attempt to know no more than God reveals,
Search not for Secrets, which his Breaſt conceals.
In this Abyſs truſt not thy vent'rous Oar;
Wouldſt thou be ſafe, than keep along the Shore,
And from afar this awful Deep adore.
Thy Happineſs in being Righteous lies,
Be Good, and in Perfection thou art Wiſe.
Juſtly thou may'ſt deſpiſe the boaſtful Schools,
And learned Cant of Grave diſputing Fools.

Chap. XXIX.

Job ſtill continu'd his Divine Diſcourſe,
And thus addreſs'd his Friends with Reaſon's force.
O, that the happy Days might be reſtor'd,
When gracious Aid th' Almighty did afford!
When his Celeſtial Lamp ſhone o'er my Head,
And with its Light directed me to tread
In loneſome Paths with horrid Darkneſs ſpread.
When ſecret Bleſſings did my Youth attend,
And Guardian Providence my Houſe defend.
And all my Children round me ſtood, and God
Did with his Preſence bleſs my ſafe abode,
With Treats diſtended with their Milky ſtore
Such num'rous lowing Herds before my Door

Their

Their painful Burden to unload did meet,
That we with Butter might have waſh'd our Feet.

Beſides the Harveſt of my richer Soil,
Ev'n Rocks themſelves pour'd Rivers forth of Oyl.
When thro' the Streets I march'd in Princely State
To ſit Judicial in the City Gate,
The younger Men, ſoon as my Face they ſaw,
Drew back in Fear or Reverential Awe.
The Eldeſt Fathers, while I paſt along,
Stood up, and bow'd amidſt the gazing Throng.
Princes and Lords of ancient noble Blood
To ſhew regard, before me ſilent ſtood.
The Ear, that heard me, did the Speaker bleſs,
The Eye that ſaw me, did its Joy confeſs;
Becauſe th' Oppreſſor's Rage I did withſtand,
And wreſted Suff'rers from his griping Hand.
The Poor and helpleſs, when almoſt devour'd,
Reſcu'd by me, on me their Bleſſings pour'd.
A Father to the Orphans I ſupply'd,
And made the Widow joyful, as a Bride.
With Righteouſneſs and Mercy cloath'd I ſate
Awful, as dreſt in ſplendid Robes of State.
And ſpotleſs Juſtice gain'd me more Renown,
Than if my Head had wore a Monarch's Crown.
Refreſh'd by me the Naked, Blind and Lame,
Thro' ringing Streets my Bounty did proclaim.

I with Paternal Bowels fed the Poor,
No needy Wretch went Hungry from my Door.
Thoſe Frauds and cruel Wrongs of which th'Oppreſt
Durſt not complain I ſought for and redreſt,
While my juſt Hand broke the proud Tyrant's Jaws,
And of the Spoil diſſeiz'd his bloody Paws.

I now have built, ſaid I, my lofty Neſt,
Where I'll repoſe, and feaſt on endleſs Reſt.
My Days ſhall all be proſp'rous and increaſe,
Till they exceed the Sands around the Seas.
With fruitful Streams below my Root was fed,
And from above kind Heav'n by Night did
ſpred
Refreſhing Dews o'er all my branching Head.
I then was ſtrong, as in my youthful Bloom,
And with new Vigour did my Bow aſſume:
Th'attentive Throng, while I in Judgment ſate,
Profoundly ſilent did around me wait:
Like cluſt'ring Bees upon my Lips they hung,
And ſuck'd the Words like Honey from my Tongue.
My Dictates were, as Oracles, obey'd,
And no Reply to my Diſcourſe was made.
My Language on them drop'd, like Summer Rain,
That falls from Heav'n to cheer the thirſty Plain.
If I my ſolemn Air diſmiſs'd, if e'er
I kind and condeſcending did appear,

The

The People ſcarcely could believe me ſo,
Nor did they rude or too familiar grow;
Nor ill Conſtructions of my Favours made,
But ſtill a due Reſpect and Rev'rence paid.
What way to follow I the Enquirer told,
And all Men's doubtful Queſtions did unfold.
I ſate as Chief, while they around me ſtay'd,
And with my Looks and Words their Paſſions ſway'd,
When I appear'd, they did ſuch Joy expreſs,
As ſhouting Armies ſhow when in Diſtreſs
They ſee their General come, whoſe Preſence gives
Their Breaſts new Courage, and their Hopes revives.

Chap. XXX.

Now Providence Divine has chang'd my State;
Such are my Wants, and ſuch my Woes of late,
That thoſe young Men my Poverty deride,
To whoſe intreating Fathers I deny'd
The Privilege my numerous Herds to keep,
Or with my Dogs to ſit and guard my Sheep.
For they were grown, their Manly Vigour ſpent;
With Vice and Age ſo weak and impotent,
They were no more for uſeful Labour fit,
But wander'd hoary Beggars thro' the Street
Oppreſt with Want and Famine, till at laſt,
Like Thieves from every City they were chas'd.

Trem-

Trembling with Fear to ſhun their Neighbour's
ſight,
To ſolitary Woods they took their flight,
Roam'd o'er the Plains by Day, and skulk'd in
Hills by Night.
In thorny Dens and rocky Caves they lay,
To ſome Beaſt's Hunger, or their own, a prey.
Of Juniper they eat the bitter Root,
Unſavory Herbs, and wild unwholſom Fruit.
To fill their Stomachs with ſupplies of Food
They made the Mountains bare, and ſtrip'd the
Wood,
And did the Bramble and the Thorn devour,
Beneath whoſe ſhelter they had lodg'd before.
Never did yet a Stock ſo vile, ſo baſe
Derive on Human Nature more diſgrace,
Or has a Land been curſt with ſuch a Race.
Yet to their ſcoffing Sons I grow a Jeſt,
So low is *Job*, ſo poor and ſo oppreſt.
What contumelious Inſults have I born
From their black Mouths? What unexampled Scorn?
With bitter Taunts they ſuff'ring *Job* revile.
And paſs diſdainful by me with a Smile.
They treat me with Contempt, abhor my Sight,
And as from one Infected take their flight.
They dare affront and mock me to my Face;
Since God is pleas'd his Servant to diſgrace.

While

While he to cruſh me does his Pow'r engage,
They too unbridle all their Salvage Rage:
Young Striplings *Job* afflicted thus deſpiſe,
And to obſtruct my way againſt me riſe.
No Methods, no Devices they neglect,
Which proper ſeem my Ruin to effect.
My Righteous Actions they perverſely wreſt,
And by their flouts my Anguiſh is encreaſt.
Still to invent new Slanders they proceed,
And are ſo fruitful they no Helper need.
On me they come, as conquering Soldiers ruſh
Thro' a wide Breach, or as a mighty fluſh
Of rapid Waters, which have broken down
Th' oppoſing Banks, and now the Vally drown.
Like preſſing Waves their Terrors on me roll,
And, as a Storm, my Foes purſue my Soul.
My Joy and Peace diſſolve and melt away,
Like Morning Miſts before the riſing Day.
And now my Soul is griev'd, my Fleſh diſeas'd,
And diſmal Woes have me their Priſoner ſeiz'd.
All Night I lie extended on the Rack,
My Bones are tortur'd, and my Sinews crack,
The Putrefaction from my running Boils
With loathſom Stains my ſtiff'ning Veſt defiles.
Cloſe to my Sores it ſticks, as to my Throat
The narrow Collar of my Seamleſs Coat:
God in the Duſt has me his Servant ſpurn'd,
Ev'n while alive, I ſeem to Aſhes turn'd.

I cry to Heav'n, but am I ever heard?
I make my Moan, but does the Lord regard?
God once Indulgent now is grown ſevere,
Revers'd his Native Attributes appear;
His mighty Hand, which did my Life ſuſtain
Is now extended to augment my Pain.
Caught up, like Chaff, by Whirlwinds I am toſt,
And this and that way driv'n, till I have loſt
The Fleſh and Vigour which I once could boaſt:
I find the Tomb muſt ſoon my Limbs receive,
The general Rendezvous of all that live.
Th' Almighty will not ſtretch his Hand to ſave
A Wretch that ſeems already in the Grave,
Not all the Pray'rs, which by my Friends are ſent,
To Heav'n my ſure Deſtruction can prevent.
Did not my Soul for Men in Trouble mourn?
Was I not mov'd, did not my Bowels turn,
And o'er the Poor touch'd with Compaſſion yern?
Yet (fatal Diſappointment) dreadful Woes
Came, when I look'd for Joy and ſweet Repoſe.
While I was waiting for the cheerful Light,
Dark Clouds involv'd me in a diſmal Night.
My Soul in reſtleſs Agonies of Grief
Tormented lay and hopeleſs of Relief.
So unawares Heav'ns Vengeance did appear,
That my deep Wounds prevented quick-ey'd Fear:
To ſolitary Seats I love to creep,
And haunt Receſſes where I groan and weep.

To

To ancient loneſome Ruins I repair,
And moſſy heaps in damp unwholſome Air,
A Deſolation wild as my Deſpair.
There I ſo long have cry'd and made my moan,
That to the Salvage Beaſts my Story's known.
Well pleas'd with Owls and Ravens I converſe,
And the long Series of my Woes reherſe.
They ſcreech and croak, and from ill-boading Throats
To my ſad Grief return becoming Notes.
By Night with Wolves I well acquainted ſit,
Howling Companions for my Sorrow fit.
Serpents my hiſſing Friends with me abide,
And with my Brother Dragon I reſide.
I am with Horror now familiar grown,
To all the Terrors of the Deſart known,
And friendly Satyrs take me for their own.
My Bones grown dry with ſcorching Heat within
Start out, and break my black and wither'd Skin.
I now no more the tuneful Harp employ,
Tears and Complaints ſucceed my baniſh'd Joy;
No longer to the Organ I rejoice,
But for the Mourner's change the Singer's Voice.

Chap. XXXI.

Yet tho' my Wants and Pains are ſo extream,
None can my Life of heinous Sin condemn.
So far from that, I have with Care ſuppreſt
Sin's firſt Conception ſtruggling in my Breaſt.

I did

I did the Spark, as ſoon as kindled, tame
Before it blaz'd, and ſpread reſiſtleſs Flame.
I with my Eyes, whoſe Objects oft inſpire
The Heart with wild, unquenchable Deſire,
A ſacred League have made, that they ſhould ne'er
Look on forbidden Fruit, tho' charming fair.
That they on Beauty ſhould not gazing ſtay,
Nor on th' enchanting Brink of Ruin play:
Beſides my inward Thoughts I ſtill reſtrain'd,
Which wanton Objects never entertain'd?
My modeſt Fancy ne'er had leave to rove
To fetch in Fuel for unlawful Love.
I knew what Portion did th' Unclean attend,
What Fury on them would from Heav'n deſcend,
And of their ſweet Delights I ſaw the bitter End.
Pain and Deſtruction on the wicked wait,
Thts is their ſad, innevitable Fate:
Does not th' Almighty with his watchful Eye
Mark all my Steps, and all my Paths deſcry?
If I unrighteous ways did e'er applaud,
Or Riches gain'd by Violence or Fraud,
Let Heav'n my Head with heavy Vengeance load.
Me in a Ballance weigh, that God may ſee
Convincing Proof of my Integrity.
If my unguided Feet did from the way
Of ſacred Truth and Juſtice ever ſtray;
If ever tempted by a greedy Eye
In all the Walks of Life I trod awry;

Or

Or if clandeſtine Bribes or ſordid Gain
My avaricious Hand did ever ſtain;
Then let Invaders o'er my Fences leap,
And, when I ſow, let Foes the Harveſt reap:
Let the rich Offspring, which my Fields produce,
By Force be taken for another's Uſe.
If any Woman's Charms did ever move
My Heart to entertain forbidden Love,
If e'er I skulk'd before my Neighbour's Gate,
Or for unchaſt Embraces lay in Wait,
Then make my Wife a Captive, or by Night
Let a proud Stranger rob me of my Right.
For of adult'rous Joys if we regard
The heinous Guilt, Death is the juſt Reward.
It is a ſecret and deſtructive Fire,
Which would the Wealth conſume, that I acquire.

Of all my Num'rous Servants none complain'd
That I oppreſt them, or their Right detain'd.
I ever gave them, when I heard their Cauſe,
Againſt my ſelf th' Advantage of the Laws.
Elſe if I ſtood before the Throne on high
Of God my heav'nly Maſter, what Reply
To juſtify my Conduct could I make,
Or to eſcape his Wrath what Method take?
Did not his Hand me and my Servant frame?
Is not the Clay and Workmanſhip the ſame?

We

We both alike Divine Impreſſions bear,
And both alike our Maker's Image wear,
Then kind I ſhould Compaſſion on him take,
If not for his, yet for his Maker's ſake.
If by their Cries the Poor did not prevail,
If e'er I caus'd the Widow's Hopes to fail;
If I alone devour'd luxurious Meat,
And did not make the hungry Orphans eat;
Orphans, who, always as my Children were
From my firſt Stage of Life my tender Care;
If e'er I ſaw poor Wretches naked lye,
And did for want of Cloathing let them die;
If my warm Fleece did not his Loins careſs,
And make his cheriſh'd Limbs my Bounty bleſs;
If I againſt the Fatherleſs my Hand
Have rais'd, when I the Judges could command,
Then let my Arm (for Puniſhment I call)
Rot from the Joint, and from my Shoulder fall.
For the great Judge of Judges I rever'd,
His Vengeace treaſur'd up for Rebels fear'd,
And by his Pow'r and Glory was deter'd.
I never plac'd the Strength of my Abode
In high-rais'd Works, nor made my Gold my God.
Never did my great Wealth and proſp'rous Fate
Immoderate Joy or haughty Pride create.
When I beheld the glorious Sun ariſe,
And ſaw the Moon's full Face adorn the Skies,

My

My yielding Heart was ne'er entic'd away,
Nor did I kiſs my Hand, and Worſhip pay.
Impious had I the Creature thus ador'd,
Abjur'd Religion, and renounc'd my Lord,
I juſtly might have felt the Judge's Sword.
My Soul ſo little to Revenge inclin'd,
That to my greateſt Foe I Good deſign'd,
And never wiſh'd him Miſchief in my Mind.
Nor did I feel within a ſecret Joy,
When God was pleas'd the Rebel to deſtroy.
Tho' he expreſs'd ſuch Cruelty and Spite,
And ſo provok'd me in my Servant's Sight,
That they enrag'd did all demand his Blood,
And eager would have eat his Fleſh as Food.
I did the Stranger to my Houſe invite,
Who in the Streets muſt elſe have paſs'd the Night:
The weary Trav'ler was my welcome Gueſt,
I cheer'd his Heart with Wine, his Limbs with Oyl and Reſt.
I ne'er conceal'd my Sin with anxious thought,
Nor, like the Hypocrite, diſown'd my Fault.
For Man's Diſpleaſure ſmall Concern I ſhew'd,
Nor ſwerv'd from Truth to court the Multitude.
Bold in a Righteous Cauſe I did appear,
Nor did my Silence once betray my Fear.
O that the ſtricteſt Scrutiny were made,
That all my Scenes of Life were open laid!

Let

Let my Accuſers my Indictment draw,
And proſecute their Charge by Courſe of Law:
Then by th' Almighty let my Cauſe be heard,
And let me be condemn'd if I have err'd.
My written Proceſs would my Pride create,
As much as Royal Crowns, or Robes of State:
I would as boldly to my Tryal go,
As valiant Generals march to meet the Foe.
If e'er unpurchas'd Lands I have detain'd,
Or have by Force or Fraud Poſſeſſion gain'd,
If I another's Acres ever till'd,
Ever my Houſes with his Harveſt fill'd,
Or to enjoy his Goods my Neighbour kill'd,
Let Thiſtles ſpread my Lands inſtead of Wheat,
And all my Labour and my Hopes defeat;
Inſtead of Barley let my Harrow'd Field
Unwholſome Weeds, or uſeleſs Cockle yield.

Chap. XXXII.

When the three Friends, who pious *Job* arraign'd,
And their high Charge in long Replies maintain'd,
Perceiv'd him firmly fix'd in his Defence,
And reſolute to clear his Innocence,
Grown hopeleſs of Succeſs in this Debate,
They drop'd their Argument, and ſilent ſate.
Then a young Man, who as a faithful Friend,
When the three Sages came did *Job* attend,
And who Attention gave and duly weigh'd
What for their Cauſe on either ſide was ſaid,

Only

Only in Years inferior to the reſt,
Felt a juſt Anger kindled in his Breaſt;
His Name was *Elihu*, in Blood ally'd
To faithful *Abram* by the Brother's ſide.
Againſt good *Job* did his Diſpleaſure riſe,
Becauſe in all his long and ſharp Replies,
He had not ſuch Concern and Spirit ſhown
For his great Maker's Honour, as his own.
Nor did the wiſe young Man leſs warmth reveal
Againſt the raſh uncharitable Zeal
Of *Job*'s Accuſers, who did ill defend
The Charge they brought againſt their ſuff'ring Friend.
Yet did he long diſcreetly moderate
His ſtruggling Paſſion, and attentive wait,
Till the grave Men had finiſh'd their Debate.
But when he ſaw they had their Treaſures ſpent,
And none reſum'd their baffled Argument,
Unable to forbear he Silence broke,
And *Job*'s ſevere Accuſers thus beſpoke.

Your Wiſdom, which profoundly I rever'd,
From giving my Opinion me deter'd.
Aw'd by your Fame and Age and Eloquence,
I've not preſum'd to interpoſe my Senſe.
For one ſo young I judg'd it rather meet,
To ſit a modeſt Learner at the Feet

Of Men of ſuch Experience, than to riſe
And dictate to the Grave, and teach the Wiſe.
But now convinc'd of my Miſtake, I find
That Man tho' Grey with Years continues Blind,
Unleſs Celeſtial Light improves his Mind.
Wiſdom Divine will never be acquir'd,
Except the Soul is from above inſpir'd.
'Tis not the ſure Poſſeſſion of the Great,
Nor does it ſtill adorn the Teacher's Seat.
Many proceed in gaining Knowledge ſlow,
Nor by Experience will they Wiſer grow;
Attention therefore give, and I'll declare
On this high Subject what my Notions are.
Let none condemn me, that I ſpeak at laſt,
I interrupted no Diſcourſes paſt.
Your Arguments I've weigh'd, which you pretend
Prove your Indictment brought againſt your Friend.
But if my Senſe I may with Freedom ſpeak,
To gain your Cauſe your Reaſons are too weak.
You never could, in this Prolix Diſpute,
Make good your Charge, or *Job*'s Defence confute.
In vain you ſay, that you will ſilent ſtand,
And leave him wholly to th'Almighty's Hand,
Hoping his Terrors will your Friend ſubdue,
Which your vain Arguments can never do.
Weapons ſo feeble I diſdain to wield,
When to contend with *Job* I take the Field.

As he did no Diſcourſe to me direct,
So your improper Ways ſhall I reject,
And uſe more fit, his Error to detect.
To all around I juſtly may complain,
That for Inſtruction I have ſtaid in vain:
You are exhauſted and confounded left,
Silent you ſtand, as if of Speech bereft.
Therefore, as I ſuggeſted, I will give
My Judgment, and the great Debate revive.
While I my Lips by Violence reſtrain,
My fulneſs gives unſufferable Pain.
The ſtruggling Thoughts, which in my Boſom pent,
Like new preſs'd Juices in the Vate ferment,
Will make me burſt, unleſs they find a vent.
For my own Eaſe I am compell'd to ſpeak,
Full working Veſſels, if not open'd, break.
While I attempt your Errors to correct,
I will not Perſons, but the Cauſe reſpect.
For uninſtructed in the Flatterer's ways
I cannot ſooth you with exceſſive Praiſe;
Nor can I fawn and your Admirer ſeem
To gain your Favour and procure Eſteem:
Should I ſuch vile unworthy Arts employ,
Me my Creator would in Wrath deſtroy.

Chap. XXXIII.

This Preface, which reſpectful I have made,
To pay Attention ſure ſhould *Job* perſwade.

Then lend to my Diſcourſe a patient Ear,
I am prepar'd to ſpeak, if thou art ſo to hear:
And be aſſur'd the Thoughts which I impart
Shall be the inward Language of my Heart.
Such full and clear Inſtruction I will give,
That thou with Eaſe my Meaning ſhalt receive.
And firſt conſider, that our Structure came
From the ſame Model, and our Clay the ſame.
With Breath th' Almighty did my Breaſt inſpire,
And kindled in my Veins the Vital Fire,
Hence, if thy Cauſe with Zeal thou wilt defend,
Thou with thy Equal only ſhalt contend.
To plead with God thou raſhly didſt demand,
Firſt anſwer me, who in his Place will ſtand.
Thou needeſt not thy Brother-Creature fear,
I can't in dreadful Majeſty appear.
I bring no Terrors with me to affright,
No Pow'r, but Reaſon's clear convincing Light.
I'll not accuſe thee, as thy Friends have done,
Of ſecret Errors, and of Crimes unknown.
None but th'Almighty's All-obſerving Eye
The Heart, his proper Empire, can deſcry:
I ſhall aſſault thee with no other Force,
Than what I borrow from thy own Diſcourſe.

Have I not heard thee oft in thy Defence
Boldly declare thy ſpotleſs Innocence?

Haſt

Haſt thou not ſaid, thy Juſtice to aſſert,
"Clean are my Hands, and upright is my Heart?
"He, who, I hop'd, would mitigate my Woe,
"On ſlight Pretences is become my Foe.
"He ſeeks Occaſions to repeat his Strokes,
"And every ſmall Offence his Wrath provokes.
"In Priſon me his Captive he detains,
"And loads my feſt'ring Feet with pondrous Chains:
"And yet his watchful Guards around me ſtay,
"Leſt I ſhould looſe my Bonds, and break away.
By ſuch abſurd and wild Complaints as theſe,
Impatient of thy Grief thou ſeekeſt Eaſe.
Now tho' thy inward Faults I can't detect,
Nor, like thy Friends, will doubtful Crimes object,
Yet here, O *Job*, thy Raſhneſs will appear,
Here thy preſumptuous Arrogance is clear;
For can a Man, a Worm, a ſtupid Wight,
Remov'd from God at diſtance Infinite,
Can ſuch a worthleſs wretched Creature dare
Himſelf with him, that gave him Breath, compare?
Why doſt thou then engage in this Diſpute?
Audacious Man would'ſt thou thy God confute?
Will he his hidden Counſels open lay,
And his Myſterious Providence diſplay?
Should he be ſummon'd to his Creature's Bar,
The Reaſons of his Conduct to declare?

Then lend to my Diſcourſe a patient Ear,
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Will he his hidden Counſels open lay,
And his Myſterious Providence diſplay?
Should he be ſummon'd to his Creature's Bar,
The Reaſons of his Conduct to declare?

If a proud Mortal ſhould with Heav'n contend,
Muſt God his cenſur'd Government defend
A peeviſh Creature's Error to amend?
Should the Director of the World, becauſe
He fears Reproach, or covets Man's Applauſe,
The Juſtice of his dark Proceedings ſhow,
And let us all his Springs of Empire know?
Th' Almighty's Deeds *Job* ſhould have underſtood,
Becauſe they're his, are therefore Juſt and Good.
Where ſhallow Reaſon can't the Depths diſcern
Of Providence, it ſhould Submiſſion learn.
Not that our Knowledge of his Works and Ways
Will in our kind Creator Envy raiſe,
For he by various Means does Knowledge give,
And more than Man is willing to receive.

Sometimes in Dreams and Viſions of the Night
He to the Soul conveys Celeſtial Light,
When from our Breaſts the Pow'rs of Sleep exclude
The Cares and Buſineſs, which by Day intrude,
Or when extended on our Beds we take
Repoſe, and lie half ſleeping, half awake:
With a ſtill Voice he whiſpers to the Ear,
Or to the Eye, in Scenes diſtinct and clear,
He makes ſurprizing Images appear.
Thus he reveals his Will, and leaves behind
Gracious Inſtructions printed on the Mind.

But the great Teacher's Light will not diſpell
The myſtick Clouds, that on his Conduct dwell.
In this bleſt Commerce God has no Deſign
To ſhew the Springs of Government Divine,
And make the Reaſons of his Actions ſhine.
He by his various Revelations trys
Rather to make his Creature Good, than Wiſe:
From evil Paths to turn his erring Feet,
That he may humbly to his God ſubmit,
Who thus preſerves the Man, if he obeys
Heav'n's Admonitions, from deſtructive Ways;
And from that Vengeful Storm his Life defends,
Which dreadful o'er his threaten'd Head impends.

And oft th' Almighty does in Mercy find
Severer Methods to inform the Mind.
Sickneſs and Pain at his Command aſſail
The ſtrongeſt Man, and in th' Aſſault prevail.
Ev'n he, who Triumphs in his blooming Pride,
And feels within a ſprightly Vital Tyde;
When dark Infection thro' his Veins is ſpread,
Shall groaning lie extended on his Bed.
The ſecret Poiſon will his Beauty blaſt,
Unbrace his Sinews, and his Vigour waſt.
He'll languiſh, and abhor th' offenſive ſight
Of curious Diſhes, once his great delight.
He, who before could boaſt a graceful Air,
And pamper'd long in Eaſe look'd plump and fair,

Does all his Friends (amazing Change) ſurprize
With pale lean Cheeks, and ghaſtly hollow Eyes.
His Bones (a horrid View) ſtart thro' the Skin,
Which lay before in Fleſh and Fat unſeen.
His throbbing Heart in Pain and Labour beats,
And Life purſu'd thro' every Vein retreats:
While all believe each gaſp will end his Toil,
And Death ſtands ready to poſſeſs his Spoil,
If then a Man, who does the reſt outſhine
In Sacred Knowledge, and in Gifts Divine;
Some Sage and Godlike Meſſenger, is ſent
To teach the Sick, and bring him to repent;
If by his Words the Dying Perſon's Mind
Is form'd to Virtue, and to Heav'n inclin'd;
Then he with due Compaſſion touch'd ſhall pray
That God his Mercy would extend, and ſay
In pity, Lord, to ſpare his Life conſent,
Chaſtiſe, but not deſtroy a Penitent:
Let it ſuffice, that thou did'ſt thus correct,
And that thy Rod has wrought its due Effect.
Soon his Indulgent Maker will reſtore
The Health and Eaſe, which he enjoy'd before.
He in his Veins reviving Heat ſhall find
Renew'd as well in Body, as in Mind.
Again ſhall all his Bones be cloath'd with Fleſh,
That, like a Child's, look beautiful and freſh.
He ſhall as active and as bold become,
As when he flouriſh'd in his youthful Bloom;

When

When from his Heart ſprung ſwift th' exploded
Tyde,
And on his vigorous Sinews he rely'd.
His humble Pray'r to Heav'n ſhall be addreſt,
And God aton'd ſhall grant him his Requeſt;
Whoſe Sacred Houſe he ſhall approach with
Joy,
And his glad Lips in Songs of Praiſe employ.
Th' Almighty reconcil'd ſhall then acquit,
And to his Favour this poor Man admit.
Now to his Neighbours round ſhall he confeſs
His Errors paſt, and thus himſelf expreſs;
Againſt th' Almighty I have ſinn'd, and hence
Juſtly his Rod has puniſh'd my Offence.
To my Deſert he ſuited his Reward,
But has my Life in great Compaſſion ſpar'd.
Kindly he interpos'd his Hand to ſave
A helpleſs Creature ſinking to the Grave;
And more, is pleas'd reviving hopes to give,
That I reſtor'd to Wealth and Joy ſhall live:
Therefore let all his wondrous Goodneſs praiſe,
That to admoniſh Man finds various ways,
And turn him from the Evil Paths, that led
His Feet ſo near the Chambers of the Dead.
To raiſe him from the Grave to dwell in
Peace,
And ſee his Riches and his Friends increaſe.

Mark well, O *Job*, for this is thy Concern,
And I'll inſtruct thee more; if I diſcern
That thou art patient, and diſpos'd to learn:
Or if what I advance thou can'ſt deny,
And to the Reaſons, I have urg'd, reply,
A ſpeedy Anſwer to thoſe Reaſons give,
Before the weighty Subject I revive.
For 'tis my ardent Wiſh, thou ſhould'ſt appear
From every Crime and every Error clear;
But if thou think'ſt my Words have Weight and Force,
Continue to attend to my Diſcourſe.

Chap. XXXIV.

After a pauſe, *Job* making no Reply,
The Wiſe young Man proceeded thus; Should I
Preſume to judge alone in ſuch a Cauſe,
I ſhould receive Contempt, and not Applauſe:
Wherefore to you, who Knowledge have acquir'd
And are as Men of piercing Thought admir'd,
To all the Wiſe among you I appeal;
For Truth to you her Secrets will reveal:
As by the Palate various Meats are try'd,
So does the Mind, what's True or Falſe, decide.
Let us a ſtrict Examination make,
That we in judging may true Meaſures take.
And that we may aright this Point debate,
Th' Important Queſtion let us juſtly ſtate.

For

For *Job* aſſerts a ſpotleſs Life, and ſays
" My Heart is pure, and righteous are my ways.
" Yet God in my Affliction takes Delight,
" And, tho' I pray, denies to do me Right.
" Evaſions I'll not uſe in my Defence,
" Nor ſhall a Lie ſupport my Innocence.
" I muſt affirm I have not Juſtice found,
" And, tho' a fatal, mine's a cauſeleſs Wound.
A Man, like *Job*, ye Sages, have you known,
So arrogant, and ſo ſufficient grown?
One, who inſtead of honouring his God,
And humbly ſuff'ring his chaſtiſing Rod,
Juſtice Divine preſumptuouſly arraigns,
And of his Wrongs receiv'd from Heav'n complains:
Vents his proud Cenſures of th' Almighty's Ways,
And bold againſt his Government inveighs.
He courts th' Unjuſt, and like the vicious Tribe,
Things that diſhonour God, to God aſcribe.
He ſeems this wicked Doctrine to defend,
That tho' a Man ſhould his whole Life contend
To pleaſe his God, yet ſhould he nothing gain,
And hence Religion is rever'd in vain.
Ye Wiſe, to whom I firſt my ſelf addreſt,
At this what Paſſions riſe within your Breaſt?
Such impious Thoughts, ſay, do you not deteſt?
Can God the ſacred Rules of Right tranſgreſs,
God, who does all things in himſelf poſſeſs,

And by his full and rich Sufficiency
Is from Temptation to Injuſtice free?
He on his Independent Throne ſecure
No Favour ſeeks, and dreads no greater Pow'r.
Paſſions ſo weak th' Almighty ne'er betrays,
But treats Mankind according to their ways.
Ne'er is the bold, obdurate Sinner ſpar'd,
Nor do the Righteous miſs their juſt Reward.
Sure none will cenſure me, when I aſſert
Our great Creator cannot Right pervert.
Who ſhall of Fraud or Violence indite
Th' Omniſcient Judge, that guides all Nature right?
Is there a Being of ſuperior Sway
Whoſe Laws can bind th' Almighty to obey?
For which of all his Realms does he due Homage pay?
To him what Monarch does his Pow'r conſign?
Whoſe Frowns to ſwerve from Truth can God incline?
He, that with all Perfections does abound,
With unpolluted Juſtice muſt be crown'd.
His Mind without a Stain ſhines pure and bright;
No Spot appears in uncreated Light.
He, who is Lord of all, can injure none,
Whate'er he takes, he but reſumes his own.
All Beings are the Creatures of his Pow'r,
And can no longer, than he wills, endure.

Should

Should he recall the Breath and vital Fire,
With which at firſt he did our Breaſts inſpire,
Mankind would periſh, and to common Duſt
Reſtore their Bodies, whence they come at firſt.
If thou art wiſe, theſe Obſervations mind,
And well attend to Doctrines yet behind,

The God from whom that Truth and Juſtice flow
Which we revere in Kings, that rule below;
And who with Pow'r does Potentates entruſt
Only for Good, can he be thought unjuſt?
Should we Terreſtrial Kings as Tyrants blame,
Their Wrath would ſhow how much they hate the Name.
If to inferior Princes we object
That they in judging, Law and Right neglect,
Would they the Contumelious Language bear?
When thus provok'd would they th' Offender ſpare?
How impious then is that envenom'd Tongue
That dares th' Almighty charge with doing Wrong?
By him great Conqu'rors are eſteem'd no more
Than Captives, nor the Wealthy than the Poor.
All Men before him ſtand on equal Ground;
There Kings and Slaves are undiſtinguiſh'd found.
On all alike he executes his Laws,
And judges not the Perſon, but the Cauſe.
The High and Low, the Rich and Needy are
Alike his Creatures, and alike his Care.

Can

Can he be over-aw'd? Will he to make
Unjuſt Decrees, a Bribe in ſecret take?
Will he the Pow'r of haughty Monarchs dread,
Whoſe Arm can in a Moment ſtrike them dead;
Who mighty Nations ſhakes, and can deſtroy
Strong Empires, when they ſetled Peace enjoy?
When a proud Prince is ripe for Vengeance grown,
Th' Eternal can by various Ways dethrone
His Foe, and not by human Strength alone.
For Pow'rs unſeen, deſcending thro' the Air,
Shall far away the trembling Tyrant bear.

His fair and wide Creation God ſurveys,
Views all his Subjects, and remarks their Ways.
He ſees our Thoughts firſt riſing in the Mind,
Knows what we do, and how we are inclin'd.
Therefore th' Almighty cannot thro' miſtake,
Or Ignorance a wrong Deciſion make.
A Judge, that cannot err, unbias'd, free
From Hopes and Fears, can't make an ill Decree.
Evaſive Arts in vain the Wicked uſe,
Their Crimes in vain they labour to excuſe:
No Miſt before th' Almighty's Eye can dwell,
Whoſe piercing Beams the blackeſt Shades diſpell,
Shades from the dark and deepeſt Caves of Hell.
And hence, as God will ne'er our Guilt enlarge,
Nor on us Crimes we ne'er committed charge,

So

So when for Judgment he appoints a Day,
He the judicial Doom will not delay.
To hear what Man in his Excuſe can ſay.
He calls no Witneſs, no Enquiry needs,
But to condemn the Guilty ſtrait proceeds.
He breaks the Mighty, pulls the Tyrant down,
And gives to Strangers his Imperial Crown.
Theſe wrathful Strokes inflicted juſtly, ſhow
He does th' Offences and th' Offender know.
On theſe he doubles his avenging Blows,
And marks them out, as Heav'n's malignant Foes.
The Wretches are expos'd to publick Sight
Objects of Wrath, Spectators to affright;
Becauſe they hated Virtue's heav'nly way,
And would not God's moſt equal Laws obey;
But cruſh'd the Needy with Tyrannick Pride,
While theſe on humble Pray'r to Heav'n apply'd.
And when ſuch poor, afflicted Creatures cry,
The God of Mercy will not help deny.
At laſt th' Almighty will proud Kings dethrone,
Beneath whoſe Yoke the ruin'd People groan,
Tho' pious they would ſeem, and Zeal pretend
For publick Good, Deſtruction is their End;
Leſt their Examples, which Contagion bear,
Should by Degrees the Peoples Minds enſnare.

Therefore let all in Miſery and Pain
Suſpect themſelves, and not of Heav'n complain.

Let

Let them to God ſuch Words as theſe addreſs;
" Juſt are my Suff'rings I with Shame confeſs:
" Nor will I now commit a freſh Offence
" By pleading at thy Bar my Innocence.
" Teach me thy Will, my Ignorance inſtruct,
" And thro' the Paths of Life my Feet conduct:
" Before my Eyes diſplay thy Heav'nly Light
" At once to ſolace and to guide me right.
" Forgive my Errors and my Peace reſtore,
" Have I offended? I'll offend no more.
Say, *Job*, didſt thou in ſuch an humble way
E'er due Submiſſion to th' Almighty pay?
Shouldſt thou theſe wholſome Sentiments deſpiſe,
His Hand thy ſtubborn Folly will chaſtiſe.
Should *Job* the Method now propos'd refuſe,
Which I, were I in his Diſtreſs, would chuſe,
Let him to tell his Judgment not forbear,
Or let judicious Men their Senſe declare,
For I ſuch Umpires ask in this Affair.
To me, as impious, *Job*'s Diſcourſes ſound,
And with erroneous Principles abound.
He pleads on ſuch a Capital Miſtake,
As muſt the Pillars of Religion ſhake.
Hence, that his Virtue may be further try'd,
I wiſh his ſharp Affliction would abide:
Till he retract his Words, which God arraign,
And ſhall no more of Providence complain:

Elſe

Elſe arrogant his Folly he'll renew,
And what he raſhly ſaid, maintain as true.
He'll his own Wiſdom honour, and relate
That he the Conqueſt won in this Debate.
Harden'd in Error will his Crimes repeat,
And Heav'n with more indecent Language treat.

Chap. XXXV.

He paus'd, and, *Job* not anſwering, *Elihu*
Did thus th' important Argument purſue,
To th' uncorrupted Judge within thy Breaſt,
Thy Conſcience I appeal, will that atteſt
That thou believ'ſt what from thee raſhly fell,
That *Job* in Juſtice does his God excell?
To any diff'rent meaning who can wreſt
Theſe irreligious Words by thee expreſt,
"Does God the leaſt Reflection entertain
"Whether I'm guilty, or without a Stain?
"By being Good what Profit ſhall I gain?
I will a ſhort, but a full Anſwer give
To thee and thoſe, that thus of God believe.
Then to the Heav'ns lift thy admiring Eyes,
View the bright Orbs and Clouds and diſtant Skies.
High as they are, to thee 'tis not unknown,
They are inferiour to th' Almighty's Throne,
As much as to their Station is thy own.
Hence *Job*, thy God, who ſits in Heav'n ſublime,
Can ne'er be injur'd by the boldeſt Crime.

His

His Plentitude of Bliſs will not be leſs,
Should'ſt thou, grown bold and hard in Wickedneſs,
By multiply'd Affronts thy impious Hate confeſs:
Nor can he e'er the leaſt Advantage reap,
Should'ſt thou revere him, and his Precepts keep.

But do not thence this falſe Concluſion draw,
That it is fruitleſs to obey his Law.
Thee and thy Sons thy Goodneſs will avail,
And Heav'nly Bleſſings on thy Houſe entail.
While thy black Crimes, as thou in Grief ſhalt ſee
Will hurtful prove, tho' not to God, to thee.
Nor does the Miſchief *Job* alone reſpect
Th' Offences of the great Mankind affect.
When Men of Wealth and Pow'r Oppreſſors grow,
They make their injur'd Neighbours Anguiſh know.
The Groans and woful Sighs of Realms oppreſt,
What Evils proud Injuſtice brings, atteſt.
Cruſh'd and inſulted by Tyrannick Might
To the juſt God they cry aloud for Right;
Who, tho' unhurt himſelf, touch'd with the Senſe
Of ſuch Diſtreſs, will be their ſure Defence:
Tho' tis a true, but ſad Remark, that none
Of theſe poor Wretches, who their Fate bemoan,
Do with a Mind attentive once enquire
After that God, who did their Breath inſpire;

Who cannot therefore only Eaſe beſtow,
And Comforts find to moderate their Woe,
But midſt their greateſt Sorrows can employ
Their Mouths in Songs, and fill their Souls with Joy.
'Tis ſtrange, that Man has ſo far loſt his Sight;
Has not th' Almighty giv'n, to guide him right,
Reaſon, a Portion of Etherial Light?
Aided by which his Mind will ſoon collect,
That he, who does with tender Care protect
Brute Beaſts and Birds, will never Man neglect;
If, like thoſe Creatures, only by Complaints
We do not vent our Woes and tell our Wants,
But our paſt Follies and our Faults repent,
And of his Goodneſs humbly Confident
Our ardent Pray'rs to God's high Throne preſent.

He'll not, 'tis true, his pow'rful Arm extend
All who intreat Protection to defend:
For many loud to Heav'n in Trouble cry
From ſenſe of Suff'ring, not from Piety.
To pity he's inclin'd, but will not ſave
Th' Impenitent, tho' they Compaſſion crave.
Thoſe, who his Worſhip and his Laws deſpiſe;
In vain repeat their Pray'rs and graceleſs Cries.
Hence to thy Maker, tho' thou doſt complain,
That thou haſt long expected Aid in vain,
Yet do not thence infer, that he's unjuſt,
But go, and humbly proſtrate in the Duſt

Con-

Condemn thy ſelf, and for his Mercy wait
To eaſe thy Pains, and change thy mournful State.
For 'tis becauſe th'Almighty cannot find
Theſe Pious Inclinations in thy Mind,
That he on *Job* this weight of Trouble lays,
And diſregards thy former proſp'rous Days.
Henceforth thy raſh Complaining Speeches ſpare,
Which, no leſs fruitleſs than unrighteous are;
And which, beſides thy Miſery and Woes,
Thy want of Senſe and Piety expoſe.

Chap. XXXVI.

To this Diſcourſe *Job* gave attentive heed,
Which made the young Inſtructor thus proceed.
I now more fully will impart my Senſe,
And urge freſh Arguments in God's Defence.
His Juſtice I will vindicate, and ſtate
The Queſtion clear in this perplex'd Debate.
Nor will I labour artful to appear,
Nor with enſnaring Sophiſms cheat the Ear.
I the ſublimeſt Principles will uſe,
Sincere and plain and ſolid Reaſons chuſe,
Fit to convince the Mind, and not amuſe.
Know then that God, whoſe Throne ſurmounts the Skies,
Like Earthly Lords will not the Poor deſpiſe.
Th' Almighty is ſo Good, ſo Wiſe, ſo Great,
That he his Creature can't unjuſtly treat.

When

When Men grow ripe in Wickedneſs, the Day
Of their Deſtruction God will not delay.
The Wretches he'll extirpate, and reſtore
To Slaves their Eaſe, their Subſtance to the Poor.
What Suff'rings e'er the Good and Righteous bear,
They never ceaſe to be th' Almighty's Care:
And ſometimes he exalts them from the Duſt
To Poſts of higheſt Dignity and Truſt.
They round the Thrones of Monarchs Fav'rites ſtand,
And next to them in Pow'r the World command.
They reſt ſecure above the reach of all,
Who hate their Virtue, and deſign their Fall.
Or if by adverſe Fate they are diſtreſt,
And by Affliction's Iron Rod oppreſt,
This ſerves to make them on their Faults reflect,
Which their great Sovereign kindly does correct;
Sin's growing Pow'r and Int'reſt to reſtrain,
Leſt in their Hearts it ſhould victorious Reign.
By this are Men inlighten'd, and the Mind
To hear Divine Inſtruction is inclin'd:
They for their Crimes their Sorrow will declare,
Reſolv'd from Virtue's Rule no more to err.
And if their Pains produce this happy End,
If they repent, and will no more offend,
But a warm Zeal for Piety maintain,
They ſhall their Splendor and their Pow'r regain;

And

And bleſt by gracious Heav'n in all their ways,
Shall paſs in unmoleſted Peace their Days:
But ſhould they unreclaim'd ſtill diſobey,
God ſhall the unrelenting Rebels ſlay.

Enrag'd againſt them he ſhall take the Field,
And Darts of Fire and Bolts of Thunder wield.
His dreadful Sword ſhall on their Necks deſcend,
Whom his chaſtiſing Rod could not amend.
Falſe Hypocrites, to Vengeance deſtin'd, lay
Wrath up in Store againſt the wrathful Day.
Sudden Deſtruction on their Heads ſhall fall
Before the Wretches can for Mercy call.
They ſhall not reach of Life the middle Stage,
Cruſh'd in the Vigour of their blooming Age.
Unthought of Ruin ſhall their Seats ſurprize,
Like that which rain'd on *Sodom* from the Skies.
But God is touch'd with Pity to the Poor,
And ſaves the humble, who his Aid implore,
He is to theſe ev'n in his Anger kind,
And wounds the Body, but to teach the Mind.
Sharp are his Stripes, but then they ſtrike out Light,
By which th' Afflicted learn to judge aright:
Their Eyes are open'd to diſcern their Sin,
And Night without diſpels a worſe within.
Humbly hadſt thou thy Will to God reſign'd,
And born Correction with a patient Mind,

When

When with his Rod he had thy Virtue prov'd,
He would have all thy grievous Pains remov'd.
Thy hideous Train of Woes he had diſcharg'd,
And thee from all thy painful Streights enlarg'd.
He would have made thy Table to abound,
And with Delight and Peace thy Dwelling crown'd.
But ſince thy Words, that God defame, confeſs
Job the ſame Scheme does in his Fancy dreſs
Concerning Heav'n, which impious Men expreſs,
God will aſſert the Honour of his Laws,
And Judgment give according to the Cauſe.
Since thou haſt found th' Almighty is diſpleas'd,
Fear leſt his Fury ſhould be yet encreas'd.
Let not thy Crimes afreſh his Wrath provoke
To cut thee off with his avenging Stroke.
Canſt thou believe he does thy Wealth regard?
Or can thy Pow'r thy Puniſhment retard?
No, tho' thou wert a Sovereign Lord, poſſeſt
Of all the Strength and Treaſure of the Eaſt,
That Pow'r or Wealth can ſave thee do not dream,
Nor pleaſe thy Thoughts with ſuch an idle Scheme.
Never let empty Hopes thy Soul delight,
No not while muſing on thy Bed by Night.
For God whole Nations, who ſoft Peace enjoy'd,
Sometimes with ſudden Vengeance has deſtroy'd:
But let inſtructive Suff'rings *Job* engage
No more offended Juſtice to enrage.

Too much already is thy Raſhneſs known,
Too much thy Sin and Folly thou haſt ſhown.
While thou didſt rather Providence accuſe,
Than patient of the Rod to bear Affliction chuſe.

Conſider, *Job*, God's vaſt and boundleſs Power,
He can debaſe at Pleaſure and reſtore.
What Stateſman ſhall invite him to his School,
And teach Eternal Wiſdom how to rule?
Who can the Maſter, who directs him, name?
What Viſitor ſhall his Proceedings blame?
Where is the Cenſor, who preſumes to ſay
Here thou haſt err'd, and there haſt kept thy way.
Againſt thy God no more Objections raiſe,
But let the Contemplation of his Ways,
Engage thy Wonder, and excite thy Praiſe.
The mighty Works of Providence adore,
As much as Men admire the Marks of Pow'r,
Of Wiſdom and of Maſterly Deſign,
Which in the World's amazing Fabrick ſhine.
All muſt the Maker's Skill Divine proclaim,
Who view the Parts of this ſtupendous Frame:
None are ſo weak, ſo dark and dull of Thought
Ev'n in the barbarous Regions moſt remote,
But, when their Eyes are open'd, muſt deſcry
The bright Impreſſions of his Majeſty;
And own their Reas'ning, at its utmoſt Stretch,
His boundleſs Pow'r and Wiſdom cannot reach.

Sooner

Sooner from Pole to Pole they may extend
Their Arms, and graſp the Spheres, than compre-
hend
Th' Immenſe Eternal Mind; for who can ſhow
The number of his Days, that no Beginning
know?
Our Thoughts their way in ſuch Enquiries miſs,
O'erwhelm'd and ſwallow'd in the vaſt Abyſs.
When we approach him, his too Glorious Light
Confounds and dazles our unequal Sight.

His Hands dark Meteors high in Air ſuſtain,
Which he converts to gentle Dews or Rain;
Meteors, that falling in refreſhing Drops
Prepare the Glebe to bring forth fruitful Crops;
Thus the moiſt Spoils he to the Earth reſtores,
And from the Heav'ns diſtils ſuch cheering Show'rs,
As Lookers on with Admiration fill,
Of his great Power and wonder-working Skill.
And who in Science does ſo much excel,
That he th' Enquirer can inſtruct and tell
How God extends his Clouds, and makes the Air
The pond'rous Burthen of the Water bear?
Who can account for that tremendous Noiſe,
Thoſe awful Murmurs and Majeſtick Voice
Which iſſue thence, and terribly declare
That God has fixt his high Pavilion there?

Obſerve too how he ſpreads upon the Streams
And the wide Main, the Sun's attractive Beams,
Where for the Clouds they levy freſh Supplies,
And raiſe Recruits of Vapours, which ariſe
Drawn from the Sea, to muſter in the Skies.
He theſe for diff'rent purpoſe does employ,
Some ſerve in Storms the Wicked to deſtroy;
And ſome refreſh the Earth with genial Rains,
And make the Field reward the Farmer's Pains.
Sometimes he draws his hovering Miſts between
The Heav'ns and Earth, and makes his Clouds a Screen
To intercept the Light, and thus defeat
The Flowers and ripening Fruits of needful Heat.
Brute Beaſts, by Nature's ſecret Inſtinct wiſe,
When they obſerve the gath'ring Meteors riſe,
Can tell if Storms will ſoon the Seas embroil,
Or gentle Show'rs refreſh the thirſty Soil.

Chap. XXXVII.

When Tempeſts charg'd with murm'ring Thunder roll,
The dreadful Noiſe affrights my trembling Soul.
A Noiſe at which pale Atheiſts are diſtreſt,
And feel a ſhiv'ring Horror in their Breaſt.
A Noiſe, which makes the Righteous Man revere
Th'Almighty's Judgments with religious Fear.
Regard attentive this Majeſtick Sound
Which breaking from its Priſon ſpreads around,

And

And propagates its awful Force, and you
Will the like Terror and Confuſion ſhew.
With this loud Voice, which Heav'n's high Arches
ſhakes,
And thro' the airy Realms its Progreſs makes,
Th'Almighty to the World's remoteſt Ends
Always his Red-wing'd Lightning ſwiftly ſends.
Firſt in the Heav'ns the flaſhing Flames appear,
Then dreadful Bellowings terrifie the Ear;
The Noiſe augments, till Storms of Rain or Hail
Deſcend with Fury and the Earth aſſail.
He, that his Thunder with ſuch Skill projects,
Produces other wonderful Effects,
By which the greateſt Wits confounded own
That to the Schools thoſe Secrets are unknown.
He moulds and whitens in the Air the Snow,
And with its Fleeces cloaths the Earth below.
He bids the Rain fall down in fruitful Show'rs,
Or from the Clouds vaſt Spouts of Water pours,
Which interrupt the Labour of the Day,
And drives th' unwilling Husbandman away
From his accuſtom'd Toyl, and lets him ſee
Who to the Seaſons gives Variety.
The Salvage Beaſts theſe dreadful Tempeſts chaſe
From the wild Deſart to their lurking place,
Where ſlumb'ring in their ſecret Dens they ſtay,
And in their Sleep purſue and tear their Prey.

Remark attentive, how the Winds, that owe
Their Birth to Southern Regions, boiſt'rous grow.
They Foreign Storms on their moiſt Pinions bear,
And charg'd with Seeds of Fire, and Stores of War,
Unload conflicting Meteors in the Air.
Then in the Northern Diſtricts of the Skies,
By his Direction adverſe Gales ariſe,
Which to remove the former are employ'd,
And thus they purge and clear th' Aerial Void.
He makes the blaſts of this Reſtringent Wind,
The ſtiff'ning Glebe in Cryſtal Fetters bind:
To Glaſs they turn the Lakes, on which they blow,
Benumb the Floods, and teach them not to flow.
He forms to Dew the Evening Miſts, that ſtay
And lag below drawn by a feeble Ray
Spent with th' exhaling labour of the Day.
Sometimes the Lord of Nature in the Air
Spreads forth his Cloud, his Sable Canvaſs, where
His Pencil dipt in Heav'nly Colours made
Of intercepted Sunbeams mixt with Shade,
Of temper'd Ether and refracted Light,
Paints his fair Rainbow charming to the Sight.
Theſe Meteors all are manag'd by his Hand,
Move, and direct their Courſe by his Command.
No leſs the reſt, which this low Region fill,
Obedient fly to Execute his Will.

On

On guilty Realms to let his Vengeance fall,
From their low Caves he's ſometimes pleas'd to call
Malignant Vapours which unſeen aſcend
And dire Contagion by degres extend,
Till o'er thoſe Kingdoms they their Force diffuſe,
And panting Thirſt and Purple Plagues produce.
But when he's pleas'd his Bounty to expreſs,
And would with Plenty pious Nations bleſs,
Then fruitful Dews deſcend at his Command,
And healthful Seaſons crown the happy Land.

O *Job*, Attention give, no more object
To God, no more on Providence reflect;
Rather his Counſels and his Rule adore,
Admire his Wiſdom, and Revere his Pow'r.
Can'ſt thou declare what Orders from above
Will come, by which theſe Meteors are to move?
Can'ſt thou by all thy Skill and Science know,
When in the Clouds he'll draw his beauteous Bow?
Canſt thou, preſumptuous Man, the way declare
How pond'rous Miſts hang ballanc'd in the Air?
When wilt thou bring ſuch ſecret Things to Light,
The wond'rous Works of Wiſdom Infinite?
Whence come the ſultry Gleams and ſcorching heat
When we beneath our lighteſt Garments ſweat?
Why ſhould the Southern Breezes calm the Floods,
Soften the Air, and dreſs in Green the Woods?

Whence do they breath thro' all the heaving Soil
Prolifick Warmth to bleſs the Labourer's Toil,
Since from that Region furious Whirlwinds riſe,
And ſtormy Clouds pollute and vex the Skies?
But now, O *Job*, proceed and raiſe thy Thought
To Objects more exalted, more remote.
Wert thou in Council with th' Almighty join'd,
When he the Model of the Heav'ns deſign'd?
Did *Job* to ſpread them forth Aſſiſtance give?
What Ornament, what Strength didſt thou contrive?
When he extended o'er the empty ſpace
His high Pavilion, where was, *Job*, thy place?
Didſt thou one End of the wide Curtain hold,
And help the Bales of Ether to unfold?
Tell, which Cerulean Pile was by thy Hands unroll'd?
Tho' this Tranſparent ſtarry Firmament
Is rais'd ſo high, and is of ſuch extent
That it confounds our weak unequal ſight,
Yet is it no leſs firm than clear and bright.
If thou haſt Skill, inſtruct us what to ſay
Of Pow'r Divine, and we'll Attention pay.
We own whene'er our curious Minds would climb
To Objects ſo unequal, ſo ſublime,
Our baffled Thoughts can no Diſcov'ry boaſt
But are confounded, and in Wonder loſt.

What

What Words, that ſuit the Caſe, can we expreſs?
Or what to Heav'n becoming Heav'n addreſs?
Would you of God a full Deſcription give,
You'll with a Task inſuperable ſtrive.
Exert your Reaſon, and you ſoon will find
The mighty Object will diſtract the Mind.
The ſteddieſt Head will turn at ſuch a Height,
Who can undazled gaze at uncreated Light?
Enquiring Men, that hardy ſhall eſſay
Immenſity of Being to ſurvey,
Will ſink in that unſearchable Abyſs
Of boundleſs Pow'r, and vaſt unmeaſur'd Bliſs.
Giddy with Splendor and exceſs of Day
They'll in a Maze of Glory miſs their way.
For mortal Man, his Eyes ſo feeble are,
Cannot the Sun's Meridian Luſtre bear,
When Northern Winds have ſwept and clear'd the Air:
Then ſure with Terror ſeiz'd he ſhould decline
The glorious Sight of Majeſty Divine;
Of Majeſty, from which we ſhould retire,
And at a Diſtance, ſtruck with Awe, admire.
And not too far into its Nature pry,
Or gaze upon it with a curious Eye.
For after all our bold Attempts, we find
Our Reaſon cannot graſp th' Eternal Mind.
So boundleſs, ſo tranſcendent is his Might,
So wiſe his Ways, and his Decrees ſo right,

That no Man ſhould debate th' Almighty's Deeds,
Nor ask a Reaſon, why he thus proceeds.
Should any ask it, God, who all ſurmounts
As Lord and Judge Supream, to none accounts.
And this ſhould pious Admiration raiſe,
And change our Diſcontent to grateful Praiſe:
Should our preſumptuous Arguments confute,
And teach us to adore, and not diſpute.
For God regards the humble, but defies
The boaſtful Sons of Pride; and in his Eyes
All Men are Fools, who in their own are wiſe.

Chap. XXXVIII.

Then did th' Almighty quit his high Abode,
And on the Winds, his ſwift-wing'd Courſers, rode.
Involv'd in Darkneſs down the Skies he came,
Whirlwinds before him flew, and Storms of Flame.
The Poles with Terror ſhook, and by their Flight
The panting Hills confeſs'd their dreadful Fright.
All Nature felt a reverential Shock,
The Sea ſtood ſtill, to ſee the Mountains rock.
Approaching near, th' Eternal ſpoke aloud
Theſe awful Accents from an opening Cloud.

Where art thou, *Job*, who by thy groſs Miſtake,
Doſt falſe Conſtructions of my Actions make?
Gird up thy Loyns, O Man, prepare to ſtand
Before a Judge, that comes at thy Demand.

I'll

I'll ſound thy Wiſdom and thy Science try,
And to my Queſtions, if thou canſt, reply.
Say, what wert thou, who could thy Station find,
When by the Model in my Breaſt deſign'd
Before all Ages, to exalt my Name
My Hands erected this capacious Frame?
Tell, if thou canſt this pitch of Knowledge reach,
Whence for my World did I Materials fetch?
Haſt thou the unexhauſted Mines explor'd
Which for the Structure did Supplies afford.
Know'ſt thou the Strength and Skill, that I employ'd
To dig out Matter from an empty Void?
How walking o'er the ſolitary Plains
Of ancient Night I found the wealthy Veins
Of Stones and Metals, which her Womb contains?
How for the Univerſe I mark'd a place,
And with what Compaſs circumſcrib'd the Space,
When from the barren Waſte I took in Ground,
Enclos'd it for a World, and fenc'd it round?
Canſt thou declare by what ſtupendous Art
I ſquar'd and ſhap'd and fitted every part?
Tell, on what Baſe did I the Fabrick reer,
And by what Cement do the Parts cohere?
When I deſcended from my lofty Throne,
And of the Building laid the Corner Stone,
Know'ſt thou how ſoon I rais'd the beauteous Caſe,
How ſoon the Roof ſtretch'd forth its azure Face,

When all th' Angelick Hoſt of Race Divine,
Whoſe beamy Heads the Morning Star outſhine,
The firſt-born Sons of God, my Praiſes ſung,
While the wide Heav'ns with Acclamations rung?

Who plac'd the rocky Doors before the Deep,
And did in ſandy Chains the Billows keep,
When the Diſruption of the upper Earth
Open'd its Womb to give the Ocean Birth,
O'er which my Clouds a ſable Veſt I drew,
And Miſty Mantles o'er its Boſom threw?
Did I not form a Gulph within the Land,
Did not the watry Troops at my Command
March to their Station with obſequious Haſte,
And find my rocky Bolts had bar'd their Priſon faſt?
Then ſaid I to the Sea diffus'd around,
Behold the Frontiers, which thy Empire bound:
Hither thou may'ſt, but may'ſt no further roll,
This Fence ſhall thy impetuous Waves controul.
By *Job*'s Appointment does the Sun diſplay
His Morning Beams, and ſpread the World with Day?
By thy Contrivance does the ſpringing Light,
To lengthen or contract the Day and Night,
Early or later in the Eaſt appear,
And thns divide the Seaſons of the Year?
Doſt thou with Wings provide the dawning Ray
Thro' Depths immenſe of Air to make its way,

In

In a few Moments to compleat its Race
And guild with Luſtre Earth's remoteſt Face,
Which does the various Shapes of Things reveal,
And ſhew them fair, as printed with a Seal?
Nature, that lay before with Shades oppreſt,
Is now in Light, as with a Garment, dreſt:
Light, by the guiltleſs peaceably enjoy'd,
But which obnoxious Criminals avoid;
For if detected by its Beams, they know
They muſt the Death, they merit, undergo.

Say, haſt thou e'er deſcended to ſurvey
The ſecret Springs, that feed the ſpacious Sea?
Haſt thou the Ocean ſearch'd, and wander'd o'er
The watry Walks, their Wonders to explore?
Did Death e'er meet thee at her Palace Gate,
Lead thee thro' all her Guards, and on thee wait
To ſee her gloomy Throne and horrid Rooms
of State?
Did ſhe her Arms and bloody Trophies ſhew,
And draw her Armies forth for thy Review?
Did ever Hell its Realms to thee diſcloſe,
To thee its mournful Subjects e'er expoſe,
And all its torturing Racks and Scenes explain
Of Grief immenſe and everlaſting Pain?

Curious haſt thou thy Compaſs drawn around
The ſpacious Globe, and its Dimenſions found?

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Canſt

Canſt thou ſet forth th' Etherial Mines on high,
Which the refulgent Oar of Light ſupply?
Is the Celeſtial Furnace to thee known,
In which I melt that golden Metal down?
Know'ſt thou the Magazines, in which I lay
My Stores and bright Materials for the Day;
Treaſures, from whence I deal out Light, as faſt
As all my Stars and laviſh Sun can waſte?
Canſt thou deſcribe the ſilent Deſart, where
Imperial Night does her black Standard reer,
To which the Shades, her ſable Troops, repair?
Whence ſhe her gloomy Parties ſends abroad
To beat in Chaſe of Day the Heav'nly Road.
Didſt thou divide the Empire of the Air,
And give to Light and Shade an equal Share?
Canſt thou to favour this alternate Sway
By turns efface, by turns reſtore the Day?
Haſt thou in all my airy Regions been,
The Houſes, where I work my Meteors, ſeen,
In which th' exhaling Reeks, that ſecret riſe
Born on rebounding Sun-beams thro' the Skies,
Are thicken'd, wrought and whiten'd till they grow
A Heav'nly Fleece, and ſoftly drop in Snow?
Haſt thou diſcover'd how aſcending Steams
Thin'd by the Sun's inſinuating Beams
Are form'd and temper'd, and become ſo hard
That they to fall in Hailſtones are prepar'd?

Haſt

Haſt thou ſurvey'd the Magazines on high
Where I repoſe my loud Artillery?
Where I my Arms and Ammunition lay
To be employ'd on that tremendous Day,
When I againſt a ſinful Land declare
Deſtructive Vengeance, and advance the War?
When I my bright immortal Weapons wield,
And to diſcharge my Fury take the Field.

How does the Light (I ask again) diſplay
Its radiant Wings, and ſpread the dawning Day?
Who the rich Metal beats, and then with Care
Unfolds the golden Leaves to gild the Fields of Air?
Canſt thou declare which way the Architect
His cloudy Forges did aloft erect,
And how the pond'rous Maſs was thither brought,
From which his ruddy Thunderbolts are wrought?
At whoſe Command do Winds whole Tempeſts blow,
That in thoſe Forges make the Metal glow?
How in the Air are Trains of Sulphur found,
Which when with watry Clouds encompaſs'd round,
Take Fire, and give impriſon'd Lightning Birth,
Which tears the Air, and terrifies the Earth?
How are the Heav'nly Aqueducts contriv'd,
Whence fruitful Floods are to the Earth deriv'd,
With which refreſh'd the ſandy Wilderneſs
Does in its chearful Looks its Joy expreſs,

And

And whence, like healing Balm, diſtilling Rains
Cement the Glebe and cure the gaping Plains?
With all their Fib'rous Mouths the Plants and Trees
Drink the ſweet Juices, and their Thirſt appeaſe;
Then riſing Sap thruſts out the tender Bud,
And crowns with verdant Pride the ſhady Wood.

If thou canſt ſecret Cauſes tell, explain
How hovering Miſts are form'd, and how the Rain;
How is the Dew arreſted in its flight,
Congeal'd and whiten'd in the Air by Night?
Whence does it ſpread its Froſtwork o'er the Meads,
Oppreſs the Trees, and bend their hoary Heads?
The Nature of the Ice diſtinctly ſhow
Which fetters and forbids the Flood to flow,
Compels the fluid Element to ſtand,
Hardens the Stream, and makes the Water Land.
Grown ſtiff with Cold the Billows roll no more,
But with their Cryſtal Arms embrace the Shore.
Pavements of Glaſs conceal the Ocean's Face,
And Armour-like his ſpacious Back encaſe.
Can'ſt thou command the Spring, cloſe opening Flow'rs,
And ſprouting Plants reſtrain, when kindly Show'rs
From Heav'n deſcend, caus'd by the Influence
And Luſtre which the Pleiades diſpence?
In Winter can'ſt thou break the Froſty Chains,
With which *Orion* binds the ſlipp'ry Plains,

And

And then to fit them for the Farmer's uſe,
Thro' all the Soil prolifick Heat diffuſe?
Can'ſt thou with Conſtellations fill the Skies,
And in his Turn make *Mazzaroth* ariſe?
Or guide *Arcturus* round the ſnowy Pole,
And bid his ſhining Sons in order roll?
Know'ſt thou th' Eternal Rules decreed above,
By which the Spheres in liquid Ether move?
What to his crooked Path the Sun confines
Between the Northern and the Southern Lines?
Who gave him Strength to run ſo ſwift a Race,
And ſet the Stages of his daily Race?
Do Planets chuſe untrodden Roads, and ſtray
By thy Appointment from the common Way?
Doſt thou their Vertue on the Stars beſtow,
And give them Empire o'er the World below?
Will they their Pow'r by thy Direction uſe,
And make ſuch Seaſons here, as thou ſhalt chuſe?
Say, to thy Orders will the Clouds attend,
And if thou call'ſt for Rain, will Rain deſcend?
At thy Command will ready Lightnings fly,
And Peals of Thunder ring around the Sky?
Who Godlike Wiſdom did to Man impart,
And who with Underſtanding fill'd his Heart?
Did'ſt thou inſpire him with this Ray Divine?
Was it thy Bounty, *Job*, or was it mine?
Who can the number of the Clouds enrol,
Which ſpread the Atmoſphere from Pole to Pole?

Canſt

Can'ſt thou by turns their Stores from falling ſtay,
By turns its Spoils back to the Earth convey?
When from above ſufficient Show'rs have bound
The duſty Glebe, and clos'd the cleaving Ground,
Can'ſt thou the Sluices of the Sky reſtrain,
And to the floating Urns confine the Rain?
Are Forreſt Beaſts by thee with Food ſupply'd?
For hungry Panthers does thy Care provide?
When an old Lyon, that can now no more
(His Vigour waſted) range the Deſart o'er,
Couch'd in his Den ſhall watch to ſeize his Prey;
Thither doſt thou th' unwary Fawn betray?
Or does the Raven on thy Care depend?
Doſt thou their Portion to his young ones ſend?
Thus far can *Job* his Providence extend?

Chap. XXXIX.

Tell, *Job*, the Time, when the wild Goats bring forth,
And to the flinty Rock commit their Birth.
Declare the Months, which pregnant Hinds compleat,
And when to Calve they to the Brakes retreat.
In pangs they bow themſelves, and in the Wood
At once their Off ſpring and their Grief exclude:
The Calves not only thoſe ſharp Pains ſurvive,
But, as with Corn ſupply'd, grow fat and thrive.
To ſeek their Meat they range the Hill and Wood,
Nor to the Hind return in want of Food.

Who

Who did, O *Job*, to the wild Aſs's Heart
So juſt a Senſe of Liberty impart?
Bravely impatient of the Bit and Rein
The generous Beaſt a Ruler does diſdain,
The Maſter's Crib and proffer'd Corn refuſe,
And Thiſtles joyn'd with Native Freedom chuſe.
He to the Mountains does from Towns repair,
Hunger he can, but cannot Slav'ry bear;
The Beaſt is free, whate'er his Suff'rings are.
He ne'er an Ignominious Burden mourns,
Defies the Driver, and the Rider ſcorns.
He never pants along the Sandy Road,
Choak'd with the Duſt, and bow'd beneath his Load.
The Hills and Forreſts Paſturage afford,
There can he range, and there command as Lord.
With Freedom bleſt he ne'er the Deſart quits,
But mocks the ſtupid Aſs, that his baſe Neck ſubmits.

Will the Wild Bull a Ruler's Laws obey,
And a tame Lab'rer with thy Oxen ſtay?
Will he receive the Yoke, bear rural Toil,
And plough the Furrows of thy fertile Soil?
Of a proud Maſter will he ſtand in awe,
And the ſharp Harrow o'er the Vally draw?
Becauſe his Strength is mighty, wilt thou yeild
That he ſhould bring thy Harveſt from the Field?

With

With curious Colours who the Peacock dy'd?
Whence has his ſweeping Train its painted Pride?
Say, who the Honour to himſelf aſſumes
Of forming by his Skill the beauteous Plumes,
And ſpacious Wings, that the vaſt Oſtrich wears,
Which by her Bulk a feather'd Beaſt appears?
She does her Eggs to the wild Deſart truſt,
And leaves her unform'd Off-ſpring in the Duſt;
Mean time forgets how ſoon it may be preſt
And cruſh'd by Trav'llers, or the roaming Beaſt.
The careleſs Bird does from her Young retreat,
Expecting that the Sand's prolifick heat
Her crude Conceptions ſhould at laſt compleat.
When ſhe exalts her Neck amidſt the Skies,
She does the Steed and Rider's Arms deſpiſe.

Didſt thou, O *Job*, give to the generous Horſe
His Confidence, his Spirit, and his Force?
Regard the ſpreading Mane that cloaths the Beaſt,
The graceful Terror of his lofty Creſt;
Is it thy Work? Can'ſt thou his Courage ſhake,
And make him, like a wretched Inſect, quake?
With native Fire his ſnorting Noſtrils glow,
And Smoak and Flame amidſt the Battle blow.
Proud with Exceſs of Life he paws the Land,
Tears up the Turf, and ſpurns around the Sand.
When he the Warlike Tube's ſhrill Muſick hears,
He leaps and bounds and pricks his liſtning Ears.

When

When he perceives from far the Foe's alarms,
He forward ſprings to meet the Warrior's Arms,
Fearleſs he runs on Swords, the Files invades,
And makes his Paſſage thro' the thick Brigades.
He mocks the Weapons which the Horſemen wield,
The ratling Quiver and the blazing Shield,
And in his Fury beats and bites the Ground,
Nor does he ſtart at the loud Trumpet's ſound;
But pleas'd Curvets, and ſpreads with Foam the Plain,
Oft Champs the Bit, and pulls the Curbing Rein;
Snuffs up the Air, and neighing ſmells from far
The Smoak and Thunder of advancing War.
Didſt thou inſtruct the Hawk to rove abroad,
A murth'ring Robber on the liquid Road?
By thee enabled does he wing his flight
Thro' the thin Gulph, ſwift as a Ray of Light?
What Feather'd Trav'ller beats the Plains of Air,
That with the Eagle can in Strength compare?
Midſt cloudy Meteors that can ſoar ſo high,
Or with ſuch active Pinions cut the Sky?
Who gave the Royal Bird this mighty Force,
And lent him Wings to make his rapid Courſe?
Didſt thou direct him where to build his Neſt,
That no Invader might his Peace moleſt?
He as a Fortreſs does his Dwelling keep
Midſt craggy Cliffs inſuperably ſteep.

Tow'ring

Tow'ring upon the Rock's impending Brow
He views with decent Pride baſe Birds below;
Does with a glance the ſpacious Vale ſurvey,
And, like a bolt of Thunder, makes his way
Down thro' the yielding Heav'ns to truſs his Prey.
Then to his young his crooked Pounces bear
The bloody Banquet ſwiftly thro' the Air.

Chap. XL.

Th' Almighty paus'd----*Job* (ſpeechleſs ſtruck) ſuppreſt
All his Complaints and Anguiſh in his Breaſt.
Then thus his God proceeded----Tell me, why
To my Demands thou makeſt no Reply?
Have not the Allegations I have brought
Improv'd thy Mind, and full Conviction wrought?
He that deſires the Argument to ſtate,
And would with me my Providence debate,
To paſt Objections muſt Solutions find,
And more, reply to Queſtions yet behind.

Then humbly *Job* return'd----Thy Heav'nly Light
Detects a ſtupid, miſerable Wight.
Confounded and amaz'd I can't withſtand
Thy Arguments, nor anſwer one Demand.
The Words which I have ſpoken, tho' but few,
Too many are, and high Preſumption ſhew.
Proſtrate before thy Footſtool I'll adore
Henceforth thy Greatneſs, but will ſpeak no more.

Th' Al-

Th' Almighty then from the black, hov'ring
Cloud,
In which invelop'd he was pleas'd to ſhroud
His awful Glory, *Job* did thus addreſs:
Thou, who to plead with me didſt oft expreſs
Thy Choice, and didſt thy ſpotleſs Virtue boaſt,
Haſt thou thy Courage and Aſſurance loſt?
Gird up thy Loyns then for another Task,
And anſwer Queſtions which I now ſhall ask.
Does not my providential Care reſpect
My loweſt Creatures? canſt thou then ſuſpect
That I'll Mankind my nobler Work neglect?
Strange! cannot *Job* his Innocence maintain,
Unleſs his peeviſh Cenſures God arraign?
Muſt I be thus reproach'd to clear thy Fame?
To make thee guiltleſs muſt I bear the blame?
And that thy Cauſe may ſeem to others right,
Wilt thou, audacious Man, thy God indite?
Doſt thou thy kind Creator thus requite?

Canſt thou, like God, a mighty Arm extend
To cruſh the Proud, the Humble to defend?
Canſt thou the Heav'ns aſtoniſh with thy Voice,
And imitate the Thunder's dreadful Noiſe?
Canſt thou ſwift Lightnings on thy Errand ſend?
And will the Meteors thy Commands attend?

In

In maſſy Robes of State thy Limbs array,
Thy Triumph and Majeſtick Pomp diſplay.
Thy dazling Crown and coſtly Purple wear,
And on thy Throne Magnificent appear.
Let Throngs of humble Princes on thee wait,
And numerous Guards expreſs thy Royal State,
That by unrival'd Glories thou may'ſt draw
Mens Admiration, and excite their Awe.
Around thee Storms of vengeful Fury throw,
And let deſtructive Rage oppreſs thy Foe.
On all the haughty in Diſpleaſure frown,
And make them hang their troubled Faces down.
Again, I ſay, let proud Oppreſſors, ſtrook
With Terror, tremble at thy angry Look:
And in thy Wrath oppreſs the wicked Race,
Who in their Wealth and Pow'r their Safety place:
Do theſe great things, and I my ſelf will grant
That Independant *Job* does no Aſſiſtant want.

But now to humble and amaze thee more,
To make thee in the Duſt thy ſelf abhor,
Remark thy fellow Creature *Behemoth*,
A Beaſt ſo ſtrong, of ſuch prodigious Growth,
That if on Fleſh he feaſted, what ſupplys
For ſuch a mighty Hunger would ſuffice?
His vaſt capacious Belly would conſume
Whole Flocks at once, and numerous Herds entomb.

Such

Such Deſolation to prevent, and ſpare
The Living World, it was the Maker's Care
That pleas'd with Paſture he ſhould bow his Head,
And, like the Ox, ſhould graze along the Mead.
His Form contemplate with a ſerious Thought,
How firm and ſtrong are all his Muſcles wrought?
Not only thoſe for Back and Breaſt deſign'd,
But theſe, by which his Bowels are confin'd.
His pliant Snout he like a Cedar moves,
Or a tall Pine, that in the Mountain Groves
Is by the Fury of a ſtormy Wind,
With mighty Sway from ſide to ſide inclin'd.
The vigorous Sinews of his Thighs are bound
Like complicated Cords, involv'd and wound,
And knit ſo faſt, that they ſuch Force impart
As yields not to th' Aſſailant's Arms or Art:
Bones firm as Braſs ſuſtain the ponderous Frame,
Or Bars of Iron temper'd in the Flame.
Tho' midſt the various ſalvage Brotherhoods,
That range the Mountains, and infeſt the Woods,
Are many Creatures, that in Power excell,
Vaſt for their Bulk, for Fierceneſs terrible;
Yet this chief Work of mine, this generous Beaſt
Exceeds in Strength and Structure all the reſt.
To wound his Foe and guard himſelf from Harms
His wondrous active Trunk, his native Arms,
To this prodigious Beaſt his Maker gave,
Which he on high does as a Fauchion wave,

For

For Paſture he frequents the verdant Plains,
And graſſy Hills, where he a Monarch reigns;
To which the Foreſt Beaſts in Troops reſort,
And by the Huntſmen unmoleſted ſport.
Thence to the Groves he does for Reſt retreat,
Or to the Covert of ſome Reedy Seat.
He lies extended in the ſhady Wood,
Or by the Willows, that adorn the Flood.
If panting with his Toil, and faint with Drought
He haſtens to the Banks, he makes no Doubt
When he his Mouth to *Jordan* ſhall apply
To quench his Thirſt, he ſhall the River dry.
What hardy Mortal can approach his Sight?
Who dares attempt a fair and open Fight?
By Force what Champion ever undertook
To faſten in his Noſe the ſervile Hook?

Chap. XLI.

Canſt thou ſtand angling on the Banks of *Nile*,
And with thy Bait *Leviathan* beguile?
Then ſtrike the bearded Iron thro' his Jaw,
And thro' the Flood the flouncing Monſter draw?
Haſt thou a Line to hold him? canſt thou guide
And play him with thy Rod along the Tide,
Till ſpent and tir'd, thou canſt his Strength command,
And on the Shoar the gaſping Captive land?
Will he, like Men o'erwhelm'd in ſore Diſtreſs,
To thee ſoft Words and humble Pray'r addreſs?

Will

Will he with tender Accents thee entreat,
And Pity to excite his Moan repeat?
Wilt thou a ſolemn Contract with him make,
The Monſter, as a Menial Servant, take?
Will he his Empire o'er the Waters quit,
And to obey a Maſter's Laws ſubmit?
A tame Domeſtick with thee will he ſtay,
Fawn on thy Sons, and with thy Daughters play?
Shall Fiſhermen rejoicing part the Spoil
To crown their Courage, and reward their Toil?
Shall each his Portion to the Market bear,
And to the Merchant ſell for Gold his Share?
Can'ſt thou his Head with bearded Spears divide,
Or pierce the ſcaly Armour of his Side?
Suppoſe thy hardy Valour ſhould aſſail
The furious Beaſt, would Swords or Darts prevail?
Shouldſt thou with Life eſcape, his dreadful Rage
Thou wouldſt remember, and no more engage.
The hopes the braveſt Warriors entertain
Of Conqueſt here, preſumptuous are and vain.
Would not the boldeſt Mortal, in deſpight
Of all his Courage, at the fearful ſight
Of ſuch a Creature, pale and trembling ſtand,
And drop his Weapons from his feeble Hand?
Is there a Man ſo fierce and fearleſs found,
That dares, tho' clad in Steel approach the Ground,
Where mid'ſt the ſhelt'ring Reeds he lies in Peace,
And will adventure to diſturb his Eaſe?

What Chief this Water Gyant will attack,
Or touch the ſcaly Coat that cloaths his Back?
The Champion that intrepid can advance
Againſt the brandiſh'd Sword and threatning Lance,
With Conſternation ſeiz'd in haſte withdraws
Far from the reach of his expanded Jaws.
Then canſt thou, *Job*, of me be not afraid,
Who the vaſt Beaſt and all his Terrors made?
Who once on me did Obligations lay,
Which by my Favours I did ne'er repay?
To clear the Debt can't I Rewards beſtow,
Lord of the Worlds above, and this below?

But let us more diſtinctly yet explore
The Frame, the comely Parts, and wondrous Pow'r
Of my ſtupendous Creature nam'd before.
He that his Mouth dares open, would diſcloſe
The bloody Throne of Death, long Murth'ring Rows
Of Spearlike Teeth, which fix'd on either hand
Along his Jaws in dreadful order ſtand.
Impenetrable Scales, like Plates of Braſs,
In beauteous Figures ſet, his Sides encaſe.
Clad in this Coat of Mail his Martial Pride,
He does the Sword and glitt'ring Dart deride.
They are ſo firmly plac'd, ſo cloſely joyn'd,
That Air it ſelf can no admiſſion find,

While

While they involv'd in ſtrict Embraces grow,
Embraces, that Diviſion never know.
Whene'er he ſneezes, from his Noſtrils flies
A Flaſh, like Lightning darted thro' the Skies,
His Eyes with Splendor all the Meads adorn,
Bright as the radiant Beauties of the Morn,
While reeking Breath breaks from his hollow Throat,
As from a Forge or Caldron boiling hot.
If hardy Swains his Anger dare provoke,
The Caverns of his Noſe caſt Flame and Smoak.
Sparks from his dreadful Mouth and furious ſtreams
Of Fire break forth inwrapt in Cloudy Steams.
His Neck, tho' not of formidable length
Is the high Throne of Pride, and Seat of Strength.
Triumphant Terror with its dreadful Reer
Amazement, Sorrow, Woe and ſhiv'ring Fear
Marching before, his hideous Pomp compoſe,
And ſeize on all around, where-e'er he goes.
The ſolid Strings of his hard Fleſh are wound
So faſt together, and ſo firmly bound,
That Men can ſcarce by Violence or Art
Th' adhering Muſcles, and ſtrong Sinews part.
His unrelenting Heart, as Marble hard,
Did ne'er Compaſſion's tender Moan regard.
Nor did ſoft Mercy's Fire once melt his Breaſt,
Which never Fear or Pity yet expreſt,

Try all thy Arts, thy Pray'rs and Tears repeat,
Thou wilt a Tempeſt, or a Rock entreat,
And with recoiling Strokes an Anvil beat.
When he amidſt the Waves uplifts his Head,
The moſt undaunted Minds his Preſence dread,
Such is their Conſternation, ſuch their Fright,
They know not whither to direct their flight,
And neither can eſcape, nor bear his ſight.
Let them with Sword in Hand the Beaſt attack,
The Steel will break in pieces on his Back.
In vain their threatning Arms Aſſailants wield,
For every Scale will prove a faithful Shield,
Nor will his Skin to the bright Javelin yield.
Weapons of Iron of each fatal kind,
Which the deſtructive Wit of Man can find,
He values, as the Bullruſh by the Flood,
And thoſe of Braſs, as Shafts of rotten Wood.
Thick Show'rs of Arrows ſinging thro' the Sky,
His Courage cannot ſhake, nor make him fly.
He looks on Stones with Skill and Fury ſlung,
And Darts, as Stubble, by th' Invader ſlung.
When clam'rous Troops againſt him bold advance,
He ſmiles at Swords, and mocks the threatning
Lance.
Projected Spears from his hard Back recoil,
And with their Splinters ſpread the miry Soil.
When thro' the Deep he rolls from ſide to ſide,
And tumbles in the Bottom of the Tyde,

He

He ſhakes the Banks, and agitates the Waves,
Like Tempeſts loos'd from Subterranean Caves.
His Motion works and beats the Oazy Mud,
And with its Slime incorporates the Flood;
Till all th' encumber'd, thick, fermenting Stream
Does one vaſt Pot of boiling Oyntment ſeem.
Whene'er he ſwims, he leaves along the Lake
Such frothy Furrows, ſuch a foamy Track,
That all the Waters of the Deep appear
Hoary with Age, or Grey with ſudden Fear.
On Earth in Strength his Equal is not found;
Tho' he is low, and creeps along the Ground,
Yet he the proudeſt Warrior Beaſt diſdains,
And o'er the ſpacious Vally Monarch reigns.
The ſtrongeſt Creatures tremble at his ſight,
Whom he to pieces tears with ſportive Might.

Chap. XLII.

Theſe awful Words, in which Conſpicuous ſhine,
The marks of Pow'r and Majeſty Divine,
Did *Job* awaken, and his Grief renew
Setting his Errors clearly in his View:
Who now a full and free Confeſſion made,
Humbly ſubmitted to his God, and ſaid;
Eternal Wiſdom Man's ſhort reach tranſcends,
Far as thy Will, thy Pow'r its Sphere extends.
Thou uncontroul'd wilt thy Deſigns compleat,
Nor Force, nor Art can thy great Ends defeat.

As God has pull'd me down, and left me Poor,
So he my Strength and Subſtance can reſtore.
Convinc'd by thy inlight'ning Speech, I own
That I have raſh, audacious Folly ſhown,
Vent'ring with Reaſon's weak, unequal Line
To ſound the Depths of Providence Divine.
Searching the ſecret Counſels of thy Breaſt,
I have preſumptuous Forwardneſs expreſt.
But now my unconſider'd Words, and all
My Cenſures of thy Conduct, I recall.
My Arrogance ſubmiſſive I condemn,
That made me ſpeak on ſo ſublime a Theme;
Whoſe Wonders all created Wit exceed,
And ſhould our ſilent Admiration feed.
Awful Myſterious Things to be ador'd,
But not by vain and curious Heads explor'd.
O let thy Anger be appeas'd, and hear
My humble Accents with a gracious Ear.
No more of Knowledge will I boaſt, nor bold
Attempt thy Schemes and Conduct to unfold.
Do thou inſtruct me with thy Heav'nly Light,
And chaſe the hov'ring Shades that cloud my ſight.
Let Truth Divine its radiant Beams diſplay,
Remove the Night, and ſpread my Mind with Day.
Something I knew by ſtudious Search before,
Thy Wiſdom own'd, and did thy Power adore;
But ſince I've view'd thy awful Majeſty,
Thoſe high Perfections I more clearly ſee.

Henco

Hence conſcious Stings deep in my Boſom ſtick,
And ſelf-diſpleaſure wounds me to the quick,
When I reflect on my Behaviour paſt,
And raſh Aſperſions on th' Almighty caſt;
And that thy Strokes I did reluctant bear,
And wiſh'd for Death ſo oft in my Deſpair,
As if the Righteous were no more thy Care.
My arrogant Diſcourſes I repent,
And Charges brought againſt thy Government,
Which delug'd in my Tears I now lament.
I grieve, that grown impatient of thy Rod,
I juſtified my ſelf, and cenſur'd God.

So much th' Almighty this Confeſſion pleas'd,
That againſt *Job* his Anger was appeas'd:
Then turning thus to *Eliphaz*, he ſpoke,
But thou, and theſe thy Friends, my Wrath provoke.
For you have all perverſe Conſtructions made
Of thoſe Afflictions, which on *Job* I laid;
Who tho' his various Faults are in my view,
Has yet expreſs'd more Piety than you.
Sev'n Bullocks then, and Rams as many, take,
And *Job* attend, he ſhall atonement make,
Which ſhall be grateful for my Servant's ſake.
To Heav'n pure Supplications he ſhall ſend,
And I Compaſſion will to you extend.
Let this be done, leſt on each guilty Head
My Vengeance fall; becauſe, as I have ſaid,

My ways you wreſted to an impious Senſe,
Utter'd falſe Gloſſes on my Providence,
And harden'd ſhut your Ears to *Job*'s Defence.

The three Wiſe Men, of Wrath Divine afraid,
Profound Submiſſion to their Maker made,
And *Job*, to intercede for Mercy, pray'd:
Whoſe humble Cries th' Almighty gracious heard,
Diſmiſs'd his Anger, and th' Offenders ſpar'd.
While *Job* this Duty for his Friends diſcharg'd,
God from his Streights the pious Man enlarg'd.
And then decreed his Vigour to reſtore,
And all thoſe Bleſſings he enjoy'd before.
Nor did he ceaſe his Bounty to repeat,
Till he had made him twice as Rich and Great.
Then all his Friends and Kindred, who as Foes,
Had *Job* deſerted in his various Woes,
Of his Deliv'rance when they heard the Fame,
Their Gladneſs to expreſs around him came:
And when condoling Words they had rehears'd
They prais'd kind Heav'n, that had his Fate revers'd.
Each in his Hand a coſtly Preſent bears,
One Coyn, one Golden Pendants for the Ears.
Thus God chaſtis'd him with a kind Intent,
And made him Poor his Riches to augment.
The Herds and Woolly Flocks he once poſſeſt,
Now to a double number were encreaſt.

His

His fruitful Wife, his Off-ſpring to reſtore,
Sev'n comely Sons, and three fair Daughters bore.
One was *Jemina*, one *Keſia* nam'd,
The third was *Kerenhappuch*, Virgins fam'd
For charming Beauty, which the Siſters bleſt
Beyond the blooming Daughters of the Eaſt.
Nor did good *Job*, as Cuſtom would allow,
Theſe with ſmall Portions of his Goods endow,
But being equal to his Sons declar'd,
They his great Riches with their Brothers ſhar'd.
God, after this ſurprizing Turn of Fate,
Encreas'd his Days, as much as his Eſtate.
For he indulgent added twice Threeſcore,
And twice ten Years to thoſe he liv'd before.
Thus in a numerous Off-ſpring happy he
Did with Delight the Fourth Succeſſion ſee.
Then fully ripe in Age reſign'd his Breath,
And knew the Bleſſing of unpainful Death.

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MUSEUM

THE SONGS OF *Moſes, Deborah,* &c.

With ſome

Select PSALMS,

AND

CHAPTERS of *ISAIAH,*

AND THE

Third Chapter of *Habakkuk,*

PARAPHRAS'D.

By Sir *RICHARD BLACKMORE* Knt. *M. D.*

Printed in the YEAR, 1716.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE SONG of *MOSES* PARAPHRAS'D,

Exodus, Chap. xv.

OUR Shouts to Heav'n, ye Sons of *Jacob*, raiſe,
Extol in ſacred Songs of Praiſe
The great *Jehovah*'s Miracles of Might,
And bleſs the Lord of Hoſts, who did for *Iſrael* fight.

Let all the wide-ſtretch'd Mouths of Fame
From Pole to Pole his wond'rous Work proclaim,
That Men may tremble, and adore his Name.
Let it to all the Realms around be known
How he our Foes has overthrown:
How he diſclos'd the Sea's capacious Womb,
And did in Chryſtal Graves their Troops entomb;

Who

Who ſunk and periſh'd in the Tide,
Where now triumphant Waves o'er Horſe and Horſemen ride.

He is our Bulwark and Defence;
Shielded by his Omnipotence
We all the Heathen World defy;
This mighty Warrior, this our great Ally,
With his Etherial Shield and Arms Divine,
Does at the Head of our Batallions ſhine.
Graſping his bright immortal Lance,
He does before our Hoſt to charge the Foe advance.
Jacob by Strength deriv'd from him is ſtrong,
And, as he is our Strength, he ought to be our Song.

Our Lord, to free us from our Bondage, broke
Th' inexorable Tyrant's Yoke;
Our Shoulders pain'd with cruel Burdens eas'd,
And from our heavy Chains our Feet releas'd:
He led us from th' inhoſpitable Land,
Sav'd us from *Pharoah*'s ſavage Hand,
And terribly chaſtis'd thoſe *Pagan* Pow'rs;
And as the Lord of Hoſts is ours,
He was our Fathers All-ſufficient God,
We therefore will prepare him an Abode;
And there an Altar and a Temple raiſe,
A ſacred Place of Pray'r and Praiſe

Where

Where we devoutly proſtrate will adore
Our mighty Saviour, and his Aid implore.

Th' Eternal does in Arms excel,
What Pow'r can his projected Darts repell?
Who can againſt his Thunder ſtand,
Or who elude his never-erring Hand?
Let him but wield his dreadful Blade
Of malleable Lightning made,
Let him advance into the Field
And lift on high his adamantine Shield,
Whoſe brighter Rays the waning Sun diſgrace,
As his the ſick'ning Moon efface;
Let him with his Celeſtial Equipage
March forward ready to engage,
And where's th' undaunted Man, that would not fly.
Or if he ſtay'd, would not affrighted die?

He terribly rebuk'd th' *Egyptian*'s Pride,
Who his Almighty Arm defy'd?
And to deſtroy them, who his Vengeance dar'd,
An unexpected watry War prepar'd.
He did his Fury on the Deep diſplay,
And drew his rolling Legions in Array:
Then bad the Waves in Martial Order flow,
And with his fluid Squadrons charg'd the Foe.

Th' amaz'd

Th' amaz'd *Egyptians* fled for fear,
While roaring Surges hung upon their Rear.
The foaming Files o'ertook them in the Chaſe,
And overwhelm'd the cruel Race.
Bows, Banners, Spears, an unexampled Wreck,
Lay floating on the Ocean's back;
While Chariots, Horſe and Horſemen kill'd,
The Sea's inferiour Chambers fill'd.
The mighty Hoſt the Caves beneath oppreſt,
And the low Horrors of the Deep encreaſt.
The Sea before of ſuch a wealthy Spoil,
While pent within her Shores, ne'er rob'd the Soil.
While no Detachment of her Waves ſhe made
The Frontier Regions to invade;
Nor watry Parties ſent abroad
To ſweep the neighb'ring Fields, and plunder Man's
[Abode.

High Heaps of Swords and Bucklers ſtood,
Like Rocks of poliſh'd Iron, in the Flood.
The Fiſh made haſte to ſeize their Prey,
But when they ſaw the ſhining Shields diſplay
Thro' the dark Realm prodigious Day,
And how the Dead in Armour ſhone
With ſcaly Sides far brighter than their own,
Th' affrighted Spoilers ſwiftly fled;
And thus their Arms, that could not give
Protection to th' *Egyptians* when alive,
Defended them when dead.

Like Stones they fell beneath the Flood,
And the *Red Sea* appeas'd their Thirſt of Blood.
Glorious in Pow'r, great Lord of Hoſts,
Is thy right Hand, which ſuch Archievements [boaſts;
Which has defeated *Pharoah*'s Troops,
And ſunk to Hell the proud *Egyptian*'s Hopes.
In the low Priſons of the Deep
Thou doſt thy Captive Rebels keep:
Mountains of liquid Cryſtal on 'em caſt
Secure the Doors, and bar the Dungeons faſt.

Array'd with Glory and begirt with Might
Thou didſt thy People's Battel fight,
And haſt ſubdu'd the impious Foes,
Who againſt *Jacob* and his Leader roſe.
They fell by Storms of Fury on them pour'd,
Like Stubble by fierce Flames devour'd.
Commanded by thy Breath th' obſequious Main
Stood ſtill, and gather'd up its flowing Train.
Then did thy Voice the Sea divide,
And, as it rends the Hills, it ſplit the cleaving Tide.
Benumb'd with Fear the Waves erected ſtood
O'erlooking all the diſtant Flood.
Mountains of craggy Billows riſe,
And Rocks of ſtiffen'd Water reach the Skies.
Remoter Waves came crowding on to ſee
This ſtrange transforming Myſtery,

But

But they approaching near,
Where the high Chryſtal Ridges did appear,
Felt the Divine Contagion's Force,
A while mov'd ſlothful, and then ſtop'd their
[Courſe.

Marching along the proud *Egyptians* cry'd;
Let us purſue the flying Slaves;
We'll overtake them, and the Spoil divide;
Where is the God that *Iſrael* ſaves?
We'll our Revenge and luſt of Slaughter cloy,
While unrelenting we deſtroy,
And graſp the Spear and draw the Sword
To root this Nation out by all abhor'd.
We'll bath the Deſart with a purple Flood,
And heal its gaping Clefts with *Hebrew* Blood:
While one vile Wretch alive is found,
The Trumpet no Retreat ſhall ſound:
In dreadful Language we'll declare
Th' *Egyptians* ſtill their Maſters are.
Tho' their Rebellion they ſhould mourn,
And fain to *Egypt*'s Brick-kilns would return,
We would not ſpare the hateful Race,
But every Mark of *Jacob*'s Houſe efface:
Let 'em to *Moſes* cry they are oppreſt,
While we in Vengeance reign, and on Deſtruction
[feaſt.

As thus the Gulph the vain *Egyptian* croſt
And with loud Threats purſu'd our trembling [Hoſt,
Thou with thy pow'rful Wind didſt blow,
And ſoon the thawing Heaps began to flow:
The Waves, that ſtood as Bulwarks, were diſſolv'd:
And *Pharoah*'s Chariots and his Troops involv'd,
Who from the roaring Deluge would have fled,
But to the Bottom ſunk like Lead.

Among the Gods of all the Nations round
Equal to thee is any found,
Any that can with Rival Glory ſhine
Or ſhew ſuch perfect Holineſs as thine?
When we the various Triumphs ſing,
And great Atchievements, which exalt thy Name,
To us thy Praiſes Joy and Comfort bring,
And to thy Foes Confuſion, Fear and Shame:
Thou art a Wonder-working God, thy Might
Does all thy trembling Enemies affright,
But grateful Admiration in our Breaſts excite.

When thou extendedſt o'er the Tide
Thy Hand, that does all Nature guide,
The conſcious Waves the high Command obey'd,
Like melting Piles of Snow they flow'd apace,
And marching furious on they diſarray'd
Then ſwallow'd up the impious Race.

In

In great Compaſſion thou haſt broke
Th' Oppreſſor's hard, unſufferable Yoke.
For *Jacob*'s Sons in Perſon thou haſt fought,
Amazing Miracles haſt wrought,
And *Iſrael* back from *Egypt* brought.
To ſacred *Canaan*'s promis'd Land
Thou with thy mighty outſtretcht Hand
Shalt reſcu'd *Iſrael* guide,
Where with thy Favour bleſt he ſhall in Peace
[abide.

Fame ſhall with theſe ſtrange Tidings ſpread
Thro' all the Nations univerſal Dread.
Wild Looks and Geſtures ſhall declare
How great their Fears and Sorrows are.
Th' Inhabitants of *Paleſtina*'s Land
Shall trembling and aſtoniſh'd ſtand.
Edom's proud Potentates ſhall be afraid,
And *Moab*'s mighty Men diſmay'd.
The dreadful News ſhall make pale Tyrants ſtart,
And melt within his Breaſt the ſtouteſt Warrior's
[Heart.

The Lords of *Canaan* ſhall Affright expreſs,
And all their People ſhow extream Diſtreſs.
The Terrors of thy conqu'ring Arm [arm.
Theſe of their Strength and Courage ſhall diſ-

Thy

Thy Wonders will their Captains ſo amaze,
That they will ſpeechleſs ſtand and gaze;
While *Jacob*'s Sons by thee from Bondage brought,
The People thou haſt bought,
And for the Purchaſe newly made
Such mighty Sums of Miracles haſt paid,
To *Canaan*'s happy Realm ſhall be convey'd.

Thither thou'lt lead the favour'd Race,
And give them ſafe Poſſeſſion of the Place.
Thou wilt fulfill thy great Deſign
By planting there theſe Colonies Divine.
Their peaceful Dwellings ſhall be ſpread
Around *Moriah*'s lofty Head,
On which thy ſacred Dome ſhall ſtand
Diffuſing pious Awe thro' all the Land.

The Lord ſhall ruſe with Pow'r and Glory crown'd,
No Time or Space ſhall his wide Empire bound.
Immortal Pillars his fixt Throne ſuſtain,
And, as himſelf, eternal is his Reign.

Not like proud *Pharoah*'s, who his Army led
To chaſe our Youth, that from his Fury fled;
Who enter'd with his Troops the opening Space,
And hop'd the dreadful Gulph to paſs;
But God, who had his way beſet
Drew o'er the Hoſt his watry Net:

To

To finish this miraculous Campaign
He loos'd the Bonds, that did the Waves restrain.
Then the congested Billows tumbled down,
And liquid Ruins did the Tyrant drown.
His Chariots and his Horse were swept away,
Ingulph'd and swallow'd by the conquering Sea:
But the firm Waves on either Hand
Did, as high Walls, erected stand
And left dry Ground between, 'till *Israel* gain'd the [Land.

THE

THE SONG of *MOSES* PARAPHRAS'D,

Deut. Chap. xxxii.

HArken, O Heav'ns, and you Empyreal Spheres
Did you poſſeſs as many liſtn'ng Ears
As Starry Eyes, all as you move along
Should be employ'd to hear my following Song.
Solemn to my important Words attend,
And back my Notes in tuneful Ecchoes ſend.
Peace, ye tumultuous Waters of the Deep,
A while ye yelling Monſters Silence keep;
And let the Billows roll themſelves aſleep.
Be ſtill, ye Earthquakes in the Caves beneath,
Ye Winds be huſh'd, and ſtop your ſtormy Breath.
Thunders, your loud diſtracting Noiſe forbear,
Tempeſts, be gone, and leave in Peace the Air;

That

That Heav'n and Earth at once, the Air and Sea
Without disturbance may Attention pay,
Whilst I th'Almighty's wondrous Deeds display.

And let not my Divine Discourse be vain,
Let it distil as Dew, and drop as Rain,
That in delightful Verdure cloaths the Hills,
And with rich Fruits the smiling Valley fills.
Whilst I aloud to the wide World proclaim
His Majesty August, and awful-Name,
And sing his Triumphs, *Jacob*'s Tribes, do you
To God ascribe the Pow'r and Glory due.

God is a Rock unchang'd by Ages past,
And by the future shall unshaken last.
Perfect are all his Works, and pure his Ways;
From Truth's Eternal Rule he never strays.
Upright and Equal all his Deeds appear;
He's Just, when Kind; and Gracious, when Severe.
Therefore, ye Sons of *Jacob*, be it known,
On your own Heads you pull Destruction down.
Your black Offences have incens'd your God,
And forc'd his Hand to grasp his Vengeful Rod.
Say not that yours, the Faults of Children are,
Which a kind Father is induc'd to spare:
Your Crimson Spots, and Ignominious Stains
Tell the rank Poison that infects your Veins.

Your

Your unexampled Contumacy ſhows
You are not Children, but inver'rate Foes.
Th' Almighty's Goodneſs do you thus deſpiſe?
Ah fooliſh Generation and unwiſe!
Your great Deliverer do you thus requite?
His Pow'r and Mercy thus perverſly ſlight?
You by a vaſt Expence of Wonders bought
He from your Bondage back from *Egypt* brought.
And then advanc'd you to imperial Sway,
And made the Pagan Kings your Laws obey;
From all the Nations choſe you for his own,
And did your Sons with Pow'r and Plenty crown.
Conſult our ancient Fathers, to the Source
Of our Recorded Story have recourſe,
You'll find, when God did with a lib'ral Hand
To various People, give the parted Land,
He from the reſt did *Canaan*'s Land divide,
Where *Jacob*'s Offspring ſhould in Peace reſide:
Then from the Pagan did their Empire bound,
For his own Seat fenc'd this Incloſure round,
And bleſt with his Abode the ſacred Ground:
Thus he his People did to Pow'r advance,
And fill'd with Wealth his own Inheritance.

To ſeek out *Jacob* he the Deſart paſt,
And found him in a loneſome, barren Waſte,
With Pain and Want and ſervile Chains oppreſt,
A Prey to every fierce *Egyptian* Beaſt.

God with Compaſſion mov'd by ſuch Diſtreſs,
Led the loſt Stranger thro' the Wilderneſs,
And to direct him in his dubious way
Did on his Mind diffuſe Celeſtial Day;
Did Things convenient and Delights ſupply,
And kept him, as the Apple of his Eye:
See, as an Eagle o'er his young ones flies,
Spreads out his Wings, and flutters in the Skies,
Then from her Neſt does her bold Offspring bear
Their Courage to provoke, and make 'em dare
To try their Wings, and truſt themſelves in Air:
So did th' Almighty *Jacob*'s Sons excite
From *Egypt*'s Priſons to attempt their Flight.
Which he aſſiſted with a Father's Care,
And did their way thro' parting Waves prepare.
Then thro' the pathleſs Deſart was their Guide,
And when the Tribes for *Egypt*'s Onions cry'd,
He in the Wilderneſs his Table ſpread,
And in his airy Ovens bak'd the Bread,
With which th' ungrateful Murmurers were fed.

Then marching forward, with a mighty Hand
He led them to poſſeſs a fertile Land,
Where they the vanquiſh'd Heathen Lords purſu'd,
Reduc'd their Towns, and their ſtrong Forts ſubdu'd,
That they the fruitful Region might enjoy,
And with Delights their raviſh'd Senſes cloy:

A

A Soil, which Nature's choiceſt Favours crown,
With Streams of Milk and Honey overflown;
Honey, that runs in yellow fragrant Seas
From ſecret Holes of Rocks and hollow Trees.
Refreſh'd with Oyl their chearful Faces ſhone,
And with the Grape's rich Blood they warm'd their own:
And yet the Tribes by gracious Heav'n careſt,
Rever'd abroad, at home with Plenty bleſt,
Grew fat and vicious, like a pamper'd Beaſt,
They all the Bounds of grateful Duty broke,
Spurn'd at their Soveraign, and deſpis'd his Yoke.
The Tribes revolted and renounc'd their Lord,
Forſook his Altars, and ſtrange Gods ador'd;
Tho' he had unexampled Favour ſhown,
And kind eſpous'd their Int'reſts, as his own.
Then in his Breaſt fierce Jealouſie began,
Fierce Jealouſie, the Rage of God and Man.

They impious Worſhip lowly proſtrate pay,
And with unhallow'd Rites crown'd Victims ſlay
To hateful Fiends, that in their Domes abide,
And in the Mock-Divinities reſide.
The Fools themſelves the Gods they ſerve create,
Vain Upſtart Deities of modern Date;
Empty Productions of fantaſtick Fear,
Not Gods above, but manufactur'd here.

But their Celeſtial Father they forgot,
Who their unthankful Tribes from *Egypt* brought.
And, as a Rock, did oft in Danger hide
Their murmuring Sons, and for their Wants provide.
Then gave them Riches with a liberal Hand,
And rais'd them to Renown and wide Command.
But ſo perverſe, ſo black their Errors were,
That God his People, once his tender Care,
In his fierce Wrath indignant did diſclaim,
And threw them off, his Children but in Name.
Henceforth, ſaid he, I will conceal my Face,
Nor will be found by this unfaithful Race;
Then they, and all the Nations round, ſhall ſee
The ſad Event of this Apoſtacy.
From my Protection, and my Favour caſt,
Which they have long abus'd, they ſhall at laſt
The dreadful Fruits of bold Rebellion taſte.

Since the revolted, ſtubborn Tribes agree
To fill my Soul with Wrath and Jealouſie,
Imaginary Gods while they adore,
And to their Fictions give Almighty Pow'r,
In like Deſigns againſt them I'll engage,
And will their Sons by Jealouſie enrage.
The Time will come when I'll no more confine
My Favour and Regard to *Jacob*'s Line.
To grieve their Sons my Bleſſings I'll diſpence
Amidſt a ſalvage People void of Senſe;

And

And, like my Sun, will ſpread inlight'ning Grace
On every Nation ſprung from *Adam*'s Race.

On thee, O *Jacob*, I thy Jealous God
Vaſt Heaps of heavy Miſchief will unload.
For kindled by my Rage a Fire ſhall burn
The Foreſts down, the Hills to Cinders turn.
It thro' the Bowels of the Earth ſhall ſpread,
And ſcorch the cold Apartments of the Dead;
All Nature's Frame ſhall my fierce Anger feel,
And drench'd with Wrath Divine the Earth ſhall reel.
I all my Stores and Arſenals will drain
To pour Deſtruction down and deadly Pain,
Will from my Quiver all my Arrows ſend,
And to deſtroy the Tribes my Vengeance ſpend.
Some ſhall by ling'ring Famine waſted lie,
And ſhall not, till 'tis late, have leave to die.
Their Air ſhall be infected, and the Breath
That fed their Life, ſhall now give certain Death.
Fevers in livid, pois'nous Steams convey'd,
And ſpotted Peſts their Dwellings ſhall invade.
Should any theſe my foremoſt Plagues out-live,
I'll to the Foreſt Beaſts Commiſſions give,
And to the Serpents, that in Caves abide,
Or in the Duſt their ſpeckled Terrors hide,
Th' Apoſtate Sons of *Jacob* to devour,
Who ſlight my Favours, and defy my Pow'r.

If theſe Domeſtick Miſchiefs can't deſtroy
This ſtubborn Nation, I'll the Sword employ.
I'll bring in ſure Deſtruction from afar,
And all the Terrors of reſiſtleſs War.
Virgins in vain their Innocence ſhall plead,
Young Men their Youth, the Old their hoary Head.
Peirc'd with the Sword the ſucking Child ſhall cry,
And in the fainting Mother's Boſom die.
I from the Earth would theſe Apoſtates drive,
And leave no Soul of *Jacob*'s Line alive,
Did not I fear the Heathen would blaſpheme,
Reproach my Conduct, and my Wrath condemn.
That they would vaunt, and ſay, their mighty Hand
Subdu'd the Tribes, and chas'd them from their Land.
For *Jacob*, void of Senſe and full of Pride,
Rejects the Counſel, which his Steps ſhould guide.
O that theſe unconſidering Men were wiſe
And knew in what their Int'reſt chiefly lies,
That they to wholſome Dictates would attend,
Think on their Ways, and mind their latter End!
If they would thus reflect, God's Penal Blow
Is ſure and fatal be it ne'er ſo ſlow:
The Debt of Vengeance grows by his Delay,
And ſwells the Sum, which he will ſurely pay.
How ſhould one Man a thouſand chaſe, and two
Ten thouſand flying Enemies purſue,

Had

Had not their God in Wrath withdrawn his Aid,
And their high Fences flat and open laid,
Had he not shut them up in secret Caves,
And to th' insulting Pagan sold the Slaves?
For let our Foes be Judges, they'll declare
That to our God, their own Inferiour are:
This by the Suff'rings which they undergo
Their conquer'd Towns and routed Armies know.
Had he been pleas'd with *Israel* to abide,
Vict'ry had still attended *Israel*'s Side:
Since from our selves enormous trouble springs,
And heinous Guilt alone Destruction brings.

I planted *Jacob* first a noble Vine,
Expecting thence a rich and grateful Wine;
But 'tis degenerate, and a sourer Juice
The Grapes of *Sodom* never did produce.
Nn baser Stock did in *Gomorrah* grow,
For Gall and Wormwood from the Wine-Press flow.
No ranker Poison wild *Arabia* yields
Than this, that springs in *Palastina*'s Fields.
Their Wine the Venom of the Asp exceeds,
Or that which in his Teeth the Viper breeds.
But tho' I suffer long, they grossly err,
Who boldly thence Impunity infer.
Their impious Deeds exactly I record,
And safe their Crimes are with my Treasure stor'd,
Next to the Caves, where I my Torments hoard.

I claim a Right to Punish and Reward,
Nor is the Debt forgotten tho' defer'd.
Vengeance digests and strengthens, as it lyes,
And will at last to full Perfection rise.
Guilt and Destruction still together go,
And Wrath is always ripe, when Sin is so.
The black and dismal Day approaches near,
When Justice in its Terrors will appear.
A Day of greater Sorrow and Distress,
Than Fear can apprehend, or Words express.
Then suff'ring *Israel* will in Anguish say,
God did not pardon, tho' he did delay.

Yet he at last will from his Wrath depart,
Plead for his People, and their Cause assert.
His tender Nature will at length relent,
And with repenting People, he'll repent.
Commiseration will possess his Breast
When he beholds his *Israel* sore distrest,
And finds the wastful Plagues, that he employ'd,
Have almost *Jacob*'s guilty Race destroy'd.
He'll thus the stupid Criminals upbraid,
Where are the Gods to whom you bow'd and pray'd;
To Idols for Protection bend the Knee,
The Gods, you chose, when you rejected me.

Their

Their Vot'ries you did Adoration pay,
In their proud Temples Rams and Bullocks
slay,
And rich Oblations on their Altars lay.
To these Abominations, *Israel*, cry,
In thy Distress their Pow'r and Goodness try.
With loud repeated Pray'rs thy Gods invoke
To bring thee Aid, and break thy heavy Yoke.
Ye Tribes, by sad Experience learn and see,
That I the Lord, and I alone am he,
Who can subdue your Foes, and set your Captives free.
I at my Pleasure kill, and make alive,
I wound and heal, I Health and Sickness give.
Where is the Arm, that can my Pow'r restrain,
And loose that Pris'ner's Bonds, whom I detain?
I lift on high my Hand, I solemn swear,
And, as I live for ever, I declare,
That when I once resolve to take the Field,
To whet my glitt'ring Sword, and raise my Shield;
When I my deadly Instruments prepare,
And arm my self to undertake the War,
My Fury shall my Enemies devour,
And on their Lands I'll Storms of Vengeance pour.
I'll give my hungry Sword their Flesh for Food,
And make my thirsty Arrows drunk with Blood.

Their Voices let the Gentile World employ,
And join with *Jacob*'s Sons in Songs of Joy.
For on their Foes God will avenge the Blood
Of thoſe, who ſtedfaſt in his Service ſtood.
To *Iſrael*'s Offspring he will Mercy ſhow,
And on their Dwellings Light and Truth beſtow,

THE

THE SONG of *Deborah* PARAPHRAS'D,

Judges, Chap. v.

LET the Victorious Tribes of *Israel* ſing,
Let their loud Joy thro' Heav'n's wide Chambers ring;
And while with one confed'rate Voice they bleſs
Their Saviour God, and his great Love confeſs,
Let them repeated Shouts of Triumph raiſe,
And ſpend the Breath he gave them in his Praiſe.

He has our Swords with Conqueſt crown'd,
Diffus'd the Fear of *Israel*'s Name around,
And to avenge us on our Foes [oppoſe.
Has cruſh'd the haughty Pow'rs, that did our Hoſt
Our Troops by Heav'n with generous Zeal [inſpir'd,
The glorious Hazards of the Field deſir'd;
God fill'd their Veins with military Rage,
And made them bold in Arms, and eager to engage.

Ye

Ye Potentates and Princes, hear,
Ye Kings and Rulers of the Earth give Ear,
I *Deb'rah*, I will in a lofty Strain
Sing the great King, by whom you live and reign.
When God in Perſon did our Tribes command,
And led them with a mighty Hand
From wild *Arabia*'s Rocks to *Canaan*'s Land;
When we had paſs'd the fruitful Plain
Till'd by the *Idumean* Swain,
What Marks of Greatneſs did his March attend?
What Pow'r did he in Miracles expend?
What Terrors went before him to affright
The Lords of *Canaan* and the *Amorite?*
What Pomp and Majeſty did he diſplay?
Rich Floods of Glory delug'd all his way:
While from his glitt'ring Sword and ſpacious
[Shield.
Flaſhes of Splendor ſpread the Field,
The trembling Heathen fled for Fear,
For ſuch a ſtreſs of Luſtre who could bear?

At every Step th' Almighty Leader took
The Earth aſtoniſh'd at its Center ſhook.
Contending Tempeſts bellow'd under Ground,
And ſtrong Convulſions did with horrid Sound
The low Apartments break, and the dark Vaults
[confound,

While

While from their Channels ſubterranean Waves
Were thrown on Sulphur Mines and fiery Caves,
The Chaſms of gaping Plains, and Mountains rent
Did yield to ſtruggling Vapours vent,
And to the ruſhing Air Admiſſion give,
Which ſuffocated Nature might relieve.
Heav'n's Cryſtal Battlements to pieces daſh'd
In Storms of Hail were downward hurl'd,
Loud Thunder roar'd, red Light'ning flaſh'd,
And univerſal Uproar fill'd the World.
Torrents of Waters, Floods of Flame
From Heav'n in fighting Ruins came.
At once the Rocks, which to the Clouds aſpire,
Were waſh'd with Rain, and ſcorch'd with Fire.
A Deluge down the Mountain's ſide was pour'd
And o'er the Plain unbridled roar'd.
Canaan's proud Hills with this Affright
Shook to their Baſe; and well they might,
For *Sinai* rock'd and quak'd, when God
Made on its Brow his terrible Abode.

In *Shamgar*'s and in *Jael*'s Times
Enormous were the Robber's Crimes,
Who bold and fierce purſu'd his Prey
On publick Roads in open Day.
Poor Trav'lers, to eſcape the cruel Hands
Of theſe unnumber'd, lawleſs Bands,

Thro' ſecret Woods and Ways unknown
Paſs'd, yet in Fear, from Town to Town.
The trembling People by theſe Spoilers ſcar'd
To Cities fenc'd in Troops repair'd,
And left their old Abodes to be poſſeſt
By Owls and Bats and every rav'ning Beaſt;
Till their rich Land became at laſt
A naked and unfruitful Waſte.
O *Iſrael*, theſe were thy ſad Wants and Woes,
Theſe thy Oppreſſions, when I *Deb'rah* roſe;
When I aroſe a Mother to reſtore
Thy former Peace, and Wealth and Pow'r.
Till then, thy blind Apoſtate Sons forſook
Theirs and their Fathers God, and took
New fangled Deities of old unknown,
And late to Reputation grown,
Gods carv'd in Wood, or cut in Stone.

Heav'n thus provokd, excited Foes
Too ſtrong for our weak Forces to oppoſe.
Confed'rate Kingdoms War with *Iſrael* wag'd,
And horrid Slaughter in our Bowels rag'd;
And well it might, for we were ſo diſarm'd,
That when the Foe our Gates alarm'd,
Did there a ſingle Shield or Spear
Mid'ſt forty thouſand *Iſraelites* appear
O *Iſrael*, then I roſe to reſcue thee
And from thy ſhameful Chains to ſet thee free.

Nor

Nor can my Song too much exalt the Fame
Of thoſe great Chiefs, who ready came
To aid my Arms, and in the glorious Cauſe
Their Lives expos'd; let them with juſt Applauſe
Be always nam'd, but chiefly bleſs
The God, who gave them Courage and Succeſs.
Ye Lords, in Courts of Judgment who preſide,
And thro' the Streets in awful State
By num'rous Trains attended ride,
Th' Almighty's wondrous Work relate.
Ye People, who can leave your ſafe Abodes,
And travel undiſturb'd in publick Roads,
Who free from Fear your Joy expreſs,
Your Fig-trees and your Vines poſſeſs,
And now no more the Noiſe of Archers hear,
But unmoleſted at your Springs appear,
Do you declare God's righteous Deeds,
Whence this your unexpected Peace proceeds.

Awake, awake, O *Deborah*, awake,
Quickly thy Harp and Timbrel take;
A Song of Triumph and of Praiſe rehearſe
In lofty Strains and noble Verſe;
A Song, that may juſt Honour pay
To the great Deeds of this illuſtrious Day.

O *Barak* riſe, ariſe thou valiant Chief,
Whoſe conqu'ring Arms have brought Relief

To

To *Israel* in our vast Distress,
And made our haughty Foes their Impotence confess.
Thou mighty Man advance, and lead along
Thy Spoils and Trophies thro' th' applauding Throng:
Thy Captives bring in clanking Chains
All their vast Army's small Remains.
Thou, who the dreadful Battel didst display
On that decisive glorious Day,
Now draw thy Pomp and Triumph in Array.

Good *Jacob*'s Sons by Heav'n with Empire crown'd
Have laid their Yoke on *Canaan*'s Kings around:
Ev'n me the Lord has rais'd to regal Sway,
And made the Mighty my Commands obey.
Thy Sons did first the War embrace
Forward in Arms, O *Benjamin*,
And next to thee a few of *Ephraim*'s Race,
Advanc'd, and join'd their Troops with thine.
Rulers and Nobles from *Manasses* came,
Whose brave Example did the rest inflame.
The Scribes of *Zebulun* and learned Men,
To wield the Sword, laid down the Pen.
The Princes and the Lords of *Issachar*
Despising Danger undertook the War:
With Zeal they follow'd me their Head,
And *Barak* to the Field their valiant Squadrons led.

Ah,

Ah, *Reuben*, how were we diſmay'd
To be defrauded of thy Aid?
Tell why didſt thou deſert thy Country's Cauſe?
Why did not *Reuben* ſhare this Day's Applauſe?
Say when thy Brethren arm'd with Sword and Shield
To ſave their Nation, took the Field,
Why didſt thou ſullen in thy Tents abide,
As if in Blood and Int'reſt not ally'd?
Say, Is the Shepherd's Crook more dear
To *Reuben* than the Sword and Spear,
And doſt thou in the bleating Sheep rejoice
More than in Shouts of War and the ſhrill Trumpet's Voice?
What Shame, what Trouble to our State
Did this ſurpriſing want of Zeal create?

Gilead beyond the Flood of *Jordan* ſtay'd,
And, of the haughty Foe afraid,
Refus'd to bring his Brethren Aid.
Dan on his Wealth and Shipping too intent
No Succours to our Army ſent.
Aſher with like inglorious Negligence,
Truſting to Caves and Mountains for Defence,
Kept on the Shore, and no Aſſiſtance gave
Our Worſhip and our Liberty to ſave.

But oh, what wond'rous Deeds were done
By *Naphtali* and *Zebulun*?

With what an Ardor, what a gen'rous Rage
Did thoſe brave Men in Fight engage?
Methinks I ſee the Warriours make
Their bold and irreſiſtable Attack,
Eager and fond of Glory they
The Squadrons cleft, and cut the way
To the chief Places of the Field,
Which did the greateſt choice of Danger yeild:
Where Death triumphant in the Battel ſtood,
O'erſpread with Duſt, and ſtain'd with Blood.
Great Potentates of formidable Fame,
Captains and Kings, againſt us came:
Their confluent Troops from every Coaſt
Compos'd a vaſt o'erflowing Hoſt:
We ſaw th' advancing Deluge from afar,
And all the muſt'ring Tides of complicated War.
They ſtopt, and in Battalion ſtood
Along the Banks of *Kiſhon*'s Flood:
Thither our eager Squadrons flew, [ſubdue.
There did we fight, and there proud *Jabin*'s Troops

The radiant Hoſt of Stars above
Draw out, and rang'd in warlike Order move;
Their Darts from Heav'ns high Turrets throw,
And charge with fatal Influence the Foe:
Their glitt'ring Forces to our Aid they brought,
And againſt *Siſera* in their Courſes fought.

O *Kiſhon*,

O *Kiſhon*, then thy troubled Tide [dy'd.
Was choak'd with Warriors, and with Purple
Helms, Swords and Bucklers roll'd beneath,
While lighter Inſtruments of Death,
Spears, Arrows, Darts, a floating Wood,
Cover'd the Surface of the Flood;
Whoſe Current ſwept their Troops away,
And with the Spoils enrich'd the wond'ring Sea;
While thy fair Banks and all the Vale about
Were ſpread with Marks of ignominious Rout,
Chariots o'erturn'd, ſcatter'd Shields,
And broken Hoofs deform'd the Fields:
Hoofs torn, and on the ſtony Places caſt,
O'er which the flying Horſes paſt.

Accurſt, th' Almighty's Angel cry'd,
Accurſt be *Meroz*, who her Help deny'd.
Vengeance and Ruin on her People light,
Who would not for their God and Country fight,
But let us *Iſrael*'s Courage ſing,
Let loud Applauſes thro' our Cities ring
Of *Heber*'s Wife, above the reſt
Of Womankind may ſhe be bleſt.
Great *Sis'ra* choak'd with Heat and Duſt
Demanded Water from the Spring;
She, to allay the Gen'ral's Thirſt,
Did Milk and Cream in coſtly Veſſels bring.

Then

Then to the Nail her left Hand she apply'd,
While with her Right she did the Hammer guide:
And as the mighty *Sisera*
Stretch'd on the Pavement slumb'ring lay,
Th' undaunted Woman with a vig'rous Blow
Drove in the Point, and pierc'd his Temples thro';
Amaz'd, not waken'd, with the Wound
He sprung, and bounded from the Ground:
The brave Assailant did her Stroke repeat,
And laid him prostrate at her Feet.
He bow'd, and fell, and gasping lay,
Quiver'd, and groan'd his Life away.
She drew his Sword with slaughter fed,
And from his Shoulders struck the Warriour's
[Head.

His Mother looking thro' her Window cry'd,
Why is his Triumph to my Eyes deny'd?
What do's his ling'ring Chariot load?
Why roll his Wheels so slow along the Road?
Her Maids, nay she her self reply'd,
The Victors stay their Booty to divide.
That Distribution made, each Chief will shew
A Damsel for his Share, or two.
But *Sis'ra*'s Prey outshines the rest,
His is a party-colour'd Vest,
Which Gems and rich embroider'd Flow'rs adorn,
Fit by the greatest Princes to be worn.

These

These boastful Words she spoke, while *Sisera*
Dead in the Tent of *Jael* lay.
Lord let his Fate attend thy Foes,
So let them perish, who our God oppose.
But let the Men, who wicked Deeds abhor,
Who love thee, and thy Name adore,
Be like the radiant Sun,
Who, when refresh'd, does in his Vigour rise,
And from the East springs out to run
All the blue Stages of the spacious Skies.

David's Lamentation

Occaſion'd by the DEATH of

Saul and *Jonathan*.

1 *Samuel*, Chap. 1.

WHEN *Jonathan* and *Saul* expiring lay
On the curſt Hills of *Gilboa*,
(Ah black, inglorious, fatal Day!)
'Twas then, unhappy *Iſrael*
Thy Beauty, Strength, and Glory fell.
How were the mighty Warriours ſlain?
What a red Deluge bath'd the reeking Plain?
How were thy Sons, to Conqueſt long inur'd,
And all thy valiant Chiefs devour'd
By the *Philiſtine*'s unrelenting Sword?
How terrible, how ſudden was their Fate?
Theſe Pillars fal'n, that prop'd thy State,
Who ſhall ſupport thy ſinking Empire's Weight?

Let

Let Fame be ſtruck with Horror dumb,
That to our Foes the News may never come;
Let our Diſhonour be to *Gath* unknown,
Proclaim it not in *Askelon*;
Leſt if their Daughters once ſhould know
Our Loſs, and unexampled Woe,
They in their Feaſts and Dances ſhould expreſs
Their Joy at our extream Diſtreſs;
And impiouſly devout ſhould raiſe
Their carv'd and graven Gods in Songs of Praiſe.

Ye Hills of *Gilboa*, the fatal Place
O'er which the Foe did *Iſrael* chaſe,
Ye luckleſs Hills
Spread with your Monarch's ignominious Spoils,
May you the Marks of Heav'ns Diſpleaſure bear;
Be you no more the Farmer's Care.
Let no kind Cloud hereafter pour
On your parch'd Heads one fruitful Show'r.
May the hard, relentleſs Sky
No Rain by Day or Dew by Night ſupply
To eaſe your Thirſt and gaping Clefts cement;
With Fire be blaſted, and with Thunder rent.
Let not a Blade of Graſs or Corn,
Nor one green Tree your Brows adorn.
By Heav'n accurſt to future Ages ſtand
Uncultivated Heaps of barren Sand.

For vanquish'd *Israel* o'er these Mountains fled;
There with ignoble Rout the Fields were spread,
Our Weapons there were mingled with our Dead.
There scatter'd Swords and Targets lay,
Which routed *Israel* cast away:
There may the Shield of *Saul* be found
Midst common Bucklers on the Ground.
Thy Body too, unhappy Monarch, there
Lies mixt with vulgar Corps, expos'd in open Air.
O *Saul*, O *Jonathan*, ye mighty Dead
You ne'er before in Battel fled.
The Arrows from the Son's unerring Bow
Have pierc'd ten thousand valiant Warriors thro'.
The Father's unresisted Sword,
Like raging Fires, around devour'd;
By no Opposer e'er withstood,
The glitt'ring Victor reek'd in hostile Blood.
Till now, your Custom was to come
Laden with Spoils and Trophies home.
Your Chariots thro' the confluent, gazing Throng
Us'd in slow State to roll along;
While Crowds of Captive Princes chain'd
Wiping their Brows with Dust and Sweat distain'd
Did panting in the Pomp appear,
Part of the long Procession of the Reer.
Our Daughters, both in Mind and Habit gay,
With Songs and Dances on the way
Met and encreas'd the Triumph of the Day.

Thus

Thus Victory was always won
By the great Father and the valiant Son:
Now vanquiſh'd o'er the Hills they fly
Before th' inſulting Enemy.
Surprizing Change of Providence!
Thoſe, who reſiſtleſs were, can now make no
[Defence.

Still did the Royal Pair expreſs
Such Condeſcention, and ſuch Gentleneſs,
That they became to all the Nation dear,
Their Kindneſs never fail'd to move
The People's Univerſal Love,
As their fam'd Valour rais'd each Neighbour's
[Fear:
They liv'd in ſtrongeſt Amity combin'd,
And as they liv'd ſo they together dy'd,
So cloſe was their Affection join'd,
That Death it ſelf could not the Knot divide.
For tho' to Pagan Pow'rs the Field they loſt,
Their Love ſtill triumph'd o'er the conquering
[Hoſt.

And yet their Clemency did ne'er abate
Their Courage, and their martial Heat:
For they as ſwift, as hungry Eagles, flew
Or to attack, or to purſue;
And while they were in Fight engag'd,
Like Lions when provok'd, they thro' the Battel
[rag'd.

O Daughters of *Jeruſalem* expreſs
A Sorrow worthy of our vaſt Diſtreſs.
Unite your Groans and mournful Cries,
Unite your Tears and Agonies:
Engage your Eyes in weeping Day and Night,
Raptures of Grief be your Delight.
Thro' every Street lamenting go,
Strains of unruly Anguiſh ſhow,
And howling Tempeſts raiſe of wild deſpairing Woe.
Too exquiſite Affliction can't be ſhown,
Since *Saul* no more enjoys th' Imperial Throne.
Saul lies upon the Mountains dead,
Who with Abundance *Iſrael* fed,
Who gave you Garments glorious to behold,
Scarlet adorn'd with Needle-work and Gold;
And hung rich Bracelets on your Arms,
And with bright Gems encreas'd your native
[Charms.
Whoſe Sword enrich'd your Towns with precious
[Spoil,
And fill'd with foreign Wealth *Judea*'s happy Soil.

How did the mighty Prince, and all
His valiant Chiefs in Battel fall?
How are the Hills with Slaughter ſpread?
And how our Captive Sons in Triumph led?
Captives, who drag th' inglorious Chain,
Captives unhappier than the Slain.

Horror

Horror and Shame! hark, how the shouting Foe,
How proud *Philistia* mocks our Woe!
Thro' all their Streets what Acclamations ring!
Hear how their Daughters sing,
See how they dance, [advance,
While their victorious Troops with *Israel's* Spoils

O *Israel*, where is now thy warlike Fame?
How will thy once applauded Name
By all the Nations of th' Uncircumcis'd,
Foes often vanquish'd, be despis'd?

Oh *Jonathan*, how dear wert thou to me?
How precious is thy Memory?
No Time can from my Breast remove
Thy Image, or thy wondrous Love.
A Love, like which we none recorded find,
A Love surpassing that of Womankind.
Their Love was ne'er so tender, pure and strong,
And never lasted in Excess so long.
What gen'rous Friendship hast thou shown,
What dreadful Dangers undergone
To raise thy Rival to thy Father's Throne?

Kindest of Brothers, my afflicted Soul
Shall thy unhappy Fall condole.
This suddain and disast'rous Fate
Must Agonies of Grief create.

As in a Storm my rolling Bowels move [Love.
In ſtrong convulſive Throws of ſad, diſtracted
I would the higheſt Marks expreſs
Of uncontroul'd, unmerciful Diſtreſs:
For if my Grief does not outragious grow,
'Tis unbecoming my unmeaſur'd Woe.
Nothing's enough, that's leſs than all, that Love
[can ſhow.

THE

THE SECOND PSALM PARAPHRAS'D.

WHAT means this mighty Uproar? whence ariſe
This great Commotion, theſe tumultuous Cries?
What has alarm'd the Nations? What Offence
Does all the jealous States around incenſe?
What can the Heathen fire with ſo much Rage,
And *Jacob's* Sons in ſuch Deſigns engage,
As they can ne'er effect, or if they do,
They'll miſs the End, which furious they purſue?
Infatuated Men you'll ſure repent
Your raſh Attempts, too late the ſad Event
Will ſhow your Plots are vain, your Malice impotent.
Confed'rate Princes wicked Friendſhip make,
And in their Anger deſp'rate Counſel take
Againſt their great Creator and his Son,
And hope the Lord's Anointed to dethrone.

Let us, ſay they, aſſert our Liberty,
And keep our Kingdoms from Oppreſſion free:
We'll ne'er conſent to vindicate the Cauſe
Of this new Sovereign, nor obey his Laws.
Th' Almighty ſets his Fav'rite up in vain,
We'll not acknowledge this Uſurper's Reign;
Nor his imperious Yoke ſubmiſſive bear,
But his baſe Chains we will aſunder tear.

But the great God, who ſits enthron'd on high
Above the ſtarry Convex of the Sky,
Inſulting will reproach their fooliſh Pride,
Laugh at their Threats, and their vain Plots deride.
Burning in Indignation he ſhall paſs
A fatal Sentence on this impious Race;
The dreadful Marks of high Diſpleaſure ſhow,
And pour Deſtruction on th' audacious Foe.

Thus from his Throne ſublime th' Eternal ſpoke,
And with his awful Voice all Nature ſhook;
In ſpite of all the Princes, who combine
Or to retard or fruſt'rate my Deſign,
On *Sion*'s Hill my Fav'rite I'll enthrone,
And fix upon his Head th' Imperial Crown.
Submiſſive States his Empire ſhall obey,
And Kings ſhall at his Feet their Scepters lay.
With tender Care his Subjects he'll protect,
And the fierce Tyrant's Cruelty correct.

He

He ſhall aſſert Divine Religion's Cauſe,
Heav'n's Sacred Int'reſts manage with Applauſe,
And rule the World with juſt and equal Laws.
To execute this high, important Charge
My Viceroy I inveſt with Pow'r at large.
Great Pow'r I give him, but I give him none
But what is mix'd with Mercy, like my own:
No Pow'r but what by Juſtice is confin'd,
And for his People's Benefit deſign'd:
His mild and equal Conduct ſhall confeſs
He ſeeks his Glory in their Happineſs.

I to the World will publiſh thy Decree,
By which I'm rais'd to Regal Dignity.
Thus ſaith the Lord, let it this Day be known
That thou art my begotten only Son.
Thy high Deſcent let all the Nations own.
Thou art intitul'd by thy Royal Birth
To all the States and Kingdoms of the Earth.
Make thy Demand, and by my Grant Divine
The ſpacious Pagan Realms ſhall all be thine:
I'll ſubject all th' extended Tracts of Land,
From Pole to Pole, to thy ſupream Command.
Thou ſhalt of all the Regions be poſſeſt
From the Sun riſing to the adverſe Weſt:
Only the Limits, which the World ſurround
Thy univeral Monarchy ſhall bound.

Arm'd with a Rod of Iron thou ſhalt reign
O'er proud Oppreſſors, and their Rage reſtrain;
And ſhalt in Pieces daſh, like Potters Clay,
Thy ſtubborn Foes, who inſolently ſay
We'll ne'er his Title own, nor his Commands obey.

Ye fooliſh Kings and Potentates be wiſe,
And be inſtructed where your Safety lies.
The Son of God with Acclamations meet,
Lie lowly proſtrate, and embrace his Feet.
Bow down your Necks to take his gentle Yoke,
Leſt your Neglect his Fury ſhould provoke.
If you refuſe this Monarch to obey,
Be ſure you'll periſh in your wicked way.
For if his Wrath ſo dreadful does appear
When ſcarcely kindled, what have you to fear,
Who by your deſp'rate Provocations raiſe
The Spark to Flames, and make his Fury blaze?
No longer your Subjection then delay,
The ſafe and happy Men are only they,
Who as their Refuge from their cruel Foes,
In him their Truſt and Confidence repoſe.

THE

THE EIGHTH PSALM PARAPHRAS'D.

ETernal King, how excellent
Is thy bleſt Name to diſtant Empires known?
Of what a meaſureleſs Extent
Is thy diffus'd Renown?
Judea's Bounds no more controul
Its ſwelling Tide, that rapid flows
From Eaſt to Weſt, from Pole to Pole,
O'er *Egypt*'s Sands, and *Scythia*'s Snows.
Thy Glory fix'd above the Heav'ns diſplays
Its Radiance and unſufferable Beams,
Whence raviſh'd Seraphs take the Themes,
Of Halelujahs and eternal Praiſe.
Thy Fame, which far, as thy Creation, ſpreads,
Expands her wide Celeſtial Wings,
And o'er th' immortal Mountains azure Heads
She ſoars ſublime, and thy great Triumph ſings.

With her harmonious Voice she fills
The Regions blest with Light and Love,
It ecchoes thro' the everlasting Hills,
And rings along the happy Plains above.
While thus the Heav'n's thy Pow'r proclaim,
Infants below exalt thy Name;
Whose Formation in the dark,
And the first kindling of the vital Spark,
The wondrous Progress of their curious Frame,
The beating Heart and circling Flame,
The artful Muscles, and the double Flood
Of limpid Liquor and of purple Blood,
The fine extended Nerve,
Th' arterial Channels and the winding Vein,
And all thy just Contrivance to preserve
Our Mould of Clay, and Life maintain,
Compel us, Lord, thy Wisdom to admire,
And with devoutest Flames our ravish'd Breasts [inspire.
The Infant's Conservation in despight
Of all the Deaths and Dangers, that affright
And Man a thousand ways invade,
By Force assaulted or by Fraud betray'd,
Make us as much revere thy mighty Pow'r
Which Men beneath, and Saints above adore.

By Men, who Babes and Infants are,
If with the wise the weakest we compare,

By

By Men unletter'd and obſcure,
Of Science void, deſpis'd and poor.
The ſtrong and deep Foundations thou haſt laid
Of a bleſt Empire, which by Heav'nly Aid
Shall far and wide the ſubject World command,
And all Infernal Pow'rs and earthly Foes withſtand.
Theſe are ordain'd by Thee to quell
The proud, revengeful Prince of Hell,
Who to Mankind declares immortal Hate,
And for their Ruin conſtant lies in wait.

When I contemplate with attentive Thought
The Wonders, which in Heav'n thy Hand has [wrought;
How from the empty Gulphs of Space immenſe,
And the dark Boſom of primæval Night
Exerting vaſt Omnipotence
It rais'd the Matter, whence the Spheres were [made:
And how it ſpread the azure Roof on high,
Vaulted and arch'd the Chambers of the Sky,
And then, to make them raviſhing to Sight,
From thy exhauſtleſs Stores of Light
Lifted aloft the Sun, the Lord of Day,
And bad the Night the Moon and Stars obey;
How to thoſe Orbs it gave that Motive Force,
By which they keep their laſting Courſe

With-

Without Confuſion, nor in all their Race
Once miſs their Time, or deviate from their Place;
Raviſh'd with this miraculous Review,
I low in Adoration lye,
And cannot but aſtoniſh'd cry,
Lord, what is mortal Man, that thou ſhould'ſt ſhew
Such Kindneſs to him, ſuch Regard,
Pardon his Ill and his Good Deeds reward?
Thou didſt advance him in Degree
Next to th' Angelick Hierarchy;
With Dignity and high Renown
Thou didſt thy happy Creature crown,
And the great Title on him didſt beſtow
Of Lord and Viceroy of this World below.

Inclin'd by unexampled Love,
Which in thy tender Bowels ſtrove,
Thou didſt anoint thy only Son deſign'd
To reſcue and reſtore loſt human Kind:
Didſt thy Commiſſioner enthrone, and place
A Regal Scepter in his Hand,
His Head with awful Honours grace,
And far and wide extend his high Command.
Thou on thy Heir vaſt Empire haſt confer'd
O'er all above, o'er all on Earth below,
O'er all the Flocks and every Herd, [Brow-
That graze the Mead, or crown the Mountain's

O'er

O'er all the howling, ſalvage Brood,
Which range the Plain, or haunt the Wood;
The Bear, the Tyger, and their yellow King,
Whoſe loud Reſentments thro' the Foreſt ring:
O'er all the feather'd Nations wild or tame
The Farmer's Riches, or the Fowler's Game,
Which high in Air ſupported ſoar,
Sing in the Grove, or ſweep the oazy Shore,
O'er each unvocal, finny Train,
Which ſeek the ſweet, or brackiſh Water cave,
O'er the vaſt Whale, that ſpouts the miſſive Wave,
And all the ſcaly Monſters of the Main.
All theſe by thy Command obey
The Bleſt *Meſſiah*'s Laws, and own his Sovereign Sway.
Eternal King, how excellent
And how exalted is thy Name?
Of what a meaſureleſs Extent
Is thy rever'd and celebrated Fame?

THE

THE Hundred and Third PSALM PARAPHRAS'D.

MY Soul with grateful Thoughts inſpir'd,
And pure Celeſtial Ardor fir'd
In Pangs of Love and Extaſies of Joy
To praiſe thy God thy utmoſt Force employ.
O bleſs thy Benefactor, bleſs thy Lord,
Proclaim his Favour, and his Deeds record,
Let not th' united Pow'rs of Earth and Hell
His Kindneſs from thy Breaſt expel.
Is it not he, who thy loſt Peace retrieves,
Who to diſpel thy Fears his Face reveals,
Forgets thy Follies, and thy Faults forgives,
And with his Sovereign Balm thy wounded Spirit heals;
Who thy ſick Mind and Body cures,
Repoſe to that, and Strength to this reſtores?
From threat'ning Storms he ſhields thy Head,
And breaks the Snares on Ground unfaithful ſpread;

From

From open Inſults and clandeſtine Arts
Obſerves the Danger, and the Blow diverts.
He does not only ſmooth his frowning Brow,
And calm his Wrath, but does indulgent grow,
And on thy Head proſuſe his Heav'nly Bleſſings throw?
He gratifies thy innocent Deſire,
Gives what thy Comfort and thy Wants require:
Makes thee ſtill chearful, gay and ſtrong,
And as the vig'rous Eagle, always young.

The Lord, the King, the Judge ſupream,
Who on his Throne auguſt does ſit,
Will ne'er the Upright Man condemn,
Nor contumacious Criminals acquit.
He never deviates from Eternal Right,
His Juſtice is his Rule, and not his Might;
Who mournful Captives from Oppreſſion frees,
And for the Tyrant Wrath decrees.
He to his Fav'rite *Moſes* did declare,
His righteous Ways and tender Heart,
And to the Tribes by providential Care
His gracious Nature did aſſert.
The Lord of Hoſts their Chief, did lead their way,
And Might miraculous diſplay;
And *Iſrael*'s ſacred Nation to ſecure Pow'r.
Cheer'd them with Light, and guarded them with

God

God is a mild, indulgent King,
An unexhauſted Source of Love,
Whence everlaſting Streams of Goodneſs ſpring
To ſolace Saints below, and feaſt the Bleſt above.
His Juſtice is conſtrain'd to ſtrike the Blow,
But Mercy does ſpontaneous flow.
Tho' long provok'd his Vengeance ſleeping lies,
Fain would he find a Reaſon to forgive,
But with extended Arms he flies
Returning Sinners to receive.
He's ſlow of Anger, kind when moſt ſevere,
Still our Deſert his Puniſhment exceeds,
His light Inflictions no Proportion bear
To the vaſt Guilt of our unrighteous Deeds.
As high as Heav'n's wide Spheres their Roof extend
Above this Heap of Earth below,
So far his gracious Acts tranſcend
The higheſt Merit Man can ſhow,
As far, amazing Miracle of Love!
His Pardon does our Sin remove,
As the tender Morning Ray
Is diſtant from the dim, expiring Day.

See, as a Parent's melting Heart o'erflows
With Pity to his Son, ſo God to thoſe,
Who fear him, tender Mercy ſhows,
Touch'd with Compaſſion he our Race does ſpare,
Reflecting on the State of humane Kind,

How

How weak our Minds and Bodies are,
That these are frail, and those are blind.
Man in the bloom of Life exalts his Head,
Like Plants and Flow'rs, that in the verdant Mead,
Expos'd to noxious Dews, to rigorous Air
And fatal Blasts soon sicken and decay,
Are sunk by Cold or Heat too fierce to bear,
Or by the Whirlwind torn are snatch'd away.
Thus Men file off, and leave their Place
To their succeeding, and as Mortal Race.
But tender Love and willing Mercies flow
In an everlasting Flood,
From th' Eternal Source of Good
On all, who fear his Name, and Zeal to serve him show:
His Goodness farther yet extends,
A Train of Blessings to the Sons descends.

High in the Heav'ns our mighty God
Has fix'd his Throne, and blest Abode,
Whence bright Eruptions of immortal Light,
And Seas of uncreated Glory flow,
Of Glory, dazling to a Seraph's Sight,
O'erspreading all the Space and all the Worlds below.
There he his awful Scepter sways
The Ensigns of his Pow'r displays,
And thence his wide Creation he surveys.

O'e

O'er all his Worlds his Empire ſtands ſecure,
His Will is Juſt, and Sovereign is his Pow'r:
No Prince of equal Might withſtands
His uncontroul'd Decrees, and high Commands.

Seraphick Princes, you who dwell
In Splendor, and in Purity excell;
Ye Hoſts, who drawn in glorious Order ſhine,
On Heav'ns immortal Plains in Arms Divine;
Who guard th' Almighty's Throne on high,
Or thro' Cerulean Fields patrouling fly,
And watch the diſtant Frontiers of the Sky:
Ye Angels, who in Heav'ns bleſt Court abide,
Or in Terreſtrial Realms preſide;
Ye Miniſters, who round your Monarch ſtay,
Or at his Nod your ſhining Wings extend,
And pleas'd his Precepts to obey,
Stoop to our Seats, or to your own aſcend;
And all ye Spirits of celeſtial Race,
Who far Mankind in Strength ſurpaſs,
Who free from Stain and with pure Ardor warm,
Your Lord's high Orders perfectly perform,
Strike your bleſt Harps, your Voices raiſe,
With Halelujahs fill the Skies around.

Extol your God, and let your Songs of Praiſe
From all your azure Hills, and Cryſtal Tow'rs rebound.

Let

Let all his wide Dominions bleſs the Lord,
Let him by every Creature be ador'd.
My Soul extend a vig'rous Wing,
Ardent to Heav'n direct thy Flight,
And mingling Raptures with the Seraphs ſing
Th' Eternal's Triumphs, and exalt his Might.

THE

THE Hundred and Fourth PSALM PARAPHRAS'D,

MY grateful Soul, th' Almighty's Name adore,
Great is his Being, and immenſe his Pow'r.
Immortal Honours, Majeſty, Renown
And Dignity Divine his Temples crown.
His Robe of State is form'd of Light refin'd;
An endleſs Train of Luſtre ſpreads behind.
His Throne's of bright, compacted Glory made,
With Pearl Celeſtial, and bleſt Gems inlaid;
Whence Floods of Joy, and Seas of Splendor flow
On all th' Angelick gazing Throng below,
Who drink in Pleaſures by their raviſh'd Sight,
Delug'd in vaſt, ineffable Delight.

God, as a Tent, the Heav'n's Expanſion reers,
And as a Curtain ſtretches out the Spheres.
He makes the Miſts his Pillars to ſuſtain
His airy Rooms, and lays their Beams in Rain.

The

The Clouds th' Almighty's rolling Chariots bear
Their Lord thro' all the ſpacious Fields of Air,
Who harneſſes the manag'd Winds, and flies
On their ſwift Wings to viſit all the Skies.
The various Meteors of the Gulphs above
Wait his Commands, and by his Order move.
Clouds, Winds and Storms perform the Will of God,
And fly, like menial Servants, at his Nod.
Lightnings and all his wildeſt Works of Fire,
His Miniſters, to ſerve their Lord conſpire:
Theſe thoughtleſs Creatures their great King obey
With ſuch Reſpect, as his bleſt Angels pay.

To him, her Father, Nature owes her Birth,
Who laid the deep Foundations of the Earth.
He hung the ponderous Heap in fluid Air,
And made its Weight its own Supporter there.
Then he the Waters o'er its Boſom rol'd,
And liquid Garments did the Earth enfold.
Mountains and Rocks conceal'd in Billows ſtood,
And o'er the Hills the Deluge rais'd its Flood.
God's high Command chaſtis'd the Water's Pride,
He bad the Flood call down its tow'ring Tide;
And ſtrait th' Obedient Surges did ſubſide.
Th' Almighty ſunk a vaſt, capacious Deep,
Where he his liquid Regiments might keep.

Thi-

Thither the Waves file off, and make their way
To form the mighty Body of the Sea,
Where they encamp, and in their Stations ſtand
Entrench'd in Works of Rock, and Lines of Sand.

Yet ſome Deſerters this vaſt Flood forſake,
And from their Poſts by ſtealth Excurſions make.
The Sun to ſome lets down his helping Ray,
They climb the golden Line, and thus convey
Themſelves in Vapours high amidſt the Air,
And to the Mountain's lofty Head repair.
Others creep ſecret from the ſpacious Main
By various Channels, and the Hills regain,
Whence guſhing out in Springs, they downward flow
And thro' the Plains back to the Ocean go.

While God in Priſon holds the mighty Deep,
And chain'd with Rocks the raging Monſter keeps,
That it may ne'er ſurmount the ambient Shore,
And with its Flood o'erſpread the Earth no more;
He to refreſh and cloath the Meads with Graſs,
Bids watry Currents thro' the Valley paſs.
Kindly their Courſe th' indented Banks reſtrain,
The Hills as kind retard their gliding Train;
For thus the ling'ring Streams at leiſure flow,
And greater Riches on the Fields beſtow.
Beaſts tame and ſalvage to the River's Brink
Come from the Fields, and wild Abodes, to drink

Thi-

Thither the feather'd Singers of the Air
To quench their Thirſt and prune their Wings repair.
Then midſt the Willows that adorn the Flood,
Or on the Branches in ſome neighb'ring Wood,
The painted Heralds in melodious Lays
Proclaim their gracious Benefactor's Praiſe.

He from his high Aerial Chambers, where
Th' Almighty Chymiſt does his Works prepare,
Digeſts his Light'nings, and diſtills his Rain,
Pours down his Waters on the thirſty Plain.
He ſends refreſhing Show'rs to cheer the Hills,
And the flat Lands with Stores prolific fills.
The Earth grown fruitful by his heav'nly Drops,
With a rich Harveſt crowns the Farmer's Hopes.
His Hands the Fields his open Table ſpred,
Where all the Beaſts with verdant Meat are fed.
He procreates Plants, that Phyſick prove or Food,
Thro' the wide Earth, for Man his Viceroy's Good.
He rains his genial Treaſures on the Vine,
And thus converts the Water into Wine;
Which warms and glads the Heart, our Care relieves
And to the Face a better Luſtre gives,
Than when with Oyl our Cheeks anointed ſhine,
With Oyl, another generous Gift Divine.

He

He cloaths the teeming Glebe with Crops of Corn,
Which bleſs the Valleys, and the Hills adorn:
The Staff of human Life at his Command
Springs from the Furrows of the fruitful Land.

He from the Clouds does the ſweet Liquor ſqueeze,
Which cheers the Foreſts and the Garden Trees:
With the rich Juice he feeds their thirſty Root,
That fills their Limbs with Sap, their Heads with Fruit:
To this the Cedar Groves that grace the Brow
Of *Lebanon*, their Height and Beauty owe.
The Firs too thrive by Drops from Heav'n diſtill'd,
In which the Storks their airy Houſes build.
The Mountains reer'd their Heads at his Command,
And Pillars to his Praiſe erected ſtand:
In theſe, and in the Rocks, the ſalvage kind
From the Purſuer's Arms ſure Refuge find.

He form'd the Moon the Seaſons to divide,
And fix'd her Empire o'er the Ocean's Tide.
Poliſh'd by him the Sun became ſo bright,
A Source of Glory dazling to the Sight;
Which knows the Stages of its heav'nly way,
And does by Turns roll up, by Turns diſplay
The wide and ſhining Volumes of the Day.

'Tis

'Tis God, that made the Day, that makes the Night,
Who on the Air, to ſuffocate the Light,
Does from his open'd Stores of Darkneſs let
A gloomy Deluge out, of liquid Jet.
He wipes the Colours off from Nature's Face,
And lays on Night's deep Shadows in their Place.
Now the wild Beaſts by Hunger pinch'd awake,
And from their drowzy Eyelids Slumber ſhake.
From their dark Haunts the Spoilers yawning come,
The Foreſts range, and o'er the Mountains roam.
Young rav'ning Lions from the Woods retreat.
Roar out to Heav'n, and beg from God their Meat.
On his wiſe Care and Goodneſs they rely,
Whoſe Treaſures all his Creatures Wants ſupply.
But when in turn by his reviving Ray
The riſing Sun regenerates the Day,
They to their Dens retire with Toil oppreſt,
Stretch out their weary Limbs, and lye at reſt.
But Men go forth to Labour in the Morn,
When weary Lions to their Dens return.

God's Works of Pow'r our Wonder, and his Praiſe
Thro' grateful Realms his Works of Goodneſs raiſe.
To form the Sea he drew his Compaſs round,
And with the Mark it left deſcrib'd the Ground;
Then dug th' unfathom'd Hollow, which the Main
And all the confluent Rivers might contain.

This watry World's so fruitful and so wide,
That in its Waves unnumber'd Nations hide:
Mute Nations, that are here supply'd with Food,
And with their finny Wings divide the Flood.
Here the tall Ships along the yielding Tide,
Before the Tempest on their Bellies glide.
The Whale, the Soveraign that the Sea controuls,
Here takes his Pleasure, and in Pastime rolls.
Wanton he tumbles in his liquid Court,
And troubles all the Ocean with his Sport.
His Spouts, to entertain the Tyrant, play,
And toss against the Clouds th' uplifted Sea.
Projected Billows from his Nostrils rise,
And mix the Ocean with the wond'ring Skies.
This mighty Monarch and his scaly Train,
The speechless People that possess the Main;
All creeping Creatures, Herds and harmless Flocks,
The Beasts that range the Woods, or hide in Rocks;
All Passengers, that beat th' Etherial Road
With feather'd Wings, wait for their Meat from God.
Who spreads his Table, and by various ways
For all his numerous Family purveys;
And from his Stores distributes more Supplys
Than to relieve each Creature's Wants suffice.

To substitute Successors in the place
Of those that perish, and to save the Race

Of

Of every living Thing, All-gracious God
His active, genial Spirits ſends abroad;
Which thro' the Regions quick'ning Virtue ſpread;
Whence freſh Productions of each kind are bred.
Since on the Earth th' Almighty's Hands diſpence
Th' unnumber'd Bleſſings of his Providence,
And with his Favours have all Nature crown'd,
Let the whole World with Songs of Joy reſound.
Let Men for ever bleſs his glorious Name,
Recite his Wonders, and his Praiſe proclaim.
If ſtupid Man this Tribute ſhould neglect,
His God th' ungrateful Wretch can ſoon correct.
If on the Earth his Eyes in Anger look,
It trembles at the terrible Rebuke;
And from its ſtrong Foundations ſtarts in fear,
While inward Gripes its working Entrails tear.
The Mountains ſhiver, and their Heads incline
At the Reproof of Majeſty Divine.
The Hills forget they're fix'd, and in their Fright
Caſt off their Weight, and eaſe themſelves for Flight;
Rocks in Amazement from their Pillars break,
And, what they us'd to give, a Refuge ſeek.
The Woods with Terror wing'd outfly the Wind,
And leave the heavy, panting Hills behind.
All Nature troubled and in deep Diſtreſs
Of God's Diſpleaſure does her Fear expreſs.

But I, let others make their Choice, will ſing
The due Applauſes of th' eternal King.
With Pleaſure I'll contemplate all my Days
His mighty Works, and providential Ways.
And let obdurate Sinners, who refuſe
To give him Glory, and his Gifts abuſe,
Be from the Earth, as they deſerve, deſtroy'd,
While thou, my Soul, art in his Praiſe employ'd.

PSALM CXIV

PARAPHRAS'D.

WHEN God a thouſand Miracles had [wrought,
Which to the favour'd Tribes Deliv'rance brought,
And marching on in Triumph at their Head
Their Hoſt to promis'd *Canaan* led,
Then, *Jacob*, was thy reſcu'd Race
Diſtinguiſh'd by peculiar Marks of Grace.
Their Happineſs and Honour to advance,
He choſe them for his own Inheritance;
With whom alone their gracious God
Would make his Reſidence and bleſt Abode.
From Heav'n they were inſtructed to adore
Their Lord, and with Celeſtial Light
Canaan was bleſt, as *Goſhen* was before,
While all their Neighbours lay involv'd in Night.
God the Foundations of their Empire laid,
The Model of their Conſtitution made,
Then on their Throne their King in Perſon ſate,
And rul'd with equal Laws the ſacred State.

For this bleſt Purpoſe *Jacob*'s Seed
Was from *Egyptian* Bondage freed.
When God to do this wondrous Work was pleas'd,
Great Conſternation Nature ſeiz'd:
The reſtif Floods refus'd to flow, [to blow.
Panting with Fear the Winds could find no Breath
Th' aſtoniſh'd Sea did motionleſs become,
Horror its Waters did benumb,
And briny Waves, that reer'd themſelves to ſee
Th' Almighty's Judgments and his Majeſty
With Terror Cryſtaliz'd began to halt,
Then Pillars grew and Rocks of Salt.

Jordan, as ſoon as this great Deed it ſaw,
Strook with a reverential Awe
Started, and with Precipitation fled; [Head.
Th' amaz'd portentous Flood ran backwards to its

High Rocks were wreſted from their Place,
And Fear the Mountains did conſtrain
To lift themſelves from off their Baſe,
And on their Roots abrupt to dance along the Plain.
The little Hills aſtoniſh'd at the Sight,
Flew to the Mother Mountains in their Fright,
And trembling round them skip'd, as Lambs
When terrify'd, run bleating to their Dams.
What ail'd thee, O thou troubled Ocean, why
Didſt thou with all thy watry Forces fly?

What

What ail'd thee, *Jordan*, tell the Cauſe
That made thy Flood break Nature's Laws?
Thy Courſe thou didſt not only ſtop,
And roll thy liquid Volumes up,
But didſt ev'n backward flow to hide
Within its Fountain's Head thy refluent Tide.

What did the lofty Mountains ail?
What Pangs of Terror did the Hills aſſail,
That they their Station could not keep,
But ſcar'd with Danger flew like tim'rous, ſcatter'd [Sheep?

But why do I demand a Cauſe
Of your Amazement, which deſerves Applauſe?
Yours was a juſt becoming Fear,
For when th' Almighty does appear,
Not only you, but the whole Earth ſhould quake,
And ſtruck with Awe its Place forſake.
For he is Nature's Sovereign Lord,
Who by his great commanding Word
Can make the Floods firm Cryſtal grow,
Or melt the Rocks, and make their Marble flow.

PSALM CXLVIII

PARAPHRAS'D.

YE bright immortal Colonies,
That people all the Regions of the Skies,
And in the bliſsful Seats above,
Inhabit Light, and dwell in Love;
Ye mighty Gen'rals, who command
The Hoſts of Heav'n, ye Miniſters, that ſtand
In his bleſt Preſence, to receive
What Orders he is pleas'd to give;
Ye Guards and Houſhold Warriours, who attend
At once to grace his Court and to defend;
And Saints and Seraphs, who aſtoniſh'd ſee
His Greatneſs, Pomp and awful Majeſty,
Tune your Celeſtial Harps, and ſing
The Triumphs of th' Eternal King.
Let all his Servants with one Voice applaud
In long continu'd Shouts their Wonder-working God.

Ye Sun and Moon, ye Stars that ſhine by Night,
Praiſe him the unexhauſted Spring of Light
Whence

Whence your Dependant Vertue ſtreams
And whence your Orbs derive their delegated Beams,
Exalt his Name, and ſpread his Praiſe,
As far as you diffuſe your Rays.
Let all the glorious Worlds above agree
In this Celeſtial Harmony;
And let the ecchoing Spheres around
Reverberate the Joy, and propagate the Sound.

Ye thin tranſparent Regions of the Air,
And all ye flying Nations there, declare.
With loud harmonious Strains th' Eternal's Praiſe

Let Tempeſts with their ſtormy Noiſe,
And Thunder with its roaring Voice,
God's own Artillery, proclaim
Thro' all the lift'ning World *Jehovah*'s Fame:
From ev'ry Quarter all ye Winds ariſe,
On whoſe ſwift Wings th' Almighty flies,
When he his Progreſs makes to theſe inferior Skies:
Blow all your Blaſts, and all your Breath employ
In loud Applauſes, and in Songs of Joy.

Ye Vapours, which aerial Regions climb
To ſtore their Magazines ſublime,
And for the Meteors new Materials bring,
While you aſcend on high, melodious Anthems ſing.

Ye Clouds, that by purſuing Winds are driv'n,
Pour with your Rain your Praiſes forth;
Let theſe ariſe, as high as Heav'n,
As that deſcends to bleſs the Earth.
Praiſe the Divine Artificer
Ye Light'nings, which his Hands prepare;
And all ye curious Fireworks of the Air.
Praiſe him ye milder Meteors of the Sky,
Ye Hailſtones, Miſt, and fleecy Snow,
The Manufacturer, which he works on high
For Nature's Service here below.

Let this ſupream, this independent Lord
Be by the Deep and all the Floods ador'd.
In Conſort let the Billows roar,
And make his Praiſe rebound from Shore to Shore.
While midſt the Waves the ſcaly People dance
Before them let their Lords the mighty Whales [advance,
And high amidſt the Air on this great Day
Let all the Water-Works in their vaſt Noſtrils play.

And while the Sea, the Air and Sky
Vocal become th' Almighty's Name to raiſe,
Let not the Earth ſtand ſilent by,
But lift its Voice to celebrate his Praiſe.
Ye Dragons, Wolves, and all the ſalvage Kind
On ecchoing Hills in one Aſſembly join'd.

To

To him your Adoration pay,
Who in the wild Abodes provides ſufficient Prey:
In grateful Strains his Bounty bleſs,
And make his Fame ring thro' the Wilderneſs.
Ye Cedar Groves and Pines ſublime
Be tun'd to ſolemnize this joyful Time.
And ſing, ye Mountains, Rocks and Floods,
To th' inſtrumental Muſick of the Woods.

Ye Kings, the King of Kings adore,
And at his Feet your borrow'd Scepters lay,
Applaud the Spring of all Imperial Pow'r;
Here you are Subjects, and ſhould Homage pay.
While Songs of Praiſe the Gratitude atteſt
Of aged Men long by his Favours bleſt,
Let ardent Zeal young Men and Maids inflame
To celebrate their Maker's Fame,
And liſping Infants at his Praiſes aim.
Let all th' Eternal's Works conſpire
To execute this high Deſign;
To bleſs him let them all combine,
And make the World one univerſal Quire.

A PARAPHRASE

On Part of the

Fourteenth Chap. of *Iſaiah*.

Beginning at the 4th and ending at the 24th Verſe.

THE Nations round ſurpris'd and overjoy'd
Shall crowd to ſee proud *Babylon* deſtroy'd,
And ſpreading forth their Hands to Heav'n ſhall ſay,
O happy, long expected Day!
How from his Throne is the great Tyrant caſt,
The Ravager, that our fair Towns defac'd,
Ruin'd his Kind, and laid all Nature waſte?
How is th' Imperial, Purple Plague, that reign'd
And rag'd ſo long, at laſt reſtrain'd?
Where are the Guards, who us'd to wait
Before th' Oppreſſor's Palace Gate?
Where are the awful Enſigns of his State?
Now ſhow of fawning Sycophants the Throng,
That to his Court did once belong,

Who

Who did the Monſter, as a God, adore
And bleſs'd the rav'ning Jaws, that did Mankind
[devour.

The haughty City, which the World controul'd,
Magnificent with Cedar, Gems and Gold,
Which tow'ring ſtood amidſt the Skies,
Fal'n to the Ground in Heaps of Rubbiſh lyes.
Is this the City, will Spectators ſay,
That the whole World her Empire did ſurvey?
Which made the Nations tremble with her Frowns
And gave to Princes tributary Crowns?
How ſtrange a turn? good Heav'n! how ſoon
Is all her Pride and Glory gone?
God by a great illuſtrious Stroke
Of Juſtice, has her Monarch's Scepter broke,
And freed the groaning Kingdoms from his Yoke.
His Arm has ſunk the Tow'rs of *Babylon*,
And rent the Pillars, that upheld her Throne.
Her fierce deſtructive Pow'r withſtood,
And on her Head aveng'd the Nation's Blood.
She that the Faces of the Poor did grind,
And ne'er to Mercy was inclin'd,
Shall no Compaſſion from the Victor find.
The People by her Yoke oppreſt
By Heav'n deliver'd, from their Bondage reſt.
While Realms enſlav'd their Liberty regain,
And Captives from their Feet ſhake off their Chain,
Loud

Loud Triumphs, univerſal Joy,
And Songs of Praiſe ſhall all the Earth employ.

The Pines and Fir-trees on the Hills rejoice,
And with a grateful Voice
The Cedars, that in ſtately Order grow
On *Lebanon*'s high airy Brow,
Cry, we of this Deliverance too partake,
Let us, as well as Men, our thankful Offering make.
Happy like them we Liberty poſſeſs,
And therefore ſhould the Arm, that quells proud Ty-
[rants bleſs.
Th' imperious City now muſt ceaſe
From ſending Robbers to diſturb our Peace:
We ſhall no longer with our Spoils ſupply
The haughty City's Luxury.
No more the Feller ſhall our Foreſt wound,
No more the Ax ſhall thro' the Hills reſound,
Nor ſhall our mangled Limbs o'erſpread th' en-
[cumber'd Ground.
The Grave ſhall for th' *Aſſyrian* Monarch's ſake
Diſturb the peaceful Dead, and make
Her drouſie Lodgers riſe,
Shake from their Feet their Chains, and Slumber
[from their Eyes.
Princes and Kings, who under Ground
Only with Worms and Duſt are crown'd,
It from their Beds of Darkneſs ſhall releaſe,
The only Thrones they now poſſeſs.

To meet *Aſſyria*'s Tyrant on his way
The Grave this Royal Embaſſy ſhall ſend,
And, as inſtructed, they ſhall ſay
O King do thus thy Pomp and Empire end?
Feeble, as we, art thou become?
Muſt we conduct thee to a narrow Tomb,
For whom the World before ſcarce found ſufficient [room?
Art thou, whoſe Scepter had ſo vaſt a Sway,
And whoſe Command ev'n Kings did once obey,
Strip'd of thy Pow'r and Majeſty,
Art thou as naked, poor and weak as we?
Could not thy conqu'ring Armies ſave
Their mighty Leader from the Grave?
Muſt thou too in a dark and duſty Bed
Lay thy Imperial, awful Head,
And be with Worms inſtead of ſcarlet ſpread?
Muſt the ſoft Ear
That us'd to hear
The Viol's and the Harp's melodious Noiſe,
Or the Flaterer's ſweeter Voice,
Be now with us, the Dead, entomb'd,
To everlaſting Silence doom'd?

How art thou fal'n from Heav'n, O *Lucifer*,
Son of the Morn?
How do the Glories diſappear,
Which once thy Temples did adorn?

Grown mad with Pride by Adulation fed,
Thou in thy Heart haſt oft blaſpheming ſaid,
I, as a God, to Heav'n will riſe,
And ſhine above the Stars amidſt the Skies.
Honours Divine will me befit,
I baſe Mortality diſown,
And will on *Zion* fix my Throne,
And to be worſhip'd there Majeſtick ſit.
Above the Clouds of Heav'n will I aſcend,
And my Dominion o'er the World extend:
Mortals my Greatneſs ſhall, like God's, adore,
And uncontroul'd, like his, ſhall be my Soveraign [Pow'r.
Yet, Tyrant, thou ſhalt ſink as low as Hell,
And of thy State diveſted dwell
In the gloomy Shades beneath,
In the duſty Courts of Death;
Where thy Arrival will the Dead amaze,
On thee the pale Inhabitants will gaze,
And cry, is this the late pretended God
That govern'd Millions with his Nod,
And on the Necks of Captive Princes trod?
Is this th' Immortal Man, who never cloy'd
With Blood and Spoil, the Earth deſtroy'd?
That Princes of their Thrones did diſpoſſeſs,
Exhauſted Realms with his hard Yoke oppreſs,
And made the empty World a howling Wilderneſs?
Who Tow'rs demoliſh'd, ſtately Buildings burn'd,
And Cities into Rubbiſh turn'd?

That never gave his People Reſt,
Nor once the Priſoner from his Chains releaſt?

When other Soveraign Princes die,
They ſleep in noble Sepulchers prepar'd
To lodge their Royal Family,
And, as they liv'd, they are in Pomp inter'd.
But none thy Body in the Vault ſhall lay,
Which, as a rotten Branch, they'll caſt away.
No Funeral Honours ſhall thy Herſe adorn,
But as the bloody Raiment of the Slain,
Whom the next Pit or Quarries entertain,
Thy more polluted Carcaſs ſhall with Scorn
Be trodden under Foot, and into Peices torn.

Tyrant, thou ſhalt not be convey'd,
Like other Monarchs, from thy Palace Gate,
Nor in a Princely Tomb be laid
With coſtly Rites and ſolemn State.
Becauſe thy fierce, relentleſs Hand
Has ſlain thy People, and laid waſte thy Land.
God ſhall all Marks and Monuments efface
Of this ungodly, cruel Race.
The Pow'r, that rais'd them up, ſhall pull them down,
And ſtrip them of their Glory and Renown.
The Force, which he againſt them ſhall employ,
Their Houſe and Empire ſhall at once deſtroy.

Let it, ye *Medes* and *Perſians*, be your Care
For their curſt Children Vengeance to prepare.

No Tenderneſs to Age or Sex expreſs,
But on the Son avenge the Father's Wickedneſs;
That this vile Houſe may never more
Repair their Ruins, and regain their Pow'r.

Thus ſays the Lord of Hoſts, O *Babylon*,
Ripe for Deſtruction thou art grown.
In Storms of Fury I'll againſt thee riſe,
Which ſhall thy careleſs Sons ſurprize.
Thy lofty Tow'rs I'll level lay
And ſweep thy vile Inhabitants away.
Thy Tow'rs, like *Sodom's*, I will make,
And turn thee to a mighty Lake;
The loneſome Bittern ſhall poſſeſs
This fenny Seat, this Reedy Wilderneſs.
The Waves ſhall thro' thy Cedar-Chambers rowl,
And on thy Shore ſhall Water-Monſters howl.
The Palaces, where cruel Kings did reign,
In coming Time ſhall entertain
The mute Oppreſſors of the Main.
Thus *Babylon* ſhall always be
The Seat of Blood and Tyranny.
A ſcaly Garriſon ſhall dwell
In every Fort and Cittadel.
The ſwift Aſſaſſins of the Flood ſhall ſport
Within thy Monarch's weedy Court;
Thither ſhall Fiſh of every Kind reſort:
There thy luxurious Sons they ſhall devour,
And feed on thoſe, who fed on them before.

ISAIAH Chap. xxxiv

PARAPHRAS'D.

YE various People, who diſperſe
Your Dwellings thro' the ſpacious Univerſe,
Inhabitants of every diſtant Soil,
Of every Continent and every Iſle,
At Heav'n's dread Summons all appear:
Let the whole World collected throng to hear
Things, that will melt their trembling Hearts [with Fear.

Againſt the Nations God's fierce Anger burns,
Againſt them he his pointed Vengeance turns,
And brings out Stores of Fury ripe with Age,
Hidden Reſerves of Wrath, and high fermented Rage.
The ſwifteſt Kinds of Death will he employ,
The Heathen Kingdoms to deſtroy,
Who joining Arms advance from far
Againſt our Land confed'rate War.
Their Bodies ſhall unburied lye, a Feaſt
To every rav'ning Foreſt Beaſt,

Vultures

Vultures and all the Rovers of the Air
To the red Fields of Slaughter ſhall repair;
Where they great Chiefs and Potentates ſhall eat,
And Royal Banquets ſhall their Hunger treat.
From Heaps of putrifying Dead,
A noiſome Scent ſhall riſe
Amidſt the diſtant Skies,
And thro' the tainted Air malignant Vapours ſpread.

Down from the Hills, on which their Armies ſtood,
Torrents ſhall run of reeking Blood, [Flood.
And rocky Fragments roll along th' impetuous
The Plains and all the Vales around
Shall lye beneath the Purple Deluge drown'd.

Nature ſhall groan, and during this Attack
Her univerſal Frame ſhall with Convulſions ſhake.
The Sun and Moon amaz'd to ſee
Her ſtrong and dreadful Agony,
Shall ſpring and ſtart from out their Place,
And the bright Stars that Heav'n's high Cham-
Seiz'd with the like Affright [bers grace
Shall ſwiftly fly from Mortals Sight,
And in the Boſom hide of ancient Night.
The vaſt Expanſion drawn around the World
Shall like a uſeleſs Sail be furl'd,
And the blue Spheres ſhall ſhrink, and roll
Their Sheets of Ether up, like a warp'd Parchment
[Scroll.

The trembling World ſhall in Amazement ſee
The ſpacious Orbs that round us ſhine,
Falling from Heav'n, as from the ſhaken Tree
Ripe Fruit, or Leaves in Autumn from the Vine.
Th' Almighty's Sword, ſo 'tis in Heav'n decreed,
Shall bath it ſelf in Blood, and fierce on Slaughter feed:
The radiant Spoiler down the Sky
Shall, like projected Lightning, fly.
On *Edom*'s Fields he'll make his ſwift Deſcent
To execute his dire Intent:
The reeking Ravager will march in haſte
To ſlay the Men, and lay the Country waſte.
Where-e'er his Courſe the Victor bends,
Ruin in all its frightful Shapes attends:
Death and Deſtruction keep an equal Pace,
And Deſolation ſhews her ghaſtly, waſteful Face.

The glitt'ring Glutton ſhall be gorg'd with Food,
Pamper'd with Spoil, and drunk with Blood;
Not pamper'd with the Fleſh of Rams,
Nor drunk with Blood of Goats and Lambs,
But with the Blood of *Iſrael*'s Foes,
And with their Fleſh, who *Iſrael*'s God oppoſe:
Princes and Lords with theſe combin'd
Againſt us, are in Ruin join'd:
Princes and Lords, who arm'd with Pow'r
The People, as their Prey, devour;
And lawleſs Sway, like Unicorns, poſſeſs,
Or the wild Bulls, that range the Wilderneſs.

God has a mighty Sacrifice in Hand
In *Bozrah*, and at his Command
Vaſt Slaughter ſhall be made in *Edom*'s Land.
A Slaughter and a Sacrifice, fender dies.
Where harmleſs Beaſts are ſav'd, and Man th' Of-

So great Deſtruction ſhall be made,
That all the Land ſhall under Blood be laid:
The Carcaſſes of *Idumean* ſlain
Shall cover every Hill and Plain.
For this is that tremendous Day,
That God appoints, in which to pay
The mighty Sums of Fury in Arrear,
And his vaſt Debt of Vengeance clear,
His long contracted Debt of Vengeance due
To Realms, who *Jacob*'s Ruin have in View.

Their Floods to lazy Streams of Pitch ſhall turn,
And kindled Sulphur ſhall their Cities burn:
The Clouds ſhall Spouts of Flame on *Edom* pour,
Such as *Gomorrah* did devour,
Whence everlaſting Smoke ſhall riſe,
As from a burning Mount, amidſt the Skies,
No People more ſhall e'er poſſeſs
This ruin'd Land, this ſultry Wilderneſs:
Nor henceforth ſhall one Trav'ler paſs
Thro' this accurs'd, inhoſpitable Place.

Ne'er

Ne'er ſhall be ſeen the Footſteps of a Man,
But the hoarſe Bittern and the Pellican,
The Owl and Raven ſhall inhabit there,
With all th' ill-boding Monſters of the Air.
God to accompliſh his Deſign
O'er *Edom* ſhall extend his meaſuring Line;
Shall draw his Compaſs round about,
And for Deſtruction mark the People out.

No *Idumean* Prince or Lord
Shall ſcape the Conqu'ring Sword.
Thiſtles and thorny Trees
Shall flouriſh in their Palaces. [Throne;
Nettles ſhall ſpring around their Monarch's
Their Forts with Brambles ſhall be over-grown,
And moſſy Turf ſhall cover every Stone.
In gilded Roofs ſhall lodge the Bat and Owl,
And in their lofty Rooms of State,
Where cringing Sycophants did wait,
Dragons ſhall hiſs, and hungry Wolves ſhall howl.
In Courts, before by mighty Lords poſſeſt,
The Serpent ſhall erect his ſpeckled Creſt,
Or fold his circling Spires to reſt.

The long-neck'd Giant of the feather'd Kind
The Oſtrich, there a ſandy Neſt ſhall find.
Leopards, and all the rav'ning Brotherhoods,
That range the Plains, or lurk in Woods,

Each

Each other ſhall invite to come
And make this wilder Place their home.
Fierce Beaſts of every frightful Shape and Size
Shall ſettle here their bloody Colonies.
Satyrs ſhall to their Fellows cry, Advance,
Let us to *Edom*'s Land make haſte,
'Tis a ſilent, lonesome Waſte,
There let us dwell; there let us ſport and dance.
The Screech-Owl thither ſhall direct her Flight,
And all the hooping Horrors of the Night.
There they ſhall build their Neſts, and breed,
And there their Eggs in quiet lay,
To cheer their Young their Wings diſplay,
And the voracious, callow Monſters feed.
The Vultures there, and all the Eagle Kind
Shall rendezvous, o'erjoy'd to find
A perfect Deſolation to their Mind.

ISAIAH Chap. XL.

PARAPHRAS'D.

PRophets, on whom I Light Divine confer,
Diſtinguiſh'd by your ſacred Character,
Envoys and Agents, who by my Command
Reſide in *Paleſtina*'s Land,
To whom Commiſſions I have giv'n
To manage there the Intereſts of Heav'n:
Ye holy Heralds, who proclaim
Or War or Peace in mine your Maſter's Name;
Let my deſponding People know,
That I their God will mitigate their Woe.
Tell them, Compaſſion melts my Heart,
That I of Puniſhing repent;
And that their bleeding Wounds and Smart,
Which my own Hand inflicted, I lament.
Comfort *Jeruſalem*, and cry,
The Time of her Deliverance is nigh.
Say, her Offences I'll forget,
Nor more my ſcourging Strokes repeat.

Her Suff'rings and her Servitude ſhall ceaſe,
And from Oppreſſion I'll her Sons releaſe:
Th' Alarms of War ſhe ſhall no longer hear,
Nor more *Aſſyrian* Armies fear.
She ſhall enjoy uninterrupted Eaſe
Gather'd beneath the downy Wings of Peace.
The Suff'rings ſhe has undergone,
My Anger kindled by her Crimes atone.

Hark, what a loud Majeſtick ſound,
What awful Accents from the Hills rebound?
Liſten with Rev'rence, hark, the Noiſe
Grows more diſtinct, 'tis the commanding Voice
Of one, that in the Deſart cries,
Let all the Nations round ariſe.
Ye Pioneers of Heav'n prepare a Road
Thro' the pathleſs Wilderneſs,
Make it plain, direct and broad,
And let your Shouts your Joy expreſs.
Th' obſtructing Groves and Foreſts level lay,
And for th' Almighty make a way;
For he in Perſon will his People head,
And out from *Babylon* his reſcu'd Captives lead.
He will from Heav'n deſcend to free
The Nations from infernal Slavery,
And bring them out by Miracles of Might
From Pagan Darkneſs to Celeſtial Light.

Each

Each Mountain ſink, ſink every Hill,
And with their Ruins each low Valley fill.
Smooth each abrupt and rocky Place,
And every narrow Way enlarge;
For God in Triumph thro' this Road will paſs
As he conducts from *Babylon* his Charge.
Make an open, eaſie way,
Where God his Glory may diſplay;
For the Divine Deliverer
Will on his March in Majeſty appear.
His high Perfections he'll reveal, and ſhew
Th' aſtoniſh'd World what Wonders he can do:
That he'll effect this mighty Work, the Lord
Has giv'n his ſacred, never-failing Word.

Th' Almighty bid his Prophet ſay,
All Men are ſubject to decay,
And in their gay and youthful Bloom
Wither, and like the Graſs conſume:
To every Storm or Blaſt they yield,
And fade, like Flow'rs that paint the Field;
Mean time th' Almighty's Word ſhall ſtand ſecure,
And, like himſelf, for ever ſhall endure.

O *Zion*, whoſe impending airy Brow
Surveys the Hills, as well as Vales below,
The joyful News, which thou haſt got, impart,
To raiſe my People's drooping Heart:

Lift up thy Voice, and let the ecchoing Sound
From Wood to Wood, from Hill to Hill rebound,
And ring thro' all the Vales and all the Towns a-
Cry with a loud and fearleſs Voice [round.
Let all thy Cities, *Paleſtine*, rejoice;
Your ſinking Heads ye Tow'rs of *Judah* reer,
Behold your God your great Deliverer
In Perſon to your Aid advances near,
See, where th' Almighty Conqu'ror takes the Field,
In his ſtrong Hand what Terrors does he wield?
How dreadful are his Steps? how bright his Sword
[and Shield?
See, how the Foreſts at his Preſence bow,
How ſilent Floods and Rivers flow:
How do the Plains thro' which he marches, ſmoke?
How do the trouhled Mountains rock?
He needs the Aid of no confed'rate Pow'r,
His ſingle Arms will Victory enſure;
Who brings, to crown the Juſt, a bright Reward,
And for the Wicked Vengeance has prepar'd.

He, as a faithful Shepherd, will attend
His Flock with Care, and condeſcend
To carry in his Arms the feeble Lambs,
And gently lead the pregnant Dams.
His Peaple in his Work may reſt ſecure,
For boundleſs, as his Mercy, is his Pow'r.

In the wide hollow of his Hand may ſleep
All the collected Waters of the Deep:

Let

Let all the Rivers too be thither roll'd,
Th' immenſe Abyſs will yet more Seas and Ri-
[vers hold
His Span acroſs the wideſt Heav'ns can ſtretch
And the vaſt Void beyond them over-reach.
The Rocks and Hills he in a Ballance lays,
And high amidſt the Air th' uplifted Mountain
[weighs.
Should his capacious Hand this Globe include,
It, like an Atome, would the Sight elude.
When God the Draught of Heav'n and Earth
[deſign'd,
And form'd the wondrous Platform in his Mind,
Did any skilfull Architect
Help him his Model to correct?
When he the World's Foundations laid,
And rais'd the lofty Pillars with his Hand,
To give him or Advice or Aid
Did any wiſe Surveyor near him ſtand?
Doubtful did he Direction need
How in Creation to proceed?
When by a thouſand Wonders wrought
His vaſt Deſign was to Perfection brought,
What Counſellor of State did him inſtruct
The World his Creature to conduct?
Who taught him how the Univerſe to ſway,
To form the Maxims of his Government,
And ſettle Nature in that ſteady way,
That all deſtructive Diſcord might prevent;

How, where ten thousand Beings disagree,
To make their Motions end in Harmony,
And with unerring Methods to pursue
The glorious Ends he had at first in view?

God does the Nations of the World regard
As a small Drop with the vast Deep compar'd;
Or as the Dust, that in the Ballance thrown
Can't raise one Scale, and press the other down.
God by their rocky Roots takes up the Hills,
And from their oazy Beds removes the Isles.
He hurls the Mountains from their tow'ring height
As things of neither Bulk, nor Weight.

O *Lebanon*, whose spacious Head
Is with a Grove of Cedars spread,
With Wood sufficient is thy Forest stor'd,
Or can it Beasts enough afford,
For a Burnt Off'ring to all Nature's Lord?
Against him should the Nations rise,
He would neglect their weak Alarms;
This wretched Host of Worms he would despise,
And laugh at empty Vanity in Arms.
If God the Spring of Life and Pow'r,
By whose Supplies his various Worlds endure,
Held back his Streams, Mankind would soon expire,
And into nothing, whence they came, retire.

Since

Since his Perfections ſo tranſcendent are,
What Image can his Being repreſent?
What with Almighty Strength can you compare?
What Figure of Infinity invent?
The ſenſeleſs Heathens to the Artiſt run,
Who faſhion Deities of Wood and Stone:
The Fools beſpeak an antick, lacker'd God,
To guard their Perſons and Abode.

The melted Metal in the Furnace glows,
Then in the Mould the ſtiff'ning Idol glows;
And when their God grows hard and cold,
The Workmen touch him up, and daub his Limbs [with Gold.
The Crowd their gaudy Deity admire,
Th' Effect of Art and Creature of the Fire.
Then leaſt their feeble God ſhould fall,
With Silver Chains they fix him to the Wall:
A likely Guardian this to ſave
The Men, that his Protection crave.

Some, who are grown ſo mean and poor,
That they no ſacred Off'ring can procure,
To Idols are ſo much inclin'd,
That they will Means to get Materials find,
And then engage the Artiſt's Care,
A graven Image to prepare:
Tho' after all their Coſt and Pains
The worthleſs Piece fix'd in his Place remains;

And cannot make a Step, or move a Hand
In his Defence, that does his Help demand,

Ye Pagan Realms, that cover'd lye
With the thick Darkneſs of Idolatry,
How can a Truth to all reveal'd
Clear as the Day, be ſtill from you conceal'd?
That is, that God's the only God, to whom
We ſhould in humble Adoration come.
The Earth whoſe deep Foundations he has laid,
And Heav'n's wide Volumes, which his Hands
His Being and his Majeſty declare, [diſplay'd,
And ſhew how boundleſs his Perfections are.
Above the Circle of the Earth, on high
He ſits enthron'd in *Empirean* Sky;
Whence if he caſts his Eyes around,
And views the Earth hung low in Air,
As Inſects creeping on the Ground
Contemptible Mankind appear.
The Heav'nly Spheres, as Curtains, he expands,
With Orbs of Light magnificent,
And azure Sheets of Sky his Hands
Stretch forth to form his Royal Tent.
God at his Pleaſure can deſtroy
Kings, who the greateſt Pow'r and Wealth enjoy:
Their awful Heads he can uncrown,
And from their Thrones tread haughty Tyrants
[down.
Deep Root they ſhall not take, nor ſpread
Amidſt the Clouds their ſhady Head:

Blasted and by th' Almighty's Breath oppreſt,
As by a furious Tempeſt from the Eaſt
Their ſpreading Branches ſhall decay,
And fade, like with'ring Plants, away.

Where then, ſays God, can Men my Equal ſee?
What Object can reſemble me?
Lift up, O Man, on high thy wond'ring Eyes,
Regard the Palace of the Holy One,
View the bright Conſtellations of the Skies,
Where he has fix'd his Adamantine Throne.
Did not th' Eternal from th' Abyſs of Night
Call forth thoſe Heav'ns, and all thoſe Orbs of Light?
Do they not run their Courſes, and diſpence
At his Command their Light and Influence?
He, their great Gen'ral, Day by Day
Draws out his glitt'ring Armies in Array;
Muſter'd along th' Etherial Plains
The Squadrons he reviews, and all their Poſts ordains.
As Maſter of his ſtarry Family
He calls his ſhining Servants out by Name;
And gives them Tasks, to which they all agree,
And thus his Greatneſs and his Pow'r proclaim.

Why doſt thou ſay, O *Jacob*, I complain,
And make to God my Moan in vain;
He to my Sorrow no Compaſſion ſhows,
Neglects my Tears, and diſregards my Woes.

The proud Oppreſſor's cruel Yoke
Does not his vengeful Wrath provoke:
I am no more th' Almighty's Care,
Elſe he would hear my mournful Pray'r,
And not deſert me in my deep Deſpair.
He'll be no more my Advocate
My Cauſe to manage in Debate;
Nor will he now my Injuries redreſs,
Nor ſave me from the Hands that me oppreſs.
He's pleas'd ſo long his People to diſown,
That now our Caſe is deſp'rate grown.
Now, if he would, he can't Aſſiſtance give,
We are undone, and ruin'd paſt retrieve.
O doſt thou not, unthoughtful *Jacob*, know
Who made the Heav'ns above, and Earth below?
Did not thy God, th' Eternal Lord,
Produce them by his high Creating Word?
The World he made he rules with equal Laws;
Will ſuch a God deſert his People's Cauſe?
He, who does wiſely all Events direct,
Will he his own Inheritance neglect? [reject?
Will he their Suff'rings ſlight, and humble Pray'r

He grows not faint, nor can his Labour paſt
Or Length of Days his Vigor waſte.
His undeclining Strength feels no Decay,
Still can he puniſh thoſe, who diſobey.
As ſtrong an Arm as ever he extends
To cruſh his haughty Foes, and guard his Friends.

Nor

Nor does he with a leſs attentive Ear
The Cries of guiltleſs Suff'rers hear,
But then the Seaſons of Salvation reſt
As Secrets in th' Almighty's Breaſt.
Of Providence the Depths are fathomleſs,
Nor will its heights admit acceſs;
Hence in his Pleaſure Man ſhould acquieſce.
Still to his People he Deliv'rance ſends,
When it promotes their Good, and ſerves his glo-
[rious Ends.
Then let his Counſels, which exceed our Reach,
Profound Submiſſion and due Patience teach.
He gives Supplies to Men in want,
Strengthens the Feeble, and revives the Faint.
Should the young Man, in whoſe warm Veins
And active Sinews ſprightly Vigour reigns,
No more on God, the Source of Life, rely,
He ſoon would languiſh, ſink and die.
But thoſe, who humbly on his Aid depend,
Shall not their Stock of Spirits ſpend.
He'll reinforce them with Recruits of Pow'r,
And their decaying Energy reſtore.
Like Eagles they ſhall mount on high,
And with like Force and Swiftneſs cut the Sky:
Shall walk or run, and ſtill their Courſe maintain,
Yet never weary of their Toil complain.
God daily ſhall their Strength encreaſe,
That they their Burdens may ſuſtain with Eaſe
Till he ſhall chuſe his Time his Captives to releaſe.

Part

Part of the Fifty Second, and the whole Fifty Third Chapter of Iſaiah *Paraphras'd.*

MY Servant ſhall acquire Divine Renown,
And Regal Honours ſhall his Temples crown.
Kings at his Feet their Diadems ſhall lay,
And willing Realms ſhall his Commands obey.
His Godlike Government and righteous Laws
From Men and Angels ſhall receive Applauſe.
He'll with his own his People's Rights maintain,
Protect his Friends, th' Oppreſſor's Rage reſtrain,
And endleſs Peace ſhall bleſs his glorious Reign.
As Men at his Affliction ſtood amaz'd,
And on his wondrous Woe with Horror gaz'd;
Whoſe Face was ſo deform'd and Fleſh ſo worn
By Toil and Pain, with conſtant Patience born
That yet no Eye with Wonder did behold,
Nor ever Tongue was able to unfold
A Scene of Suff'rings rais'd to ſuch Exceſs,
Anguiſh ſo great, and ſuch ſincere Diſtreſs:
So if his Exaltation we regard,
His glorious Height of Bliſs, his juſt Reward
Shall bear Proportion to his humble State,
And equal Wonder in its Turn create.
His heav'nly Doctrines on the Nations round
Shall fall as dropping Rain upon the Ground.

Atten-

Attentive Monarchs with a willing Ear,
Shall his Divine and mild Inſtructions hear,
They'll with profound Humility receive
The Oracles and Counſels he ſhall give.
No more their impious Tongues ſhall him condemn,
No more Religion nor their God blaſpheme.
They ſhall his Wiſdom unconfin'd adore,
And joyful Tidings bear unheard before.
Tidings, that new and wondrous things aſſert,
That God the Nations will at length convert,
And of his Kingdom make the Heathen part.

Chap. LIII.

When the Meſſiah, by his Love inclin'd,
And tender Mercy mov'd to loſt Mankind
From his immortal Throne on high deſcends,
To compaſs all his great and glorious Ends,
Who in the bleſt Redeemer will believe?
Who'll the Divine Commiſſioner receive,
Or to his Heav'nly Meſſage Credit give?
He'll not advance in Arms or Regal State;
No ſhouting Crowds will on his Chariot wait.
No Harbingers or Heralds will proclaim
His coming down, and ſpread abroad his Fame;
He ſhall no Guards nor long Retinue take,
Like earthly Kings, that publick Entries make.
No Pomp the Lords and mighty Conq'rors ſhew,
Nor Armies head the Nations to ſubdue,
And found an Empire for th' Ambitious Jew.
Mean and obſcure ſhall be my Servant's Birth,
As that of Plants in dry and barren Earth.

Expecting ſome great Gen'ral ſhould arife.
The Jews his poor Extraction ſhall deſpiſe!
Scornful his ſacred Perſon they'll condemn,
And the great Pow'r and Word of God blaſpheme.
As his Condition and his Birth are low,
Mean and deſpis'd, his Perſon too is ſo.
They'll in his Face no Air of Greatneſs ſee,
Nor in his Mein the Marks of Majeſty.
He'll by uncommon Beauty not be known,
Diſtinguiſh'd by Calamity alone.
His Preſence will not cauſe or Love or Awe,
But great Contempt from all Spectators draw:
Hence Men will my Commiſſioner neglect,
And all his gracious Overtures reject.
His Life ſhall be but one continu'd Chain
Of Labour, Sorrow and of waſting Pain.
He daily ſhall converſe with Grief and Woe,
And with Affliction ſhall familiar grow.
Unmeaſur'd Suff'rings, exquiſite Diſtreſs,
And ponderous Trouble ſhall his Soul oppreſs;
Theſe ſad Companions ſhall around him ſtay,
Conſume his Fleſh, and on his Vitals prey.

Th' obdurate Jews my Servant will defame,
And at his low Eſtate expreſs their Shame.
The ſinleſs, juſt and wondrous Man ſhall bear
Such heavy Grief, and Torments ſo ſevere,
Th' Almighty's high Diſpleaſure to atone,
For Faults and bold Tranſgreſſions not his own.

He

He shall the whole collected Guilt assume
Of lost Mankind, and suffer in their room.
Yet will the spiteful Jew blaspheme, and say,
That God did all this Vengeance on him lay
To punish his enormous Crimes, who ne'er
Was known from Virtue's strictest Rule to err.
No, our Offences all his Pains procure,
And for our Errors he'll his Wounds endure.
By his most free and merciful Consent
He'll undergo the mighty Punishment
Due to the Sins of Men, and so remove
Th' Almighty's Wrath, and make our Peace above.
He to himself shall our Rebellion take,
And by his Suff'rings full Atonement make.
By his sharp Stripes shall Ease to us procure,
And by his Death Eternal Life ensure.

Since *Adam* fell, all his degenerate Race
Refuse the Rules of Virtue to embrace;
And fond of their perverse, destructive way,
Are lost, like straggling Sheep, and gone astray.
Our gracious God has on his Servant laid
The Sins of all, for all have disobey'd,
Black Streams of Confluent Guilt do hither flow,
As distant Rivers to the Ocean go.
He that so vast a Weight would not decline,
Must sure be conscious of his Strength Divine.
Justice incens'd did Punishment demand
Exacting Payment at th' Offender's Hand,

And

And the Messiah, since so vast a Sum
We could not pay, our Surety did become,
He did the mighty Debt discharge alone,
To ransome guilty Man, and Heav'n atone:
When God's right Hand with Vengeance arm'd
design'd
To execute his Wrath on humane Kind,
He interposing, on his sinless Head
Receiv'd the Blow, and suffer'd in our Stead.
For, as the harmless Sheep beneath the Shears
Is dumb, and all his Suff'rings meekly bears,
And unreluctant without Noise or Strife,
When to the Slaughter led, lays down his Life;
With like Submission does the Lamb of God
Bear furious Persecution's Iron Rod.
He will not Wrongs, nor Shame, nor Pains decline,
But suffer Death to gain his blest Design,
Serene as Heav'n, and mild as Love Divine.

'Tis true, at last he shall surmount his Woes,
Sink all the Pow'rs, that his high Aim oppose,
And triumph o'er the Malice of his Foes:
Shall break the Iron Prisons of the Dead,
And from the Dust raise his Victorious Head.
Then he'll with brighter Glory, to the Skies
After a red and bloody setting rise.
The Conqu'ror shall ascend in Royal State,
And Death in Chains shall on his Chariot wait.
When thus exalted he shall live to see
A numberless believing Progeny;

Of his adopted Sons the Godlike Race
Exceed the Stars, that Heav'n's high Archesgrace.
A willing Victim he resign'd his Breath
In all the Tortures of a ling'ring Death;
And to the Cross, like Criminals, convey'd,
The Grave his Bed he with the Wicked made.
Tho' so much Pain and Shame he underwent,
Yet was he Righteous, Pure and Innocent.
He all his ignominious Torments bore
Man to his Maker's Favour to restore,
And raise laps'd *Adam*'s Race from Death and Hell
To the blest State, from whence th' Apostate fell.

Tho' he was just and spotless, yet his God
Was pleas'd to bruise and wound him with his Rod.
When, that a Ransom may for Man be paid,
An Off'ring of his Life he shall have made,
He from the Grave shall as a Conqu'ror come,
And next his Father's Throne his Seat resume:
Where he shall dwell secure from Grief and Pain,
And endless, as his Life, shall be his Reign.
Obedient Branches from a friutful Line
Breathing Repentance and Belief Divine
Quicken'd by his prolifick Death shall crown
His Suff'rings past, and him their Father own.
His Work compleated, he'll with full Content
Review the Toil, in which his Life was spent.
While he enjoys the Travel of his Soul
Pleas'd to have drunk th' Almighty's wrathful Bowl,

His

His gracious Father's Glory he'll regard
And Man's Redemption, as a full Reward.
By bleſt Inſtruction and Celeſtial Grace
He'll many ſave of *Adam*'s ſinful Race.
Their Debt by Guilt contracted he will clear,
And at th' Almighty's Bar their Advocate appear.

Therefore th' Eternal ſaid, above the Skies
My righteous Servant ſhall victorious riſe.
He with the Mighty and the Great ſhall ſhare
Renown, Applauſe, and Trophies gain'd in War.
Wide as the World ſhall be his Regal Sway,
And ſubject Monarchs ſhall his Laws obey.
He all applauded Conqu'rors ſhall excel
Rich with the Spoils of Death, the Grave and Hell.
His Chariot Wheels ſhall drag along the Ground
Deſtruction ruin'd by a deadly Wound.
Captivity expos'd to publick Scorn,
A fetter'd Slave, his Triumph ſhall adorn.
Theſe Honours on my Servant I'll beſtow,
Becauſe he willing bore Diſtreſs and Woe
From Man impending Vengeance to avert,
And of the ruin'd Race a choſen Part
To ſave from endleſs Pains their juſt Deſert.

The

The Third Chapter of *Habakkuk*

PARAPHRASED.

As God advanc'd from lofty *Teman*'s Head,
And o'er the Plains of *Paran* came,
The Heav'ns around were with his Glory spread,
And Wonders on the Earth his Preſence did proclaim.
He did the Marks of Majeſty diſplay,
And fearful Enſigns of Omnipotence,
Ten thouſand Prodigies prepar'd his way,
Such Pow'r th' Almighty did diſpence.

Torrents of Glory, ruſhing Streams
Of dazling, unpolluted Beams,
Too fierce and keen for Human Sight,
Broke from th' Immenſe Abyſs of uncreated Light.
Ev'n from his Hands a bright Eruption came,
A pointed Efflux of immortal Flame.
Tranſcendent Splendor now th' Almighty ſhrouds
As much as thick ſurrounding Clouds:
His Being thus lyes hidden either way
In too much Darkneſs, or in too much Day.

Of thirſty, panting Plagues a fiery Train,
Pale Peſtilence and yelling Pain
His dreadful Equipage before him ran,
And of his Terrors led the Van:

While Famine, Desolation and Despair
Wringing their Hands, and tearing off their Hair,
A formidable Troop came howling in the Rear.

Th' Almighty on the Frontiers made a Stand
To measure out the promis'd Land.
He did distinctly circumscribe
Th' Inheritance of every Tribe:
That done, the Nations from their Seats he drove,
And march'd the Lords of *Canaan* to remove.

His swift-wing'd Whirlwinds onward flew,
And o'er the Hills his Chariot drew;
Whose awful Wheels roll'd on in Clouds of Smoke,
Whence Flakes of Fire and flashing Light'ning broke.
Such Bolts were cast, such Thunder Claps did roar
As shook the Rocks, which never shook before.
The shudd'ring Hills expres't their Dread,
And everlasting Mountains bow'd their aged Head.

When *Israel* march'd o'er dry *Arabia*'s Sand
By *Moses* led to *Canaan*'s Land,
How were the States on either Side
At their Approach alarm'd and terrify'd?
How did the Tents of *Cushan* shake?
And how the Kings of *Midian* quake?
How did they dread the Fame of *Israel*'s God,
And his great Gen'ral's Wonder-working Rod.
That Rod, that turn'd to Crystal Walks the Flood,
Its Virtue yet retains,

And in the trembling Heathen's Veins
Chills and congeals his Vital Streams of Blood.

Did e'er the Rivers God displeaſe,
Or did his Anger riſe againſt the Seas,
That he their Waters ſhould divide
And roll them up in Heaps on either Side,
When he prepar'd his warlike Equipage,
His Chariots and his Horſe proud *Pharaoh* to engage?
No, thoſe amazing Miracles were ſhown
To make his Kindneſs to his People known:
His Chariots and his Horſemen brought
Salvation to the Tribes, for whom he fought.

He did his fatal Bow prepare,
And all his dreadful Inſtruments of War,
Which put the Pagan Lords to Flight;
And from the Country chas'd the *Canaanite*:
Thus to his Promiſe God was true
Which he to *Jacob* did ſo oft renew.

As *Iſrael*'s Hoſt advanc'd to *Canaan*'s Land
Oppreſt with Drought amidſt the Sand
Refreſhing Streams were in the Deſart found,
And bubbling Springs broke from the barren Ground;
Inſtead of Fire th' Almighty ſtruck
Freſh Water from the flinty Rock.
When God in Triumph did appear,
The lofty Mountains ſhook for fear,
Jordan held back his cleaving Flood,
And high in craggy Heaps the Cryſtal Waters ſtood.

Bare and defrauded of its Tide
The ſandy Channel lay from Side to Side.
This Paſſage did their God for *Jacob*'s Sons provide.
The Deep before ſo rais'd its roaring Voice
And ſplitting with prodigious Noiſe
Expreſs'd as if by lifting up the Hand
Its Readineſs t' obey the great Command.

At God's high Word the reſtleſs Sun,
That, as a Giant, doves his Courſe to run
Did in its full Career his Chariot ſtay
On Heav'ns Deſcent, and ſtopt the falling Day.
Progreſſive Time was at a Stand
His drooping Wings unable to expand.
The Planets halted with th' aſtoniſh'd Moon
To gaze upon the Sun, the Source
Of Light, who having paſs'd his Noon
Broke off abruptly his unfiniſh'd Courſe.
So long its ling'ring Orb its Light did lend,
As *Joſhua*'s Troops had Spears to ſpend:
As long as they had Darts to caſt away,
Or there remain'd a Foe to ſlay.
In Indignation God thro' *Canaan* paſt,
And with his terrible Alarms
And ſtill victorious Arms
He chas'd the Kings, and laid the Nations waſte.
Iſrael's Salvation to compleat
He onward march'd the Heathen to defeat.
To ſave the favour'd Tribes, and bleſs
Great *Joſhua*'s Arms with Triumph and Succeſs,

To *Canaan*'s Kings he gave a deadly Wound,
And did their Friends and Families confound.
Tow'rs he efface'd, where Princes did reside
Th' Imperial Seats of Wickedness and Pride.
Broke down the Pillars that sustain'd their Weight,
And raz'd the strong Foundations of their State.

God did by *Israel*'s Arms subdue
Their Towns, and all their Strength o'erthrew.
At first around the Nations rose,
And, like a Tempest, did our March oppose.
Shouting they came with Triumph in their Face,
As certain to extinguish *Jacob*'s Race:
So much they did our Army slight;
They thought they came to spoil, and not to fight.
O *Israel*, maugre these Alarms,
In spite of all their Plots and Arms,
Thou with thy conq'ring Sword didst make thy way
From *Jordan*'s Flood to the great Western Sea.

Thus for our Fathers did the Lord appear,
Once to their God this Nation was so dear.
But now he threatens to employ
Assyrian Arms his People to destroy:
For this my Blood hangs curdled in my Veins,
And strong Convulsions rend my tortur'd Reins.
My Bones too rattle in their rocking Frame,
And in my Heart Fear damps the vital Flame.
Horrors my shudd'ring Soul possess
Nor can my quiv'ring Lips one perfect Word express.

I tremble now and weep and mourn,
That when the ſad, amazing Turn
Shall happen, and the gloomy Day
Of Vengeance all its Terrors ſhall diſplay,
Safe from the Tempeſt I may find
Peace in my Houſe, and Comfort in my Mind.
I'll to th' Almighty's Mercy fly,
And on his faithful Providence rely.
When *Babylon*'s inſulting King
Shall all his fierce and numerous Armies bring;
Armies to Blood and Rapine bred,
To pull down *Iſrael*'s lofty Head,
And Deſolation o'er our Cities ſpread.

And then, tho' Famine ſhould invade,
Tho' Plants and Flow'rs and Fruits ſhould fade,
Tho' on the Vine no Cluſters ſhould appear,
And tho' the Fig-tree ſhould no Bloſſoms bear;
Tho' Olive-Yards ſhould yield no Oyl,
And barren Fields ſhould mock the Farmer's Toil;
Tho' no high Folds ſhould bleating Flocks ſur-
round,
And in the Stalls no lowing Herds are found;
Yet I'll rejoice in God, my ſure Defence,
And in his Strength repoſe my Confidence.
I ſtill will truſt him, ſtill I will believe
That he will *Iſrael*'s Captive State retrieve;
That to our Country he'll our Tribes reſtore,
And ſave their Sons from *Babyloniſh* Pow'r.

F I N I S.

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